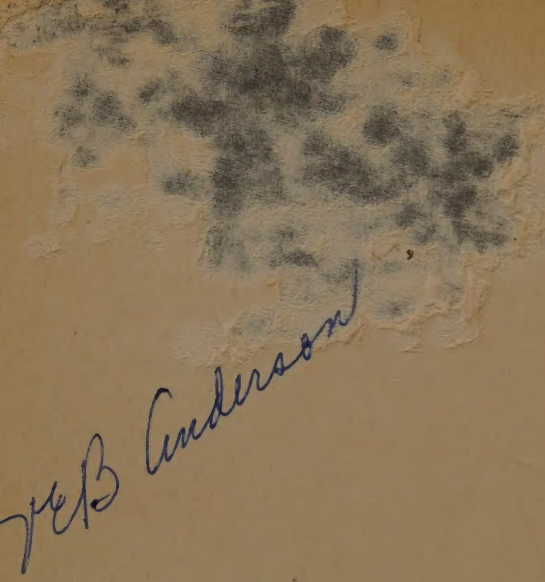
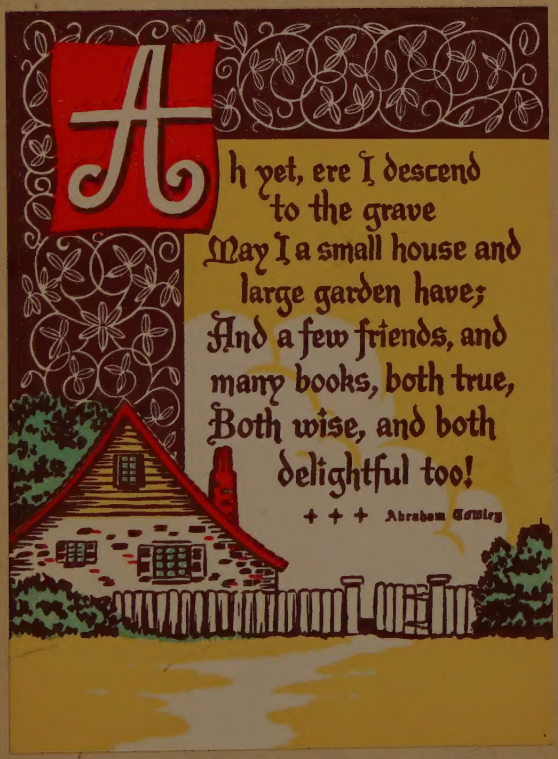
THE CARPENTER AND THE RICH MAN

BOUCK




Ah yet, ere I descend
to the grave
May I a small house and
large garden have;
And a few friends, and
many books, both true,
Both wise, and both
delightful too!
+ + + Abraham Cowley

THE CARPENTER AND THE RICH MAN

THE CARPENTER AND THE RICH MAN

By

BOUCK WHITE

Author of "The Call of the Carpenter"

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PREFACE

This is a companion book to the "Call of the Carpenter." That former book is a biography of Jesus as a workingman. Here I present a study of the Parables. In both, the economic life of the time is the constant background and point of departure. No one shall think the thoughts of Jesus after him, without an understanding of the industrial conditions of that day. Cleared of accretions by grace of the critical scholarship of our time, we find in the economic the clue to the mysterious scroll.

The two books supplement each other. For the historical groundwork upon which the present studies are based, I refer the reader to the "Call of the Carpenter." In like manner, readers who missed from that book the spirit of inwardness that marked The Galilean, will find here a treatment of those deeper and more personal values, with an amplitude which the plan of the other book did not permit.

Bouck White.

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THE CARPENTER AND THE RICH MAN

CHAPTER I

THE IMMORALITY OF BEING RICH

Jesus was a workingman. During something like eighteen formative years of his life he swung the axe in the forest on the hills back of Nazareth; hewed the timber into slabs; dragged them to his workshop home; and there with adz, saw, and chisel wrought them into doors, ploughs, furniture, and into coffins and cradles. Interspersing this toil at the bench — as does always a country carpenter — with toil in the fields when sowing or harvest or the care of herds was pressing and work in the shop could wait.

This life as a day-labourer coloured all his thinking, all his speaking, all his doing when, at the age of thirty, he hung his tools away, brushed the shavings and sawdust from his clothing, and set out on his public career. It couldn't help but colour his teaching; yes, shape it determinately. A literary artist is an artist to the extent that he expresses himself. His words must tell what *he* is and not another. The thoughts within him are his thoughts, distilled out of his own blood. Let him ape the ideas and feelings of another — it's all up with him. From that

moment he's a second-rater; and we'll pass him by to sit at the feet of his master — where he himself sat.

A man's mental interior is determined by his occupation. The educative effect of the hand on the brain is one of the controlling discoveries of modern pedagogy. The ceaseless crooking of the finger in some creative task alters, little cell by cell, the brain tract from which those finger motions took their flow, and into which, in the form of sensations, they return. Not only is the dyer's hand subdued to the material he works in, but his brain also takes on the tint. Let a man's mind be never so original and self-energizing, the straining tasks that engage that mind twelve working hours daily, and this through a course of years, will fix the set and texture of his brain. Imperatively is this the case when those years are in life's adolescent time.

Nothing structurally new, say the psychologists, can go into the life after the age of twenty-five. Add five years for good measure. After thirty the mind has taken its set — the pattern is made and hardened. Thereafter, though new material of a thousand strange tints and textures flow into that brain, it must pour into these moulds and take its shape therefrom.

Hold any theory of the personality of Jesus that you will; for purposes of this present study, those

theories are indifferent. They who regard him under metaphysical categories will hold that those eighteen working-class years of his life were purposed for him from the beginning of time. In which case, the choice of a proletary milieu for that saviour predestined before the foundations of the world would be the commanding argument — and a highly commanding.

Whether he was a metaphysical personage, or, like us, one of the sons of time and the children of men, the fact is indisputable: Jesus lived, moved, and had his being among working folk. As a day-labourer, and later as a leader of day-labourers, there is recorded not one friendship of his with people who were not in the worker crowd, or else members of the privileged class who showed temperamentally a leaning toward the worker crowd. Whether that toiler-class setting was a piece of stage property planned for him by the forethought of stellar powers and intelligences, or was the natural circumstance of a life lived much as the rest of us live our lives, the fact remains that, from the cradle to crucifixion, he was proletarily environed.

From the earliest glimmering of light upon his baby retina, clear on to the crash of the nails through the tendons of his palm on that cross which was Rome's method of slave execution, the working-class scenes amid which he lived and wrought seeped into

his brain through a thousand crannies, and effectually coloured it.

The consequence of this working-class life which he lived showed itself, when he became a teacher, in his attitude toward the economic foundations of society. That is always a characteristic of the mind of a labourer. Continually edging the hunger line, come from an ancestry that immemorially has edged the hunger line, which ancestry has moulded into its likeness the germ plasm that composes him, the primal needs get to have a large place in his psychology. The margin between him and a foodless, roofless, garmentless state is so precarious that he gets into an intense attitude toward these fundamentals. Let a person experience a chronic food scarcity; let him watch the sun's decline without a roof to harbour him from the night storm that is gathering; let him possess only a thin-worn and eaten coat when winter is showing its sharp white teeth; furthermore, let this be his habitual state during the years when his mental constitution is organizing. And that individual will grow up with a vivid sense of food, clothing, and a roof in their bearings on human destiny.

The housed and comfortable classes have no imagination to conceive the pangs of a chronic state of homelessness. Dante experienced it, and has left on record the bitterness of bread eaten always at

another's table, and the weariness of going up and down another's stairs. But in Dante's case the poignancy of it was softened. He was of the rich of his day; so that even in exile the doors of noble houses swung open to him.

The Carpenter of Galilee was not of the rich; yes, was so utterly of the disinherited class that the rare occasions when he sat at table in a house of plenty are chronicled as an item of rare interest and moment. His customary condition was one of destitution, wherein was a scantiness of even the animal necessities of existence.

For a cry of anguish to be wrenched from a stoic soul such as his, that cry when he gazed covetously at the foxes which had a home centre, some roof to crawl under, though naught but a hole in the rocks, speaks with an appealing, convincing eloquence. The birds of the air which know a settled abode moved him to envious longing.

An utterance is reported which, because parenthetically introduced, has escaped notice, but which is in highest degree revelatory of experiences he personally had undergone. It is when he is forecasting the fall of Jerusalem before the invasive army of Rome's empire of industrial oppression. With his statesmanly sweep of vision he has estimated shrewdly the might of that empire, and the weakness of the proletariat divided by fatal factionisms and

sectionalisms. He knows now that the contest can have but one result. Therefore he calls upon his hearers, when that event shall arrive, to flee from Jerusalem precipitately. "But," he adds, "pray ye that your flight be not in the winter"—a bit of autobiography, telling of miseries he himself had borne, all destitute of a place to lay his head in the Palestine nights, which are cold even in summer, and which in winter are frost pinched and swept by bitter winds.

A wretch upon whom the physical basis of life has put its pressure thus gnawingly, gets vitally constituted unto the bread-and-butter side of our existence. He knows, as the sleek and safe housed folk can never know, that until the mudsill of this our human life is provided, any attempt to rear a superstructure of decorated and lofty graces is a futility. That illustration is his own — the story of the "Two Builders" is drawn from his experiences as a carpenter. He declares that his teaching has to do with the foundation things of life. He is primarily concerned to get a right system of fundamentals for human society. After which, the decorative virtues can be expected to appear of themselves. The society that looks to it first of all to secure for itself a foundation in very rock, shall stand. Whereas, the society that is so hasty for the upper works as to forget that there is nothing but sand underneath, ruinously shall fall. True, he never lapsed into the

lop-sidedness that declares the sufficiency of material things for the heart's high inalienable questings. "Man shall not live by bread alone." But by bread first of all — yes.

Not until this our day was it possible to discover the Carpenter — doughty puller down of old ruins, and layer of foundations for a new society. During all the pre-scientific eras his life story was hopelessly tangled. For this, the Fourth Gospel was largestly responsible. The personage depicted in the first three records, the Contemporaries, stands forth clear cut — a man with an incisive economic message, and articulating it sententiously. But that Fourth record introduces another kind of person. Instead of the crisp and pointed sayings preserved by the Contemporaries, his speeches now are diffuse, philosophical; they are the kind brought forth from the close and lamp-lighted study, instead of sayings struck off by a man in the press of circumstance, amid a throng of people and events. The three Contemporaries are sociological, the Fourth narrative is theological. And because a sociological religion would be a highestly disturbing force in an iniquitously ordered society, the Fourth Gospel was permitted to usurp the precedence over the three Contemporaries. The social message of the Galilean was bedimmed and thick-incrusted by the Fourth Gospel's theological web-spinnings. And he who

was put to death for "stirring up the people" was pictured now as one chiefly emulous to do a consolatory work.

But came science — science, the passion for exact truth, lead where it might. This spirit of science, examining the scriptures to wrest from them their heart of mystery, is known as Modern Biblical Scholarship. To it we owe a new bible, as different from the old as the heavens of Copernicus differ from the inextricable astronomic maze of Ptolemy and the astrologers.

The method of this scholarship may be described to be the method of realism, as opposed to the theologizing of the old school. Modern scholars refuse to the bible that glamour which aforetime dazed the mind of investigators and blinded the eye. Patient inquirers, they have brought an exact, even a critical, vision. By close grappling of dates and documents they have dragged the bible forth from its niche of uniqueness, have placed it in a setting of the rest of the world's history, so that what was once far off and ghostly is now a record vital with human colour and thrill.

It is not too much to say that higher criticism has made the bible to be now the most interesting book in the world. And interesting to social enthusiasts above all. For that book stands discovered as the story of the most dogged and persistent struggle for

liberty, justice, and the rights of the toiler of which the chronicles of man have preserved the record. It is quickening the germ of new, strange thoughts within us. The book is disclosing an unsuspected modernity and freshness; a strain of unaging vitality, like seed-corn in a mummy's hand.

The Old Testament up until recently had been scholarship's field of research. And it revealed the social bearing of figures formerly dimmed by the dull dust of ages: Moses, the organizer of the Goshen brickmakers; David, dashing chief of the insurgent classes of his time; Isaiah and his fellow tribunes, the Agrarian agitators of their day; and the Psalms, hymn book of the poor against their oppressors.

With this unveiling of the social drift of the Old Testament teaching, it was thought that the upheaving work of biblical scholarship had come to an end — the New Testament at least was safe against this deadly sociologizing trend; could be preserved as a stronghold and retreat for quietistic spirits. But this feeling of security has of late suffered a jolt; yes, the awakenment promises a dramatic development compared with which the previous findings of scholarship will have been but mild.

The interest that has been evoked by the publication of "The Call of the Carpenter" is probably due to the fact that I seek there to do for the New Testament what has already been done for the Old,

namely, to interpret it from the viewpoint of the economic life of the time. The book tells reverentially but with faithfulness of Jesus the workingman. Small wonder that its treatment is regarded as highestly subversive of the "deposit of truth handed down"; and the attacks against it were to be expected. Sociologizing of the Old Testament was but an assault on the outer works of the religious tradition known as christianity. But now the attempt is to capture the innermost citadel. To reinterpret the life of Jesus in terms of the economic is bound to be more upheaving and far-extensive in its results, as the foundations of the accepted religion of our day are more massively centred in the New Testament than in the Old. Words are reaching me to the effect that the book is destined to start a theological reconstruction of rather scopeful dimensions.

I can speak of that book impersonally. For the reason that any praise for its far-flowing effect is not due to me, but to the long and arduous work of the New Testament scholars which made my book possible — yes, inevitable. Without the results of the higher criticism, "The Call of the Carpenter" could not have been written. The Fourth Gospel had first to be gotten out of the way, which task the scholars undertook and achieved. That Gospel was found to be uncontemporary. It is not a first-hand

record of the doings and sayings of Jesus, but is a document written one, perhaps two, hundred years after his death, and abounds in the frivolities of doctrinal dialectic. To be sure, the writer of it was in possession of an authentic and independent source of information. So that we can make some use of its material. But its authentic passages are limited to those which are in keeping with the type of person portrayed in the first three narrators, the Contemporaries, where alone the photographic portrait is to be sought. With that mass of obscurantism thus cleared away, the figure of the Workingman of Galilee stands, distinctly limned, unmutilated. The picture of him, as seen now in "The Call of the Carpenter," had it not been done by me could easily — and would — have been done by another.

To delineate the teaching of this Carpenter-Christ—is the task to which I now turn. As the former book narrated the story of his life, so these chapters will strive to outline the unfoldings of his thought. That thought, as we shall see, was primarily and fundamentally concerned with the lot of the lowermost man in the social mass. Himself a labourer, Jesus went forth in earnest self-commitment to labour's high redemption. To the end that, in an age of waxing ugliness and servile night, beauty might revisit the earth, work and gladness kissing each other.

This, his passionate concern with the toiler class, brought him and his thinking square up against the industrial oligarchs. His sympathy with the poor necessarily begot in him an antipathy toward the complacent rich. For this Carpenter had an intellect of the first magnitude. He had trained himself to track the working of economic laws back along the line of causation. And he knew that an excess of leisure at one end of society can only be when there is an excess of toil at the other end.

Jesus was the austerest attacker of private aggrandizement, in time's recorded story. The money-mania met from him a ceaseless encounter. He sought to banish it beyond recall. Accounted it the nursery of all evils; a decomposer of the soul; disrupter of the social pact; God's ponderous and thundering foe. This dogma was the core of all his thinking. The blood he inherited from an ancestry of toil burned with it. His experience as a labourer, upon his soul had branded it. From hut and hovel round about, a piteous cry of supplication confirmed it: "The love of money is the root of all evil." Against that root, therefore, as a forester expertly trained, he aimed the axe. The blows fell with a continuity and a unanimity that were interrupted only by his death.

The apologists of Lord Lucre will pour their facile disparagement upon the chapters that follow.

They will accuse me of literalism — that I arrive at this harsh conclusion toward swollen fortunes by an insistence on the letter of the text — that letter which killeth; that I construe the sayings of Jesus with a rigour and boldness wherewith they were never meant to be construed.

But they are indulging a futile hope. And do demonstrate in themselves nothing other than an intent of stark evasion. To escape the "hard sayings" in the record, they digress into every imaginable path. But invasive scholarship is hedging their way with an ever constricting narrowness. Countless throughout the Gospel are the democratic thrusts. To the Carpenter, lust of possessions was a social felony. No other item in his credo was uttered so impressively. He articulated it with a precision that the thickest ear can catch. Far from being drawn by me from isolated passages in the record, I will show that the economic is emergent from every part. It looms gross, palpable, obvious. Was the deep-laid doctrine of his soul to which all his predispositions inclined him. Nor was it promulgated by him as a counsel of perfection, for the spiritually élite. He imposed it mandatorily upon all. And purity of doctrine necessitates that we accept it, or else confess to recreancy and apostate leanings.

Jesus held that riches and religion are incom-

patible. The two loyalties cannot inhabit one and the same tenement. For either the soul will hate the one and love the other; or else it will hold to the one and despise the other. Against selfish human desirings, which find their evilest and completest embodiment in wealth organized in high places, he was perfectly antipathetic — brought accusation against it with a positivity and iteration that cannot be mistaken.

Indeed, it was this his closeness of grip on the explosive and dangerous facts of his day, which accounts for his resounding effect on history; and resurrects him from out of that pale and distant past into a new vividness of vitality, now in democracy's broad-beaming dawn.

Be it of course understood, by "rich" is meant those who are rich when other people are poor. It is the contrast that constitutes the iniquity. Material well-being per se was not the target of the Carpenter's wrath. But rather the monopoly of that well-being by a privileged few. Fertilizer spread broadcast is good; but, gathered in a heap, is a noisome thing in any landscape. In a state where all men were rich, nobody would be "rich." Because nobody then would be on the back of another, but all be side by side in fellowship.

Nor does this mean that individualist strivings were vetoed by the Great Proletarian. The ambition

to excel is commendable in any breast. But that ambition must be confined to public achievement — an exceeding in things intellectual and artistic. Then 'tis an enrichment wherein all are enriched; a chieftainship measured in terms of service; where only he is promoted to be greatest among you who is greatestly your servant. Money reverses this ordering. Because money means the power to make others serve you. The Carpenter saw "riches" to be private possessions used for private pleasures. Therefore his anathema against it — anathema, not of the possessions, but of their privacy.

So pivotal in him was the economic, that there alone is to be found the clue to his character-unity; the integrating purpose of his life. Gentle by inherited trait and by training, none the less, when the monstrous inequality of human lot was the issue, his tones lose their suavity — as volcanic fires sleep under purple vineyards on the slopes of Vesuvius. The rich? His clear-eyed penetration was detective through their disguises. He saw them — all grandeurs without, and shabbiness within. Therefore, stern was the judgment which he fulminated against them. His brilliant eloquence refused to turn aside. He sought to pulverize the insolence of material wealth and mastership. For unto it, and to the heart-lust that prompts it, he attributed our social unblessedness.

The cult of wealth is a plague so pestilent that the strictest quarantine must be established against it. We must impute blame where it belongs. To seek to be rich is to seek brute power wherewith to compel one's fellows. That type of man is a defective; a delinquent. His abolition is a social necessity. To permit him to be at large, and to become the standard of human strivings, is a senseless ordering of things; outrages the science of society as Jesus conceived it. Democracy requires that the money-grubber become extinct on the face of all the earth. Salubrity for the state demands it.

The money-mania is disreputable to any man. It is the most vulgar propensity of our nature — necessarily begets a sordid and truckling temper. It blurs the soul, darkens the imagination, tears like the beak of a bald vulture. Until that iniquitous thing is put away, society shall not be quit of its plagues and infirmities and evil spirits. It bastardizes the marriage relation. Dissolves the communion of humankind. Befouls the splendour of the world. Renders life unsweet. Jesus opposed the thing with a so invariable constancy through life, because he was a wise and virtuous patriot. When a love of riches becomes uppermost in the minds of the people, the civil fabric can have no continuance.

Further still, I shall show that his rigours against

the omnivorous thing was because of his relish of beauty. A rich and decorated belief was his. He sought a new-born world, wherein toilers should be free and whose output should be with a gentility and elegance of workmanship. Only under freedom shall come the loveliness we languish to behold. He sought to purify a surly despotic age of its distemper, to the end that he might diffuse a grace and beauteousness in wide commonalty.

The Immorality of Being Rich — a grim dogma, and one that will upset the quietness of the world. But it is a sound and just notion. In this, our awful day, a day that is throwing ever new chains round the poor and giving ever new might to the rich, it alone is the key to renovation. In a reversion to that gospel, and so only, shall society be saved from dissolution — lest the shadows deepen into eclipse and night settle down thickly, the night that has no morning.

CHAPTER II

STRONG–BLOODED

The parables of Jesus proclaim a set of socially heretical notions which, for audacity, noncompromise, and upheaving quality, are not matched in any other time and place in the world's history. Fully to enter into them, the reader must know the setting of energetic deeds amid which they were uttered, and toward which they were meant to be contributory. For the Carpenter was not primarily a teacher. Primarily he was a doer. All of his utterances had an immediate and practical intent. He knew that, against the despotizing dollar, mere epithetical rant is impotent. Eager with all active impulses, he had no thought to produce literature. Not merely a meditator he, but the alert and puissant righter of the time's disjointedness. Dissertation, anyway, is not the form in which a workingman's mind usually vents its energy. "He that heareth these words of mine and doeth them" — there is your true workingman's temper in every age.

Jesus seems to have been quite unconscious that

he was a master of style and literary deftness. Pricelessly fashioned pearls were thrown off by him, with no attempt to garner them for posterity. Sometimes we could wish that he had been self-conscious enough to glimpse the value of this treasure he was so prodigally strewing. Because his carelessness as to any permanent record of them, left his words to the custody of chance, the random fugitive memory of listeners. So that when, some years later, they were collected in written form, it was with a fragmentariness that is distressing; and which, in some of the truncated passages that have come down to us, vetoes any attempt at a sure and certified interpretation.

To social rebellion he was coerced. The times compelled it. It was the era when the Roman Empire was clamping together its scattered segments to overroof the world with a sky of brass; the earth forevermore to be cooped under that dungeon vault. That empire, as I have shown elsewhere, was ponderously foundationed in economics. It was a world-wide federation of the owner class, for a world-wide exploitation of the worker class.

Rome's attempt to extend the "system" to Palestine was the generating cause of the ferment which, finding in Galilee a transfiguration into spiritual values, burgeoned forth into the Gospel narrative. Rome, the apotheosis of property rights. Israel, the apotheosis of human rights! Oppugnant princi-

ples, sundered by a heaven's breadth, and now in head-on collision. It was the dramatic moment in history. Never had these opposite creeds received a more perfect incarnation than in Rome and Israel respectively. It was a case of which physicists have dreamed, an irresistible force meeting an immovable obstruction. The impact shot forth a flood of flame. That flame, billowing through the thicket of the soul, kindled dross things of earth into seraph fires; lighted the abysses into vision. Of that flame and of that vision, the New Testament is the record.

The Roman Empire, for the reason that it was a wealth-annexing machine, made its presence felt in the workshops of that day first of all. The workshop is where wealth is created. Therefore Rome, spreading forth its tentacles over all landscapes — feelers sent out from a gluttonous maw — fastened its suckers on every industrial artery, to draw into its gullet the world's golden liquor. A carpenter's shop in Nazareth, hid in the Lebanon range, was enmeshed in the blood-sucking network.

Jesus as a carpenter in that Nazareth shop, wrestled for near a score of years against the tentacle that was coiling itself about him. He was diligent in his business. Sought to support him and the family dependent upon him by the proceeds of his work as a mechanic. But day by day the blood-hungry sucker that was encoiling him heightened its rapacity. The

exactions of the Roman tax gatherer went tight and ever tighter. The marauding soldiers overrunning the land, badged with the eagle of Rome as a passport to all audacity, affronted the sanctity of his hearth with ever more frequency, ever more insolency. Through something like eighteen years he suffered it. Then rebellion lit its fires within him. He doffed his carpenter's apron. Surrounded himself with twelve other workingmen. And set forth in a propaganda of popular arousement, the like of which, for explosiveness and upheaval, is not elsewhere in history. "He stirreth up the people," was the indictment drawn against him in Pilate's court a short three years later. It was a true bill. Abundantly he was found guilty of the charge. And on it he was put to death.

This background must be held continuously in vision, in interpreting the words of Jesus. His fierceness of energy against the predatory power of wealth, rings with a ruthlessness wellnigh excessive, unless read in connection with the more fierce aggressiveness of the money monster that was menacing him. A vehement foe demands a vehement resistance. It was because the Carpenter was confronted by the most remorseless wealth-annexer in human annals, that he uttered against wealth-annexers an anathema which, for stoutness of defiance and crushing damnatory epithet, is unexampled.

It is painstakingly explained by the devotees of The Revolution to-day, that the strictures against capitalism are not to be interpreted as strictures against the capitalists. The explanation is a sound one, revealing in the explainer an acuteness of intelligence, as well as fine sensibility of heart. Mammon — using the old word for organized wealth, taken over from the Eastern tongues when the scriptures were translated — is more than an aggregation of individuals. All of the partners therein could withdraw, and the oppression still continue. The aggressive might of money, whereby it seeks sole sovereignty over the world, takes to itself a corporate existence — becomes a gigantesque personality, with a moneybag for its belly, and with shurstrings round the neck for a cravat. Therefore it is wise as well as just to make attack, not against the individual rich man — who himself is helplessly entangled — but against Riches.

None the less, the overthrow of the household of Moneybags the Mighty will carry with it the overthrow of Mr. Individual Moneybags, who is a member of that household and who will find himself sore beset when that house goes unroofed and the foundations thereof are trembled.

This fact the Carpenter, by the candour that was in him, was required to recognize. Clearly he knew that a cashbox environment in course of time works

an irrecoverable damnation. When a man's treasure is of the kind that is laid up for himself upon earth, the sort that moths corrupt and where thieves dig through to steal, the psychology of that man has a way of taking up its abode in the self-same quarter. Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also, was how he phrased it — phrasing whose luscious melody has come near to cover up the sharp terrible implication of it.

Most indubitable is the deteriorating effect of wealth on its possessor. The exceptions to the rule do but prove it: Under a régime of locks and keys and strong boxes, and the thousand distractions which a fat purse enforces, the soul goes anæmic; falls into a decline; catches cough; dies. The atmosphere of dividends rolling in upon you right merrily — laudations of the sycophant, suspiciousness tainting every friendship, alarms by day and the gnawing of thieves in the night, a life girt with pomp and with all manner of ravishments, troops of sirens radiantly enfleshed — it is a climate insalubrious to the soul; makes for spiritual malaria and leanness.

The energy waste which is enforced upon the rich, and which bleeds their soul wan and tuberculous, is not confined to the derangement of one's thoughts and strengths in order to make the fortune in the first place. The debilitating drain is found also in the disbursement of that fortune. The spending of

money involves also the spending of time and the spending of strength. The fever that is so evident upon people of much monies, is in proof. The inflow of revenues cries constantly for an equal outflow; else the glut were intolerable. But to provide vents for a stream inflowing from a hundred sources, is no slight task. Costly purchases can be made. But each new purchase complicates the life by the additional care of upkeep that the new commodity necessitates. So that it is not many years before the soul, cumbered with much getting and spending, loses its throne of mastership and becomes a caretaker and a lackey; content to employ itself as a baggage clerk, a freight manager.

Even to spend one's fortune in charity is to immerse one's self in a milieu of demonstrated spiritual unwholesomeness — surrounded, as with an atmosphere, by people who crave gifts and who toadyingly follow after reward. No mode of life that so makes for cynicism, as the life of a known philanthropist. To his eye, humanity gets to take on the form of a huge and itching palm, with a pair of knees underneath, quick to crook themselves and fawn for favour. In his heart's heart, he despises the suppliant creature so fervent to lick the hand that feeds it — in cold fact, that licks the hand in order to coax food into it. A swollen fortune ought never to have swelled in the first place. Once the swelling has

taken place, there is no hope for the patient except one only course of treatment, namely, for the swollen fortune to give itself to revolutionary propaganda, to the end that swollen fortunes thereafter may be impossible.

Yes, fat dividends are not a propitious soil in which to grow fat souls. Therefore the Carpenter's condemnation of rich people to spiritual death, was not a threat of punishment, but a statement of fact. The soul can live so long as it remains on top of everything else. Let it be crowded from that eminence by the usurpations of wealth, it pines and suffocates.

And then the only thing to do is to bury it. The grave-digger who sinks the loved one under that mound of earth is not cruel. He is but covering from sight a death that took place some time before. By these considerations, a ground is prepared whereon the tenderest heart can justify the austere words which, as we shall see, Jesus pronounced and the austere work which he wrought, against Mammon and all its cohorts.

Nothing could be wider from the facts than the lamb-like lineaments into which the portrait of the Carpenter-Christ has been defaced. To have bowed his neck to the knife of the butcher were hardly a qualification for Saviourhood, in a world where the butcher is already too powerful and needs thwarting instead of spiritual aid and abetment. True, there are

passages in the record which have a squint in that direction. But for every statement put into the mouth of Jesus that looks to non-resistance of the evil that is in the world, I can point to a dozen other counsels to militancy against that evil; and to instances where he himself practises the counsel.

Moreover, the findings of modern scholarship are putting these non-resistance passages under grave suspicion of unauthenticity. Most of these "Lamb" paragraphs are in John's Gospel. Scholarship, therefore, in relegating that book to a second century authorship, an authorship, moreover, that had a doctrinal instead of an annalist intent, disposes of most of the non-resistance references at one stroke. And a similar fate seems in store for the few "Lamb" passages that remain.

For we now know that even the contemporary narrative was subjected to interpolations. Back in that pre-printing press day, manuscripts were duplicated only by hand. This process presented to a transcriber the temptation to make notes and comments of his own on the margin. The succeeding transcriber, thinking the annotation to be a part of the original which had been left out by inadvertence, copied the notes into the body of the work where they have remained ever since. The skill with which these interpolations are being detected in ancient manuscripts, is a tribute to modern scholarship;

indeed lifts it wellnigh into the plane of the arts, so fine is the insight that is being shown, and a so sure discernment.

A significant example of this process of alteration is presented in full in the record. Both Luke and Matthew report the Sermon on the Mount. Of the two Luke is the nearer to the original. His version has the strength of rough native timber — wood with the bark on — whilst Matthew's account is the same piece of wood dressed and polished.

Luke reports the manifesto of the Carpenter in these inflammatory words: "Blessed be ye poor; for yours is the kingdom of God. Blessed are ye that hunger now; for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now; for ye shall laugh." In Matthew an interpolation, with softening intent, is visible: "Blessed are the poor — in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they which do hunger — after righteousness; for they shall be filled." And where Luke records the promise of a social reordering wherein those who groan now shall be permitted to laugh, Matthew's account whittles it away merely to consolation in the midst of the oppression: "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." In Luke the "Blesseds" pronounced by the Carpenter to his proletary audience are followed immediately by a fulmination against the full-fed, the smug ones whose habitat is the back

of the toilers: "Woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you that are full! for ye shall hunger. Woe unto ye that laugh now! for ye shall mourn and weep." In Matthew these passages do not appear.

Nothing is more certified than that Jesus conceived of The Regeneration which he was conspiring to bring to society, in terms of menace to some, as well as in terms of gladness to others. The notion that the Redemptive Revolution can take place without pangs and grievousness, is fantastic. To bring the world back to an equable ordering is going to require a readjustment. And that means a dispossess notice upon some of the present possessors. The rearrangement is going to rearrange many a now comfortable member of the human race out of his comfortableness. In Wagner's opera the dragon sprawls in his cavern of security, and from amid the bones of his victims declaims to the disturbers outside who threaten him: "I sit and possess. Let me slumber." But his request — piteous in some cases — cannot be vouchsafed to him. Gentleness to him would be ungentleness to those whose flesh now is feeding him. True, the quality of mercy is not strained. But it is weighed. And when mercy to the many necessitates a measure of unmercy to the few, against those few mercy is compelled by the very nature of it to be unmerciful.

There is a school — sentimentalists — who cherish the idea that the possessor class can be coaxed into so genial an amiability that they will issue against themselves a dispossess notice, restore their holdings to society by the urgement alone of sweetness and light. To which it can only be said that history presents no instance of an owning class voluntarily evicting itself. The nearest it ever came to that phase of bigness and self-contrition was in the early days of the French Revolution when the nobles passed their Self-denial Act. But that precedent carries no large freightage of persuasiveness. The French nobility were converted to that sudden mood of sweetness, only after the Revolution had begun to batter their doors in. And even then, the uttermost stretch of self-abnegation to which they would consent was so insufficient, that it retarded by no appreciable moment the impetus of the democratic advance.

Fact is, the qualities that win great possessions are not the qualities that willingly renounce those possessions. A money environment under any circumstances inclines not the soul to restitution. To be sure, exceptions there are; and Jesus expressly mentions the possibility. After his interview with the Rich Young Ruler, he pronounced a pessimistic view as to the possibility of any redemptive work in a rich man's heart. His disciples interpreted it as

meaning that no rich man, therefore, can be alteringly worked upon. Jesus refuses to lay down the rule with that extremity. Hearts that are impermeable to human persuasion, says he, can sometimes be melted by the fires that interiorly flame down from the heaven of the Highest: "The things which are impossible with men are possible with God."

But that this is an extraordinary happening, he was candid to admit. The customary workings of wealth, in every age and under every sky, is to narrow the horizon, dim the social vision, palsy the will, confuse the best intentions. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" And in the East's florid idiom, wherein hyperbole was recognized as but a figure of speech, he added: "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." It is explained by some that the "Needle's Eye" was a gate in Jerusalem so low and strait that a camel with difficulty could pass through. The point need not to be laboured. For, under either interpretation, the animus of the speaker is the same.

And that this belief in the hopelessly anti-social state of the average millionaire was a deep-laid dogma within him, is attested by the residue of the evidence. To Dives, as we shall see, no whit of

abatement of his hell torment is permitted. Abraham is pictured as conversing with the unhappy wight in politest accent — and suavely surrenders him over to his fate. The grim composure also with which Jesus beholds the Rural Millionaire put to death by a violent mob uprising — "this night they are requiring thy soul of thee" — would be gruesome in its terribleness, did we not see with his eyes and know with him the even greater personal and social gruesomeness that is wrought when a man permits bigger barns and broader acres to become the dominating mood of him.

The decisiveness with which, in every case of the kind, the Carpenter pronounces a judgment of sternness unmitigated, bespeaks in him an immunity from haste and inconsiderateness. Apparently the devastations and disequilibrium of a society where the wealth is heaped only at one end, leaving the other end bare, had been with him a subject of long brooding; until now he has made up his mind and there is no reversing it. The Rich Young Ruler's incapacity for heroism, so the record informs us, brought sadness to the Carpenter; the heart of him was touched by the decadence which wealth had wrought, in a soul natively of fine stuff. But there is no hint that the sin was forgiven or even extenuated. On the contrary, it evokes from the lips of Jesus that "Camel-and-the-needle's-eye" observation. And

Dante seems to have been moved upon by an authentic inspiration when, in his word-photograph of hell, he pictures this Young Ruler as a dweller in the nether dark — fated soul, that had made the Great Refusal.

Folk who persist to be anti-social, "laying up treasure for themselves," are not to be borne with forever. A sweet love-motif is the theme which the Gospels weave into a richly orchestrated symphony. But underneath, like pedal accompaniments of an organ in full diapason, rumble the ponderous mutterings of doom. Over against the laughters promised to them that abide in the fellowship of toil, is heard the teeth-gnashing of the unsociably obdurate, who are reserved for utter darkness.

The Restitution which this Carpenter set himself to inaugurate was no stage play, but a very real piece of business. He likened it to a falling millstone. Those who after all warning perversely get in its way, will by it be ground to pieces — a lively instance of the sonorousness into which his utterances expanded, whenever Mammon was the theme.

Oppression must be coerced — no fact in the Carpenter's psychology is clearer. And because oppression incarnates its unholy energies in human beings, which become hands and brain and feet of it in its world invasion, these human agents cannot be held blood-guiltless. They have forfeited all claim to clemency. They shall be wretchedly cut asunder.

The barren fig tree was nursed patiently — for a season. The edict of mercy toward it was accompanied with a rigorous time limit. After which — "Why cumbereth it the ground? Cut it down." Wise husbandry could decree no otherwise. For the tree was not only consuming space and soil-richness, without rendering an equivalent. To this negative quality of want of fruit, was added a positive virulence; it intercepted the sunshine from reaching the growths underneath. "Cut it down."

It is an unblest ordering, when one man is rich enough to buy another, that other being so poor that he must consent to be bought. Jesus could not forgive the iniquity of that sin. When this was the kind of case brought before his tribunal, he purged his heart of all mercy. The dollar's invasive despotism is the foe of foes, the chief destroyer of our social felicity. They who surrender themselves to be the incarnate instruments of that devil, march on a descending road; come finally to an irreversible pass. For them there is but one terminus — a valley of gehenna where the spiritual refuse of the universe is burned down. Whose flame corrodes like the gnawing of worms. A gehenna, moreover, whose worm dieth not, and whose fire is not quenched.

CHAPTER III

THE IMBECILITY OF BEING A MILLIONAIRE

THE ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully. And he thought within himself, saying, "What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?" And he said, "This will I do: I will pull down my barns and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.'" But God said unto him, "Thou fool, this night they are requiring thy soul of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" So is he that layeth up treasure for himself.

The traditional rendering of this parable represents God as inflicting the death. The corrected version, which I have followed above, says that the death of the millionaire was caused by a violent popular uprising. Either rendering is impressive — terribly. In one case, heaven itself is depicted as inflamed against the piling up of a private fortune; in the

other case, the return to a more equal distribution of goods is brought about by the insurgency of the populace. By either reading, the outcome is the same. The man-who-would-be-rich is put to death without mercy; and his swollen fortune — it is hinted — is shared among the people.

The Imbecility of Being a Millionaire — that is the lesson taught by this parable, in words of trenchancy that go to the mark without variableness or shadow of turning. ("Millionaire" is the modern equivalent of "rich man" in Palestinian terminology.)

The question of possible illegality in the amassing of this fortune is not raised. To be sure, in some words attributed to James, a younger brother of Jesus, there is an innuendo as to one of the common methods in that day of becoming an agricultural magnate: "Go to now, ye rich men! Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud: the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of hosts. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter."

But terrific as are those words of James, the manifesto against millionairism here uttered by the older son of Mary, is more terrific still. Jesus does not stop to inquire whether this magnate had got his fortune legally or illegally. The fact that he has a

fortune at all in a world where most of his fellow humans are deprived of fortunes, is in his eyes the criminality. "I will pull down my barns and build greater" — there, to the Jesus' view of life, was the offense. It is not a question how the man got his million. The mere fact of getting it and keeping it, convicted him of being a money-maniac, a man whose energies lovingly busied themselves in the piling up of treasure. To live luxuriously amid enveloping want, is damnatory evidence against any man; reveals him as one who is not "rich toward God."

Wealth comes to a man in one of two ways. Either it was given to him, or else he grubbed it together. If given to him, he earned it not, and therefore self-respect demands that he keep it not; a principle which the Carpenter categorically set forth, as we shall see in a chapter or two beyond. Some men get rich easily; a mine, a forest, an oil gusher, deposits of asphalt or guano or loam, unload upon him their slow deposit of ages. This man we are not now considering. His fortune was not made by him; it is a gift; and therefore comes under that second division, those who wield a power they did not create, wear badges of authority which there is nothing in their personalities to justify. It is of the grubber type we are now treating, the man who coerces a fortune into his till by dint of strain and sweat and fever.

Of this kind of fortune-making, this only can be said: it deteriorates the soul with a decadence utter and inevitable. Money, the idol of vulgar souls, obtains the preëminence within him. That its winning could obtain the preëminence, stamps him as already vulgar. And now its preëminent throne, central to all the corridors of his spirit, vulgarizes him the more, and without ceasing. In that groove of thought all his energies play. He has become a temple of dark gods; to the corrupting of his heart and the brutalization of all intelligence. Money-bags of this type are not filled, except with the life-blood of the man who fills them. Our Rural Millionaire confirms it.

Sombre, the ingatherings of his memory. For the affluence of this magnate is at the expense of desperate privation in the toiler-class round about. Their penury feeds the opulence that enfolds him. They live lives preappointed to shadows and to miseries; for he, demanding for himself an excessive prosperity, is hindering them of a place up in the sunlight. Poverty is not a physical but a psychological fact. The poor become poor only when others become rich. Man is made for fellowship, and finds no rest until he rests in fellowship. But equality is for fellowship the indispensable — rich and poor is a relation of master and slave. Here is thy sting, O poverty. Material privation is a small thing. But to be put

into the power of one's neighbour now grown rich, is a grief wherein the soul refuses to be comforted. Where all are poor no one is poor. Before riches appeared there was no poverty. It is a psychological teeter-board: the rich man can go up only as the poor man at the other end goes down, and in equal degree.

In laying up treasure for himself, he has rewarded evil unto his soul. He seeks to forget. Goes off into pleasures that leave the heart unquiet and void. Gets to himself men servants and maid servants, and the delights of the sons of men. Withdrawing himself in an egoistic isle of dividends and self-complacency, his heart takes on a hard and lofty look. Unable to win the love of the populace, he will dazzle them; gets trained litter-carriers and liveried pomp. In which attempt he succeeds; such divinity doth hedge a millionaire. The street throngs make road before the glitter of his equipage, and the bravery of his tinkling ornaments. Now he reposes amid the softnesses of an assured and tranquil estate. "Much goods laid up for many years."

Doctor Johnson, visiting at the palatial home of Garrick, was being shown the gardens, the stable, the rare fruits, and all manner of costly garnishments. As he wandered amid the sumptuousness, he turned to the owner and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Ah, David, David," said he, "these are the things that

make a death bed terrible." Most likely it is the wrench of leaving so glittersome and jovial an estate, which the learned doctor had in mind. But terrible for a darker reason still, is a millionaire's death; because the heaped-up splendour that has embowered him, was at the cost of embittering poverty in homes of the worker folk. Each added day of his luxury, added to them a day of penury. Until, suddenly called to accounting, he has not wherewith to pay; and he goes to death and darkness, a spiritual bankrupt.

So it was with the magnate in our parable. The aggregating of goods at one end of the social area, turned a revealing light on the scarcity of goods at the other end. That populace, once content with the nothingness of their estate, now are provoked into stormful mood. By the light that irradiates from the rich man's luxury they perceive the sombreness wherewith they themselves are encompassed. Swiftly they raise armed rebellion. In the night it crashes upon the rich man's gate. The night of his security becomes for him frightfullest insecurity. The rough random justice of the mob is upon him. The contrast between his estate and theirs, with its invasion and denial of fellowship, has goaded them to deathly deeds. He is unable to liquidate his life's heaped up debt. And the morning gray discloses a red sight in the room where the rich man lay.

Listen to another story: "Once upon a time there was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died, and was buried. And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, 'Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip his fingers in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.' But Abraham said, 'Son, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed.' "

The average person reading this parable, thinks it teaches the immorality of gains ill-gotten. Steeped from the go-cart in the idea of riches as the goal of human endeavour, their minds are unable to think in any other groove. Therefore they read into this parable the wealth-philosophy with which their souls are familiar. Of course — so these argue — a fortune amassed by illegal means is an iniquitous thing, a curse and not a blessing; and therefore properly damns its owner to hell. The fact that Jesus consigned this particular rich man to the

torments of the lost, must be an indication that the fortune was fraudulently got together. And as such, this parable — a parable so thickly charged with social dynamite as to explode our modern mammonism into splinters, if once its true interpretation became known — is taught by them openly in their pulpits and Sunday-schools, as children play with a bomb shell from which the fuse has been drawn and the powder replaced by sawdust.

As a matter of fact, no word is mentioned, hinting that this Dives fellow was unstatutorily rich; or that, being rich, he used his fortune niggardly and iniquitously. It isn't the parable of the "Bad Rich Man." It is the parable of the "Rich Man." The bare fact of riches was evidence against him sufficient, in the eyes of Jesus, to send him to hell.

So, far from being a wicked rich man, the evidence points unanimously in the opposite direction. The fact that Lazarus was brought by friends and laid at this particular man's gate, compels one to surmise that this Dives fellow had acquired a name as feeder of the poor. This lord-bountiful cast of soul, a free and easy dispensation of titbits and leftovers, seems to have included in its open-handed largess even the animal world. For the dogs of the street are represented as frequenting that doorway unmolested, as a wonted feeding spot.

Furthermore, he is pictured as possessed of kindli-

ness of heart, a kindliness so inborn and instinctive that it operates automatically, when he himself is in a blackness of personal misfortune so unrelieved that it could well have made him thoughtless of others.

For in hell, one of his chief thoughts is to send word to earth that shall head off his five brothers from ending up in the same place of torment to which he himself is so hopelessly consigned. "Misery likes company," is an aphorism, and it is drawn from the thoughtlessness and heartlessness of the average human breast. But this Dives is depicted as possessed of a tender-heartedness which in him amounts to a distinction. He prefers to be in hell alone, rather than see his brothers sharing the torments with him. Further still, this passionate tenderness makes him careless of consequences to himself. When the august Lord of Heaven has denied the request once, Dives resorts to importunity. This boon at least he will not be denied. With self-forgetful audacity he argues his plea, labours it, though in so doing he draw down upon him the offended majesty of Heaven itself.

Yes, the case is clear. Dives was sent to hell simply and solely because he was rich. The parable has no other teaching. As if the speaker feared that his point might be missed or wrested awry, he leaves out cumbering detail, sketches the cartoon with terrible preciseness; not a word loosely wanders

from the theme. Dives was rich, in the midst of environing poverty. To the Carpenter's psychology that was conclusive and damnatory evidence. For a life lived thus antisociably, hell was the only conceivable terminus.

Jesus limns the thing relentless, imperturbable. Each added word blackens the picture. Immutable is the doctrine; it advances with terse determination. Evasion and slippery constructions cannot avail. It is perhaps the most unambiguous parable in all his repertory.

In this connection the sort of guide and spiritual custodian unto whom the patriarchal father in Heaven recommends the "five brethren" of Dives who were still upon earth, is highly significant. Those five brothers, we are to infer, were also rich and living a privileged life much the same as Dives lived; his solicitude lest they also come to this place of torment is authentic in the matter. And who are the instructors unto whom Heaven commends these five rich men? No other than "Moses and the prophets; let them hear them." It is but a slight touch given by the Carpenter in passing. None the less, like a cranny into a lighted room, it opens, if you get near enough to it, a view into a democracy of temper, austere obtrusive incorrigible. For of what sort were these teachers to whom the Dives family were now sent to school?

"The prophets" were the Old Testament reformers. In them, as we now perceive, the social note was fundamental. The word "prophet" with some people has come to suggest a weird and occult predicter of the future. That is very wide of the real work wrought by them. "Statesman" is the nearest word to it we have, or perhaps "social agitator" would hit it still more aptly. A prophet was not a foreteller, so much as a "teller-forth." He was the incarnate conscience of his time; the reprover of its luxuriousness, the righter of its economic maladjustment, its preceptor in the social art. Forecasting of the future was indeed one of the implements they used; in the same way that a parent, reproving a boy caught stealing, foretells for him the penitentiary if he keeps on steering that course.

Isaiah, one of these prophets, fulminated against the waxing pomp and power of the financier classes who were concentrating in Jerusalem and as absentee landlords were drawing revenues from their rural property holdings. Amos poured copiously his contempt upon the unjust nobility in Bethel, the capital of his province. Hosea reproved the power of the rich, which in his day was menacingly augmenting. These preachers of social righteousness usually sprang from the people, and voiced the bitter cry of the people when invaded by the dollar despotisms which were cementing themselves over their heads.

The other schoolmaster into whose tutelage these five Dives brethren were committed, was "Moses." The rediscovery of Moses is one of the commanding events of our time. Our forefathers pictured him as a Solon, a majestic lordly personage, giving laws and administering commonwealths. As realistic fact, he was an agitator, a fomenter of social rebellion, the first in the line of labour leaders, and whose resonant voice down the ages was due to this fact; for he concerned himself with the toiler class, who alone are the world makers and who, when they begin to move, are the world shakers — mighty, the treadings of their feet. Moses, declassing himself from the privileged set in Pharaoh's palace — for he chose to suffer affliction with the toiler class rather than to enjoy the pleasures of parasitism for a season — got out of step with the masters, but into step with the workers. And the tramp of their feet gave the resounding note which makes his footfalls even now audible, an unantiquating figure amid the far dim corridors of the past.

He was an intense spirit, was Moses. Perceiving an Egyptian smiting one of the Jewish brickmakers, Moses up and smote him, even to the death. And he seems to have identified himself so whole-naturedly with the proletary brickyard population that he was compelled to flee from the royal mansions into which he had been adopted by one of the Pharaoh princesses.

Fleeing to the Arabian peninsula, he married into a herdsman's family and lived as a shepherd. Meanwhile, meditating the sore bondage under which his fellows back in Goshen were oppressed, one day he received a vision; it became massively influential on history as perhaps no other vision ever seen by the sons of men. It was a vision of Heaven as on the side of the working-class, instead of, as had formerly been understood, on the side of the leisure, the privileged class. God is labour's pal and partner — there was the flame that was kindled in the interior of Moses the herdsman. The blaze from that fire, as of a bush burning and to be neither extinguished nor consumed, etched itself into flame characters, and we call it the Old Testament; it etched itself into flame characters, and we call it the New Testament; it has etched itself into flame characters, and we call it the International Labour Movement of to-day.

"I have surely seen the affliction of my workpeople which are in Egypt and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows, and am come down to deliver them." That was Heaven's manifesto to Moses — a revolution in the idea of religion, which has been most prolific in social earthquake, and the end is not yet. "Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayst bring forth my brickmakers." Moses

shrinks from the appalling task: "O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore nor since thou has spoken unto thy servant; but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." Finally he is persuaded. He sets out to organize the workers in the brickyards of Goshen, and incite them to mass action.

The owner of the plant takes instant measures: "Wherefore do you let the people from their works? Get you unto your burdens." And Pharaoh commanded the same day the taskmakers of the people and their officers, saying, "Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick, as heretofore: let them go and gather straw for themselves. And the tale of bricks which they did make heretofore, ye shall lay upon them; ye shall not diminish aught thereof. For they be idle; therefore they are become unquiet and rebellious."

But Moses, the organizer of the strike, persists. He holds meetings. Arouses in them a sense of solidarity. By laying hold on the sanctions of religion, he plants the working-class idea in their heart of hearts, whereby they inflame now with a very fanaticism of class consciousness. The other side adopted desperate measures: the taskmasters hastened them saying, "Fulfil your works, your daily tasks, as when there was straw." But Moses has perfected an alliance between his side and the mighty power of religion; and carries the day.

No strike ever yet failed, whose leaders laid hold on spiritual dynamite and claimed the Power of the universe on the side of the strikers. It was because Moses displayed the same religious audacity in claiming God for the rebellion, which the Egyptian priests had displayed in claiming God as in partnership with the master class, that he struck off from the toilers those sacerdotal chains of slavery and forged them into a flaming sword of liberation. Those brickmakers, thus organized into class action, formed themselves into a permanent union, the Industrial Workers of Israel. And from that moment the history of the world centred about them.

The "Imbecility of Being a Millionaire" is the title I have given to these two parables of Jesus; and have proved my case. The Agricultural Magnate laid up treasure for himself. It was an imbecile thing to do, and brought upon him mob violence and death. Dives clothed himself in purple. Though surrounded by a poverty so desperate that it was degraded to a level with the street dogs, he himself fared sumptuously. An imbecile thing to do. For in that moment the soul died within him. And from out the winding sheet of the grave he opened up his eyes in hell. "If other rich people do not wish the same fate," said Jesus, "let them no longer devote themselves to all-sufficient lucre, dis-

solving the relations that tie them to their kind. But let them sit at the feet of Moses and the prophets, and learn from them that in a universe constituted as is this, in the social art alone is safety, and to lay up treasure for one's self, an imbecility."

CHAPTER IV

WHY DID JESUS COMMEND CONFISCATION

One of the parables recorded in the gospel teaches a strange ethic. Barrels of brain sweat have been exuded in an attempt by commentators to twist it into the master-class code. And the sweat has irrigated naught but a crop of futilities. I refer to the "Parable of the Unjust Steward."

The story is known to all: A certain rich man had a steward; and the same, being accused unto him, was informed by the rich man that he could be no longer steward. The steward, unable to dig and ashamed to beg, set about a thing that would ingratiate him with his lord's debtors. Calling the latter to him, he found out how much they owed. Thereupon he took upon himself to ease them of a considerable share of their obligation. Expecting for himself in return a magnanimous portion of the proceeds.

Manifestly to draw any of our conventional morality from that kind of a story, is difficult. And the spectacle of commentators scratching perplexed skulls and resorting to strange devices, is easy to be under-

stood. The most recent attempt out of the enigma has been to attribute this parable to one of the lighter moments in the soul of Jesus. He was in a playful mood when he spoke it, and meant it to be understood as a whimsicality.

It is true that irony is a telling weapon in the hands of a controversialist. The Carpenter was not only possessed of the ironic gift, but used it, and finely. However, the attempt to read humour into the present passage is unsuccessful. The "Unjust Steward" is too heavy a piece of work to have been the airy outgiving of a playful mind in one of its moods of persiflage. And if it is satire that was meant, that explanation would but increase the difficulties. Satire is to be interpreted in exactly the opposite meaning from what the words in their surface import would suggest. It would be to say that Jesus was sympathetically inclined to "rich men," and against the debtor class held fast in the grasp of economic necessity. Therefore the stewards of rich people should aid and abet their lords with feverish fidelity to tighten the screws on the debtor and exact from him the uttermost grain and scruple, all the pound of flesh that is nominated in the bond. It is conceivable that the Carpenter might have become converted to the millionaire's code of ethics and philosophy of life, and was now reversing all of his previous teaching so plentifully enshrined in the

record. But historical scholarship will insist that in order to bolster so monstrous a claim, some more substantial evidence must be adduced than the solitary and desperate device of interpreting one of his parables in an exactly opposite sense from what the words ordinarily would mean.

The "Parable of the Unjust Steward" teaches the righteousness of confiscation when the public weal demands it.

Let us hasten, therefore, to retract that adjective with which thus far we have characterized the Steward. "Unjust" is not a word that takes care of the psychology of the present situation. For one thing, the deed he perpetrated was not "unjust." Nor would Jesus ever have permitted his lips to frame a commendation of a deed that had about it any faintest squint of injustice. The one quality by which his father is described to us is this: Joseph was "a just man." Of all the great words of the bible, the greatest of them is "justice." It is pictured in the bible as a word which, whilst it has its foundations massively in the earth, yet towers up into implications that make it nigh neighbour to the heaven of the Highest. It has in it the seeds of all excellence for the individual; and the root of all blessedness for society. Jesus loved justice with an impassioned love; and with a perfect hate he hated its opposite.

The "Illegal" Steward comes nearer to the mean-

ing as the context compels us to understand it. So temperamentally was the Carpenter a social rebel, that illegality was robbed of its power to shock him. No one knew better than he that the "tradition of the elders" ofttimes is a soiled stream emptying a polluting flow into contemporary affairs. Constantly he was charged and justly with being a law breaker against it. So that he had a warm place in his heart for the social heretic everywhere. "Shrewd" is perhaps a still better word for this fellow in the parable.

What was it this Shrewd Steward did? He set in motion the confiscation of a part of a rich man's property, amounting in one case to 50 per cent and to 20 per cent in another. "'How much owest thou?' 'A hundred measures of oil.' 'Take thy bill and sit down quickly and write fifty.'" Then to another, "'How much owest thou?' 'A hundred measures of wheat.' 'Write fourscore.'" He took the side of the debtor class against the creditor class. There is the milk in this cocoanut. The sorrows of the oppressed had penetrated the heart of Jesus so poignantly, and the moral devastations flowing therefrom were so plain to his intelligence, that his whole sympathy was determined toward the lowly, and against the rich in their loftiness and might. Through nigh a score of years, as an invaded workingman, the iron had entered his own soul. So that

he was prepared to look indulgently on any movement that tended to make the poor richer and the rich poorer.

It is significant that this parable of the "Illegal Steward" is followed in the same chapter (Luke XVI) by the parable of Dives and Lazarus; indeed the two parables practically constitute the chapter. And as if to make more emphatic the essentially economic strain of the chapter as a whole, these two parables are connected by that dogma which is so remorseless against Mr. Moneybags: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." The two parables are themselves remorseless against the gold-greed. The three passages together make this chapter notable — two forged fetters of iron for Mammon, joined in the midst by a link whose steel is tempered into a metal of the stoutest.

To the modern ear, confiscation is an ugly word. Our jurisprudence, deriving from Rome and not from Galilee, has established property rights so massively at the human centre, that the very language has been coloured thereby; and words which question the legitimacy of this prince now on the throne, have been branded with a stigma and garbed in felon stripes.

To the Carpenter, neither by temperament nor by mental inheritance was confiscation one of the criminalities. Israel's jurisprudence was not a code

for the safeguarding of the possessor class; but was thought of as a defense of the weak against the strong who were ceaselessly overriding them. Therefore their common law principle was that property must cheerfully submit to invasion whenever human welfare was at stake. Though probably never practised, yet a confiscation of all land holdings every fifty years, and a redistribution of the same, was statutorily enacted, and is still visibly inscribed in the code; and this, in an era when land was practically the only form of capital.

Brought up in a jurisprudence thus religiously framed to bring low Property's proud and lofty looks, and himself a victim of that arrogance, bearing upon his heart the scars of many and brutal thrusts from the prince of this world, the Carpenter of Galilee was an incurable leveller. Economic inequalities have a frightful malignancy of expansion. Therefore all the enginery of heaven, he felt, must be put in motion on the side of thwarting that disequilibrium and bringing back a more equal ordering.

It will be noticed that in the case of both the rich man here, and also those two others, Dives and the Agricultural Magnate, no suggestion is made — and I am never tired of drawing attention to this point — that aught of illegality attached to their fortunes. To Jesus, an inflated fortune was *ipso facto* a sin, quite irrespective of legality or illegality in the method

whereby it was raked together. And for this reason: All permanent private fortunes, whether or not they violate any law of man, violate a great law of God — namely the law against extortion.

Extortion is a word that has fallen out of use. And with a reason. It would be an excessively inconvenient word to have running around loose in an age of property rights such as ours. As we saw in the case of "confiscation," words are not harmless and indifferent things. A word is a live thing, a doer of deeds, a bringer of things to pass. A word though it has no power in itself, represents an idea. Like the ambassador of an absent potentate, a word bears a representative function and wields a potency quite beyond its own personal might. So with this word "extortion"; it wears the uniform and carries the badge of the powerfullest enemy that human rights ever knew. "Confiscation" was an uncomfortable word; and for that reason has been condemned to wear a criminal's garb. But "extortion" was a word more uncomfortable still; therefore a decree of banishment was issued against it, and for many a long year now its presence has not been seen in the fields of time and space.

But "extortion" is a good old scriptural word. And if from no other motive than fidelity to biblical science, we shall have to restore it to use. Extortion means the use of private strength for private pur-

poses. Jesus demanded that private strength be used for public purposes. There is the antinomy, in a nutshell. Whenever man is made to be the tool instead of the product, it is a case of extortion. And the perpetrator of the crime is an extortioner.

A rather drastic dogma that. It seems the utterance of an extremist mind gone quite beyond the bounds of restraint, and neighbouring the wildlands where mad fanatic spirits infest. None the less, without it, the attitude of Jesus toward the rich shall not be understood, nor cure be found for modernity's sad dementedness.

To-day every successful business man is an extortioner. The competitive principle requires it. To buy at the cheapest and sell at the dearest — there is modern orthodoxy. And it spells wolfishness always, and under all meridians. Extortion is the satan of our civilization. It is a word woven into every yard of cloth; into every sheet of paper is it watermarked; it is the invisible brand on every employee's forehead; not a piece of hardware but is stamped with it; it is the tag mark on all commodities; blood brand of the necessities of the poor. By extortion our houses are built; yes, the church edifice itself is with fitness designed cruciformly; for on the hard hunger-cross is labour crucified to-day, and has been through all unholy unconsecrated history.

The business man to-day who is not willing to be a

wolf cannot remain in business. He may have had originally the kindliest of hearts, a native soul of bigness within him. But the curse weaves around him its blight, a curse fateful, not to be escaped. If so be that he continues the competitive wrestle and combat, little bit by bit hardening sets in. His heart becomes lean, fangs grow, jaw muscles tighten, claws obtrude; hunger and practice teach him that athletic leap which springs upon the prey first of the racing pack, and fastens the muzzle into its neck, that choice portion of the carcass where pumps forth the blood freeliest and is hot. For inexorable is the law of the wolf-pack: eat, or be eaten.

This essentially cannibal quality inherent in competitive success has a way of disguising itself after a while; so that many of the very elect are deceived thereby. I refer to that enclosed social area where wealth has been of long standing. Here the source of the dividends that flow in with unremitting regularity is usually at so great a remove as to be out of sight. The tenement or the shop or the factory or mine from whence the golden stream takes its flow, is far off. Paid agents collect the rents, browbeat the workshop hands, drive the hard bargains — and in coupon form send it in to those leisurist ones. The extortion process, remaining unseen by the recipient, is ofttimes not even known to him. He hears not the cry of the evicted; perceives not the

faces of the boy and girl workers, nor the burdens on the backs of mothers just when they are bearing another burden underneath their hearts; he never hears the curse of the machine slave, haggard from dehumanizing toil, and for whom the universe has become but a dark and rat-ridden cellar. Rich folk of this kind can be found who have a genuine tenderness of heart, and a social conscience finely quick and sensitive. Destitute of experience as to the extortionate source of their dividends, their kindliness vents itself, not in justice applied to the causes of the evil, but in the form of charity applied to the consequences of the evil. Which charity does but make the ill more desperate; for it solaces the conscience of the giver, and rots the soul of them that consent to receive it.

I shall have to meet the objector who will say that there are cases where a man can get rich, with no sin of extortion laid at his door; the inventor, for instance. But Jesus was so determined a leveller, that he would consent to no exception, even in a case such as that. The one argument for permitting a swollen fortune to an inventor, is that he has been a benefit to mankind. But what if the fortune now heaped into his hand causes more harm to society in the long run than his inventions brought benefit? The treasure of all treasure most to be conserved, is fellowship — the oneness of all-of-us, the tie of soul

that makes us kin, and which alone is blessedness. A fortune privately owned sunders this kinship — redundantly proved by the experience of all societies and everywhere. Therefore the inventor who, in return for his gift to men, exacts a monetary fee that shall lift him into lordship over men, is not a benefactor. Mankind can get along without the incandescent lamp — yes, produced some excellent works of the spirit when it had no other light save tallow. But mankind cannot get along without fellowship. In every age, the great achievements have not been at the hands of those who exacted in return a monetary mastership over their fellows; but were wrought by men emulous to give themselves to man, and found in service their exceeding great reward.

Thus the rich man in our parable was guilty of extortion — extortion being the seamy side of all riches, and no more to be divorced from it than a man can divorce himself from his shadow. Therefore, in complacently picturing him as being reduced, and an equalizing process between him and the poorer folk set in motion, Jesus was preaching a spiritual conception of society which makes confiscation under those circumstances not only pardonable but righteous. To be sure there is, in the picture as he draws it, a squint of sabotage which confuses with some readers the clearness of the moral issue involved. This point requires a moment's attention.

Sabotage is the righting of a wrong by trickery or violence. Until the establishment of the ballot-box, it was the only method possible, as between the weak and the strong. Law courts in ancient days meted a rough kind of justice, when it was a litigation between one working-class man and another; but were not even expected to protect a working-class man from his master. All history, in the pre-ballot-box era, is a ceaseless chronicle of sabotage in one form or another.

Moses, when in a fit of proletary class-consciousness he slew the Egyptian who was beating one of the Jewish brickmakers, was practising sabotage. The early Christians, when, as is now coming to be held by historians, they set fire to the city of Rome in an attempt to end Nero's oppression of them, were guilty of sabotage. And also Robin Hood and his men under the Green Wood, when they waylaid rich people and distributed the booty to the poor. In the parable of the "Rich Man Who Built Bigger Barns," the uprising of the mob which put him to death and took his goods, was sabotage. Jesus in drawing a picture of that sort to his hearers, was also guilty of sabotage, and would be held by a law court to-day.

So in this parable likewise which we are now examining. The Shrewd Steward accomplished a confiscatory act by trickery; and therefore was a

sabotager. Moreover, a disadvantage of the sabotage method is here perfectly illustrated. For the Steward, because of this deed, lost something of straightforwardness out of his character. Nor can hardly be credited with any largeness of public spirit in the course he adopted. He was, in pitiably narrow fashion, looking out for "Number One." The redistribution of a part of the unevenly piled wealth of the world that he brought to pass, was only by indirection and reveals no statesmanly vision within him. What then is to be said? For Jesus in both of these sabotage parables was a *particeps criminis*.

The answer has already been hinted. Back in that day, no other method of readjusting the cruelly disordered scheme of things was possible. The common people had no part nor lot in the government. The administration over them was a military dictatorship, whose avowed purpose was to override the poor, in the interest of the rich. That the poor under those circumstances should seize any weapons at hand to defend themselves from the slavery that menaced them and their families, would be a defensible case in any court, and would secure a verdict. Which is not at all to say that Jesus to-day would utter that kind of parable, or preach that kind of action. The establishment of political democracy has made it unneedful. The ballot-box is going to be discovered as probably the one greatest spiritual

contribution to humankind. It lifts the arbitrament of human issues from the field of violence to the field of reason; supplants the warrior with the teacher; shifts the battleground from the outward arena of force, into that interior arena where the Still Small Voice, though with quietest inflection, speaks magisterially.

Not that the experiment of political democracy was introduced out of a consciously spiritual motive. As matter of fact, it was the invention of gunpowder that brought the ballot-box into the world. Until gunpowder was discovered, the knight in his expensive armour, high uplifted on his costly steed, and with the technical sword practice which only he had had the leisure to gain, was a match for a hundred peasants in their defenseless infantry array. Gunpowder accomplished a levelling work. It did the glittering armour away, made the horse and sword useless, confronted the knight and his peasant face to face, each with a gun in his hand, equal. When that state of affairs came to pass, the ballot-box — which is merely a method of counting noses — was the quick consequence. A political campaign to-day handles identically the issues that formerly were adjudicated on the field of combat. But when, by the invention of gunpowder, each man in the opposing parties came to count for one, the outcome of the contest could be settled beforehand

merely by finding out which side was the more numerous. Majority rule is the basis of political democracy, because with a gun in every man's hand, the minority know that they would be shot to pieces. Accordingly they surrender at once without the useless appeal to arms. Of course, if the party defeated at the ballot-box should resort to either fraud or force, then return to first principles would be the only recourse.

Yes. The "Parable of the Shrewd Steward" commends the confiscation of swollen fortunes back into the social treasury. For that swelling is a wen on the body politic. Confiscation reduces the wen; and effectually discourages other fortunes from swelling into wens. Only, Jesus would not have used the word confiscation. Restitution is the word he would have used.

CHAPTER V

THE CURSE OF SMALL MEN IN BIG PLACES

We have seen that there are only two ways whereby a swollen fortune is acquired. One of them is by grubbing it together with copious effusion of brain sweat — effusion which melts the soul and corrodes into nothingness the virtues and values of life. For greed is an expansive devil; and whoso is tormented thereby has taken up his abode in the mansions of the damned. The chief end of man is not to make money. Let that aim acquire the eminency, the silver of the soul becomes as dross, the wine of life is mixed with water, his every finest energy is struck with decrepitude.

The other method by which private store of treasure is obtained, is by gift. The form it usually takes is the familiar one, testation and inheritance. With a case of this kind Jesus once had occasion to deal. His psychology in the matter, and his way of handling the case, are full of significance. I refer to the transaction with the Rich Young Ruler.

That Young Ruler — oblivion has a gluttonous

maw, and has swallowed up his name — belonged to the hereditary ruling class. That is, he was the son of his father. He was born in that sunshiny realm where the child, by the merest fact of birth, finds himself saddled forthwith on the backs of his fellows. From his native moment the world into which he is ushered is one of glamour and delights. After his first gasp in the shock of meeting the outer air — gasp which is salutary, yes, imperative, for it begins the respiratory rhythm and vivifies the as yet inert babe — a conspiracy of softness weaves round him its silken web. Other hands tend him, so that his own palms grow never the fine horny integument. Feet of others run his errands, his own feet the while reposing on rugs thick-matted with velvet. His stint of work in a work-universe is accomplished for him by another, whose muscles, thus tasked in double service, are overwrought, whilst his own muscles are underwrought and become as cotton.

His brain, seduced by a like conspiracy, is similarly debauched. His immunity from physical toil spells fatality in the cerebral cortex. Each movement of the hand, in wielding a tool to compass some desired end, stirs into worthy activity the brain cell from which the muscle's directing impulse proceeded, and alteringly affects it. The brain cortex of a workingman takes on a fine and subtle transformation, whereby for all future time its fibres are attuned to

thought, and qualified to issue worthier truer mandates.

But the lad who by birth is immune to toil, is robbed of life's immortal discipline. Others think for him; he loses the capacity to think. Work is the only school wherein the brain learns how to work. The workless lad grows in the top of his head a workless brain. Exceptions there are. Boys of affluence have been spurred to toil by a creative impulse inly seated, whose clangorous imperative outvoiced the sirens intoning their pleas without. But the Brownings and Ruskins are not the rule. In the large, the workings of inherited wealth are toxic to the soul, for they sap the strengths, incline the mind to summer days, open a gate to indulgences whereby the strong man becomes as tow. It is bad for any man to reap where he has not sown, and gather where he has not strewed.

Work is not a curse, how to the contrary soever Genesis may declaim. The universe is organized on an industrial basis. It hates an idler, is affectionate only toward a toiler. Labour finds its richest requital, not in the thing done but in the doing of it. Work is the angel that is given charge over us, to keep us in all our ways. She is a stern pedagogue, and many are they who play truant from her school. But the truants shall not keep their soul alive.

In the Rich Young Ruler, this brain-softness was

extending its depredations. Jesus perceived it. He took in the full measure of the havoc. Trained pathologist that he was, he detected that the disease was desperate, and indicated a desperate therapeutic. Therefore he was unsparing. He applied knife and cautery. He commanded him to get rid of his wealth: "Go! Sell what thou hast, and give to the poor." No shuffling, no self-delusion. The prescription was conclusive, categorical.

But this Expert in spiritual pathology did not stop there. Inherited wealth limits not its malevolence to the individual inheritor. To society the vitiating flow extends, spreads an ill in wide dispersal. For the fortune handed on from father to son carries with it control over others. Money means mastery. That is why it is money. Take away from wealth the economic control it confers, you have taken away all of its value. If I have a thousand dollars, and the prevailing rate of wages is one dollar a day, the possession of that money hands a thousand men over into my governance for the space of one day, that I may have dominion over them. And if I have money enough to hire them perpetually, then perpetually am I their disposer and oligarch.

Now it is entirely true that some men must be in directorate positions, and other men subaltern. Society cannot be organized, except on a basis wherein certain shall be authorized to say to a man,

"Come," and he cometh; and to another man, "Go," and he goeth. But it is equally requisite that the man thus exalted into governance be worthy of that exaltation. To the end that the governance be used for good and not for ill. High men in high places, low men in low places — there is your divine ordering; divergency therefrom being the devil's ordering, which is mournfullest disordering.

Here is the root of the transgression. The bequeathment of the mantle of economic control from father to son guarantees not that the son is the worthy wearer of that mantle. Experience has taught that usually he is the unworthiest. It seems to be the law of the universe that power dumped into anybody's hand readymade, works for bad and not good. A great fortune is a great power. The heir who enters therein, lifted no finger to create that fortune, is devoid of any imagination to perceive the toiler-blood out of which that fortune was distilled, and therefore is incapable of any high administration of it. Wealth justly earned and socially administered is good. But unearned wealth is a corrosive in any man's life; it were better for him if a millstone had been tied about it, and it had been sunk in the depths of the sea.

Ownership of a factory means ownership of the workers in that factory — unconditioned ownership of them during the ten sunlit hours in each twenty-

four; and so potent an ownership of them during the residue of the twenty-four that the slavery is but slenderly disguised or mitigated. The ludicrously illogical method of determining that ownership at present, is by the mere writing of a boy's name in a will. That paper instrument turns over the half-thousand workmen in a factory to the boy — as sheep are transferred by money-payment, passing through the pasture bars into another's keeping, a keeping that may be wise and diligent, or unwise and undiligent.

One of the sifted experiences of history is that ability is not transmitted. Too many disturbing ingredients enter into the parental stock — dual, as it must be — to assure in the offspring a continuance of the strain of either parent. Indeed, the Second Generation has become proverbial for the unalertness of its intellect and for senility of initiative and accomplishment. It is against this class in every age that the social earthquake has made its mutterings heard.

The original makers of a fortune never establish an aristocracy. The mere fact of the engrossment of their energies in a something of creative work retains in them a kinship with the worker type. It is when the second generation emerges, a generation of lily hands and of non-industrial brain tracts, that an aristocracy begins to sunder itself from the residue of the human mass. Shut in by the stuff

they have piled around them, they lose all vision of the world outside; go off into class consciousness and a petulant egoism.

Than inherited fortunes, there is no devil that more perfectly debilitates the will and debauches the understanding. Patrimony is a prolific source of the disorders that are in society. Inherited grandeur unfits people for that fine fellowship which is democracy. Palates enticed by all manner of daintiness, they forget the hunger price paid therefor by toilers. Liveries in lace and gold attend them. They become slaves to their own ostentation. Idleness has an affinity with idleness. Leisure-class families always tend to interlock by marryings. Thus, at a rate of geometrical progression, the bifurcation of the human totality proceeds. The lava stream, welling copiously from the bottomless vortex, cools at the top and hardens into an upper crust against which the disinherited at the bottom shall dash their heads in vain endeavour toward sunlight and the open.

Apparently the Rich Young Ruler had been trained by parents of a sincerely pious temper and of some wisdom. For his private morals were impeccable. He had been kept from the libertinage that commonly attaches to youth in gilded circles. The fact, too, that he had the swell of unrest which impelled him to the Carpenter in an humble request

for enlightenment, speaks eloquently of an elevation of tone in the home circle that had borne and reared him.

But his parents, while personal saints, were social sinners. They forgot that public justice is more important than private virtue; because social equity is alone the foundation on which can be erected a life of high ethical grace. They extorted money from others, to lay up for their son. Thus they bequeathed to him empire over the destinies of men. He, industrially untaught, was given ownership over cunning artificers taught for long by the exacting toil of fabrication. He possessed the sordid sovereignty which money affords.

Furthermore, his membership in the master-class made him a silent co-adjutor of the horrors perpetrated by it. He was an abettor of the oppressive régime. Let him be privately as moral as he would, none the less he was in collusion with the unspeakable grandees; a partaker in the spoliation; a co-oppressor in the despotism that loomed so evilly over the land — a System of pityless might at the top, and underneath, a wild proletary welter. He was a participator in that sum of all villainies under the sun, mastership made into an hereditary office.

Therefore, with peremptory fire, Jesus laid down to the Rich Young Ruler a superadded requirement. Namely, to outlaw himself from the class of wealth inheritors and enlist in the movement that was con-

spiring their overthrow. Merely to have given his fortune to the poor were an easy thing. Philanthropy in all times has been fashionable. It brings adulation — huzzahs from the rabble in their pig stye of bread-and-the-circus; with copious panegyric from pulpit and press and forum. Had Jesus offered to this young millionaire an entrance into Life by merely "Go, give to the poor," the youth could, and in all likelihood would, have accepted the condition. But the "Come, follow me," was added. It was an invitation to the Young Inheritor to declass himself; to take a place with the dust-grimed ragged followers of the Carpenter. Here was the block that stumbled him.

Jesus invited him to the propaganda of a new ordering of society wherein privilege should be done away and opportunity ministered to all. But the "deceitfulness of riches" had wrought its decomposing work. The enervation of leisures unearned and an unfought-for sovereignty, had depraved the youth to a so great softness that now he is unequal to high adventure. It is the climacteric moment in his life. He is face to face with the commanding figure of the ages; and knows it not. The eyes of the world through all the dim stretches of futurity will be focussed upon him in this decisive moment; but he perceives it not. For him all the bells of destiny are clanging; but he hears them not. Listlessly he

has lived. And listlessly he will make the refusal. The call to a hard pathway finds the moral stuff within him pudgy. He is "very sorrowful." He turns away. And passes into oblivious damnation.

A career always open to talent, is the sign manual of a righteously ordained society. In no age has the insurgency of the populace demanded an artificially imposed equality. In professing all men to be free and equal, the Declaration of Independence spoke mistakenly. The error was derived from the theorizings of Rousseau, theorizings which were sentimentally fine but actually false. A social ordering wherein men are free to become equal, is all that heaven can promise or humanity desire.

Unimpeded, water will find its level. Any clog such as an ice jam, interposing itself, is but piling up an ever more massive danger. The right of worthy men to rise to their proper place, has as its corollary the necessity that unworthy men shall sink to their proper place. When the crust of the volcano hardens to a degree that prevents the aboriginal energy underneath from issuing forth, social earthquake makes its rumbling heard; any dilatoriness now in removing the layer that has caked itself over the crater, does but aggravate the vehemence of the explosion that is maturing.

Ten talent men in ten talent places, one talent men in one talent places — there is an effective and

cheery civilization. And the one way by which that happy state of things can be guaranteed, is for the newborns in each generation to start equal. No boy has the right to be the son of his father. It's bad for the father, in that it narrows him into an anti-social bearing toward other boys. It is bad for the boy, in that it elevates him on stilts above his fellows — stilts, which are always an uncomfortable perch, and viciously insecure. It is bad further for the other boys; for these, perceiving themselves to be unfairly distanced in a race that should be a free-field-and-no-favour, go off into dark rebellious deeds, or into leaden despair which strikes death into the character and despoils of all achievement.

In athletic sports, handicaps are given only in exhibition events. And those who have had experience will know that, than handicaps, never was a thing devised more thick-strewn with thorns and more fertile in irritations. When championships are held, all are started from scratch. And now the first man across the tape is beyond all cavil worthiest. Self-respect forbids the acceptance of a patrimony which foreordains a man to win the prizes of life. A competitor in a mile run who should accept a half-mile handicap over the others, jog in jauntily the first of the field, and thereupon pin the medal on his breast in high display, would receive a contemptuous outlawry from devotees of manly sport.

"My fruits and my goods" — by what sanction his use of that pronoun "my," if he had no part in their creation? A greed for handicaps marks the mean-spirited athlete, the non-self-reliant sort. One such came to Jesus: "Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me." Jesus turned from him with a true sportsman's disgust of a runner who clamours for a front mark: "Who made me a judge or divider over you?"

In the Parable of the Pounds, Jesus pointed this lesson. Luke records it. In the version as rendered by Matthew, it appears as the Parable of the Talents; apparently the same story altered in transmission; and altered, mark you well, so as to blur the democracy of the teaching in the original. Luke throughout (as we saw, for instance, in the case of the Beatitudes; and it is the verdict of scholars generally) renders the words of the Carpenter in their artless contemporary form. So that we are safe to accept Luke's Parable of the Pounds as the truer version.

In Luke's version of it the ten men start equal: He called his ten servants and delivered them ten pounds (to each one a pound), and said unto them, "Occupy till I come." After a long time the nobleman returned, having received his kingdom, and desires to know whom he can safely trust in positions of responsibility there. Accordingly he commands that these servants be called unto him, that he

might know how much every man had gained. Then came the first, saying, "Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds." And he said unto him, "Have thou authority over ten cities." And the second came, saying, "Thy pound hath gained five pounds." And he said to him, "Be thou over five cities." A third servant proved himself an incompetent; with him, therefore, the props are knocked from under, props that were buttressing him into an undeserved eminence; and he sinks to his proper place of nullity: "Take from him the pound. For I say unto you, unto every one which hath, shall be given."

It is a picture of the kind of civilization heaven is emulous to establish. Ten-pound brains bearing rule over ten cities; five-pound brains over five cities; and so on. The principle of rule-by-inheritance, however, reverses that wise ordering; it puts the one-pound brain in control of ten cities, and cramps the ten-pound brain in the narrow office of only one city.

High function to high capacity, spells competency for the deed and happiness in the doer. High function to low capacity, spells discontents, and a universal bungling; for it exalts men of no enlargement, to the keeping down of greatness.

Privilege, inherited or otherwise, puts small men into big places, and thereby big men into small places. Result — waste, resentment, irritations per-

petual, suspicions, enmity, social rebellion. Heaven would introduce a reordering whereby privilege shall be vetoed, so that big places shall be open to the big men, and the small places reserved for the small men. Result — efficiency, cheeriness, an ennobled productivity; the Industrial Kingdom of God.

CHAPTER VI

CLASS-CONSCIOUSNESS

Jesus took sides. No wink of doubt about that. The hatreds that flared forth against him declare it. Hatreds are not generated against the neutral type of fellow. To the neutral type is meted an amicable inglorious calm. Whenever an energetic coalition against a person is beheld, it is a manifest token of militant aggressiveness in the organization of him. Indeed, scientists have worked it into a formula: Reaction is action rebounding on itself, the two being equal to each other, in the contrary direction.

The reason why the Carpenter was hated by Privilege, was because he aligned himself devotedly with Unprivilege. No feature of his life is more certified. Himself a proletarian, all twelve of his disciples were proletarians; and his followers for two hundred years were proletarians. The occasions when people of means and social standing chummed with him were so infrequent, that they are singled out for mention as events quite out of the ordinary.

Only twice, so far as I can find, was the Carpenter

entertained at homes of the lofty class. And on both occasions the affair began in stiffness, waxed chillier as the hour progressed, and ended in something very like estrangement.

One of these was when Simon the Pharisee invited him to dinner. During this meal two items of irritation presented themselves. Simon had neglected to offer to his guest facilities for washing the dust of the highway from his sandalled feet; how should a mere workingman, whose garb was weather-stained and of the coarsest, care for a detail such as feet-washing? His guest did care, however; but passed the oversight by in silence.

But it was not passed by on the part of another. A woman of the town, mingling with the attendants, notices the neglect. She recognizes in this Carpenter one of her own outcast set. And the indignity to which he has been subjected affects her to the point of tears. Her rainy eyes provide the water which Simon had failed to provide. And her loose hair — sign of a harlot — serve as drying cloth. Softer fabric never was, than this impromptu towel. Gratefully Jesus lay outstretched, as her hair luxuriantly caressed his feet; and her lips kissed away the sores of travel, where briars and jagged rock had torn.

Simon beholds it. And is morally outraged at the scene. His guest — highly clairvoyant at reading

the soul in a man's face — detects the curl on Simon's lip, reads the revolted puritan. Thereupon, forecasting well the shock it is going to be to the whole puritan set there assembled, he declares himself to be on the side of the woman, against the upper-class hauteur and aloofness of these. He is at pains, to be sure, not to extenuate her scarlet ways. Sex unrighteousness is a sharp hell, and they who abide therein shall not know blessedness. Jesus understands all of that. But he suggests that the mistreadings of this woman, her too facile loves, were due to the exceeding fund of affection in her composition; and therefore are less black, more delible to washings, than the sins of the Pharisee type, with their cool calculating prudences and their dryness of heart: "She loved much." And he calls attention to the shabby inattentive reception that had been meted unto him in this house. Now the rupture is complete.

The other occasion was also a dinner given to him, by a man whose name has not been preserved, "one of the chief of the Pharisees." The individual is pictured to us with all the marks of the social climber. He thinks to advance his prestige by having at table this distinguished spirit who is impressing himself so widely on the imagination of the people. But the Carpenter was not the sort that could take graciously to lionizing. Therefore we are not surprised that he found himself here also in an uncongenial climate. It

was a Sabbath day. The other guests, along with the host, were sticklers for a literalist piety, the smug religiosity of the prosperous. By the therapeutic of his radio-vitality, the Carpenter accomplishes a work of healing. This affronts the guests in their moral trimness and formalism. Thus, almost before the dinner has commenced, a gulf between him and them is cleaved.

Instead of trying to bridge this gulf that has sundered itself square across the dinner party, Jesus takes a second step which digs the chasm deeper. He openly rebukes the invites for their indecorum in scrambling after seats near the head of the table. As if even this were not enough in order to betray his ennui of the whole affair, he starts in with caustic innuendo to chide the host for giving this kind of a dinner anyway. For as his eye ranges down the table, he sees only guests who are in the Pharisee's set. The mechanic and manual crowd, the disinherited generally, are not represented. Therefore he addresses the host some directions as to the fit fashion to give a dinner. Invite not your own class, says he. For they invite you in return, and it goes off merestly into a swapping of meal tickets. Make your dinners an occasion to declass yourself. Invite not your rich neighbours. But invite the poor, the maimed, the lame. And thou shalt be blessed.

From these two instances, it is apparent that the

well-to-do made some attempt to attach this Workingman to their side. So interesting and vivid an individual, and the very idol of the populace, would be a social asset of no mean value. And the dinner table was the bait they laid. With many arts they plied him. But he refused to be bribed. He would accept their invitations. But made it clear that his presence in their houses was under a flag of truce. He would dine with them, in order to declare to them that he was not one of them, and coerce their attention the more leisurely to the toiler folk of whom he was one and with whom he proposed to remain one.

An interesting case of his refusal to be dazzled by riches, is the Zaccheus incident. Zaccheus as "chief of the publicans" had amassed money by tax-collecting in the notoriously brutal fashion of that day. Jesus invites himself to spend a day as guest in that house. And thereupon — by what line of austere argument or tender entreaty is not written into the record — he brings his host to see the badness of a career of extortion, the cruelty it practises upon the defenceless poor. In a burst of repentance Zaccheus renounces his past. He rises to his feet. In a passionate cry he announces, "The half of my goods I am going to give to the poor; and if I have taken from any man by false accusation, I am going to restore him fourfold." Whereupon Jesus exclaims

his jubilation over the conversion of an extortioner: "This day is salvation come to this house."

A touch in the Dives-Lazarus parable casts a curiously corroborating light on the class-consciousness of the Carpenter. Lazarus in that parable is given entry into heaven for no other reason in the world except that he is poor. Not an ethical trait in him is revealed. He was poor and full of sores — ergo, for him wide shall swing paradise's gate of pearl. Of course, being a subsidiary part, this cannot be taken as in any way a teaching of the parable. Dives and not Lazarus is the figure Jesus had in mind, and everything else in the story is unimportant. Nevertheless, it sheds an interesting side-light on the psychology of the speaker of it — a glance as it were in passing.

Nor would such a mood in Jesus be difficult to understand. People who live in a rich house have no imagination to conceive the mental attitude toward it of the shut-out crowd on the sidewalk. To the latter, that house is all bars and locks and blinds and fences. So that subconsciously an animosity toward it engenders in them. The more attractive the house, the more redoubled are the bolts and barriers. And when on some festive night the house becomes most attractive, music within, and lights and palm-banks, gala raimenting and all daintinesses of food, that is precisely the night when the guards augment their

veto and harshen their aspect. Thereby the shut-outs are made to feel intenselier than before the class cleavage that sunders them from the favoured ones within. Jesus was one of the shut-out class. Along with the Lazarus sort, he stood in the street and from that cold vantage spot watched festivities within the house of the Dives tribe. Therefore, perhaps unconsciously to himself, he had come to feel a oneness with Lazarus and the other excluded ones. For upon them both was the pressure of the same economic disinheritance.

Collateral evidence, not in itself conclusive, but adding weightiness, is found in the sort of quotations the Carpenter makes from the Old Testament. One is known by the kind of reading one likes. A light man will relish only light books. A stand-patter will like stand-pat books. A forward-looker will care for forward-looking books. By the allusions he makes, Jesus apparently had sat at the feet only of the high insurgent spirits recorded in the Old Testament, that national library of his nation.

Isaiah, for instance, is one of the writers quoted affectionately by him. And who Isaiah was, we have seen — a bold crier-out against the luxurious class of his day; so much so that, if legend is to be credited, he met violent death because of his quenchless intrepid utterance. Also he quotes David; was nicknamed the "Son of David." And here is the real

David for you, an organizer of the Have-nots against the Haves: "Every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them." Another to whom he makes friendly reference is Jonah. Jonah — and it is the one kernel of historicity in the Jonah parable — was sent to preach against the wickedness of Nineveh. What the precise form of that wickedness was, is not disclosed. None the less, every student familiar with the slave industrialism of Syrian civilizations will have a shrewd surmise that it was bound up in some way with the inhuman régime of the ruling class. And we read that after Jonah had preached there, "the king of Nineveh arose from his throne and he laid his robe from him and covered himself with sackcloth and sat in ashes." It would be unscientific, however, to press the economic side, in the Jonah reference. It is probable that Jesus used the story by way of literary illustration. Which is also the use he makes of the patriarchs. He speaks of these latter, but always and only in their symbolic capacity as the founders and personification of the nation.

In the dream-transaction on Transfiguration Mount, underneath the mystic Oriental phrasing wherewith the scene is recorded, we can detect a substratum of reality — to the disciples there present,

the Carpenter in some way made known two Old Testament personages with whom he was in closest affinity. They were "Moses and Elijah." Moses, the founder of industrial unionism, we have already discussed. As to Elijah, he was the father of the line of Old Testament prophets — of all that lineage of fiery spirits, the fieriest. When Israel, in the persons of the recreant monarchs Ahab and Jezebel, was deserting its working-class religion of democracy and was tending toward an alliance with slave-owning Phœnicia, Elijah emerged to delineate the treason. And so mightily did he combat it that he is symbolized to us as a fire and an earthquake and a rushing mighty wind. With these two, the Carpenter is related to have been seen intimately talking. It is narrated that during the mystic communion, "his face did shine as the sun."

It was from the doings and writings of men of this kidney that Jesus as a youth had formed his understanding. And now as a man he declares his fondness for the mental milieu that had nurtured him.

Notice in this connection the chilliness which Jesus maintains toward the opposite, the grandee type in the Old Testament. He mentions Solomon twice. And both times, with a depreciatory accent. He says that he himself, in the proletary propaganda he is furthering, is a greater than Solomon, whose name was a synonym for material magnificence.

And he casts ridicule on that monarch's elaborated finery and pomp. Pointing to some field flowers, he exclaimed that Solomon in all his pretentious glory "was not arrayed like one of these."

There is one Old Testament figure whom he ignores quite. It is Job. Now it is valid to judge a public person by his reticences as well as by his utterances. And the fact that Jesus has quite nothing to say about Job, is a straw pointing with evidential import. The thing is the more significant because the book of Job is one of the portliest of the Old Testament books. And moreover has a place squarely in the midmost of the canon, with books on both sides of it wherein Jesus as a youth had loved to browse. So that, to avoid Job, he was compelled to pick his way with some pains.

The whyness of the pregnant silence is not far to seek. Job was master-class. "His substance was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses, and a very great husbandry; so that this man was the greatest of all the men of the East" — another case of an agricultural magnate who had the mania to "pull down his barns and build bigger." Offspring of such a father, and brought up under that sumptuous roof, we are not surprised to learn that "his sons went and feasted in their houses, eating and drinking wine."

Toward that type the Carpenter could find kinship neither mental nor spiritual. There are abundant passages in the book which could have afforded telling quotations for his use. But he employs them not. He had a set of heart-strings quick to vibrate to the call of wretchedness. But to Job's wretchedness when reverse came, those strings refused to vibrate. He almost seems to have viewed Job's dethronement from magnateship with a something of secret satisfaction, and could find no meaning in the dialogues that tediously sought some occult reason for that dethronement. The sores of Lazarus had stirred in him a promptest flow of sympathy. But the sore boils of Job, boils "from the sole of his foot unto his crown," left the Carpenter inert. Well nigh he seems to attribute that festering blood to a rich man's luxurious fare, and will shed no tears simulating a sorrow he does not feel. To concentrate all of the food richness at one end of the human table, is productive of sores in both Job and Lazarus; excess in one case, privation in the other, equally disordering the blood. The Job sores, however, awoke in Jesus no pity.

But we are not left to inference. Redundantly as the class-consciousness of the Carpenter is attested by indirect touches thickly sown in the narrative, the fact is lifted out of the realm of conjecture into the realm of positivity by Jesus himself. So intent

was he to certify the thing beyond the possibility of gloss and error, that he invented a parable wherewith to wear it deep into the mind of his hearers. It is the "Parable of the Sheep and the Goats."

The class-consciousness in this story has been blurred by exegesis, and by somnolent readers generally, who miss the central point and fasten upon a detail in it which is but incidental and corollary. A parable should never be pressed in its minutiæ. Like the facets of a diamond, the details in a parable can be made to teach anything under the sun, by seizing upon the particular facet that happens to give the reflection desired. This false canon of interpretation was followed by Origen and his school; each term employed, even to the numbers, was held to have some mystical import; and the occult and uncouth absurdities in which they revelled remain as one of the curiosities of patristic literature. As the diamond has one central facet to which all of the other facets are contributory, so a parable has one particular idea which alone was in the mind of its maker, and to emphasize which he added the other details quite regardless of what those details taken by themselves might teach. Always, the psychology of Jesus can be found only by focussing on this commanding centre in each parable, and blurring all the rest as having been struck off haphazard and casual.

In the parable of the Sheep and the Goats, Jesus

wished to press home the fact that he was on the side of the disinherited. It was spoken toward the end of his career, when he was becoming a personage of consequence. Apparently there were those who thought that this Carpenter, now that he was beginning to "arrive," would turn his back on the low-caste folk with whom he had hitherto flocked, and assume a place in "respectable" circles. For emphatically, this workingman fellow had gifts. He was a very necromancer in the arts that sway a listening audience. His phrasings had a lilt and witchery that lift out of prose into poetry's enduring stuff. There was about his career a dash, a verve, and yet a tender spiritual quality, which magnetized women. With those whom he fellowshipped, he showed himself possessed of a gracious humour; this flowing and generous bonhomie made his companionship to be coveted even by those who could not accept his principles. He was provenly a leader of men, with perhaps even kingship calibre, if events should ripen that contingency.

Plainly this carpenter fellow was lord of the ascendant. He was becoming the most considerable personage of his day. "The fame of him had gone out into every place of the country round about." His civic talents were too manifest to be denied. More and more shone the lustre of his abilities. It could not be expected that a person of so various merit

would remain with the working-class. No. He will now take on a courtier cast. He will exalt himself into the quality set.

But Jesus handsomely refused. And to that end speaks this parable. In it he serves notice that he has no mind to social climbing. He is one with the toiler folk, and will so remain to time's end. He will live their life, will fight their fight, will die their death.

Make no mistake at this point, says he. You can't fellowship me unless you fellowship this my unkempt folk likewise. You think to have my company, and shut the door on these my brethren. But I profess unto you, I will not enter your houses unless you permit these to enter also. I am of them, one and indissoluble. Between them and me, strands firmer than family kin interweave; inextricably conjoin us. I am not concerned to advance mine own estate. I am concerned alone to advance the estate of these voiceless millions, who moved me with compassion, for they were as sheep without a shepherd.

"The Son of man shall sit upon the throne of his glory. And before him shall be gathered all nations. And he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father,

inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was ahungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee ahungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the king shall answer and say unto them, verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was ahungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee ahungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, verily I say unto you, inasmuch as you did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

My Lady's Chaplain and Peter Poundtext are fond

of this parable of the Sheep and the Goats, because they think to see in it an exhortation to alms-giving — Christmas turkeys to the poor, barrels of clothing for the mountaineer, and a paid visitor to sing hymns in the corridor of the prison on Sunday afternoons. It is the sort of religion that jumps perfectly with the temper of the Respectables. A soothing thought to them, that real and quintessential religion is here summed up by the Seigneur of heaven Himself in terms of a thanksgiving basket for the stevedore's family, and last season's dress to the washerwoman — whose husband is in prison as a strike-picket. Heaven purchasable for a hamper of groceries and a gown (of last year's cut) — it's a bargain rate! And the pulpiteer, let him but announce as his text the "Sheep and the Goats," can be sure of an attentive and grateful ear in those front pews on the middle aisle.

But the parable, once its meaning becomes known, is going to be expurgated with promptitude from bibles intended for middle-class reading. Alms-giving? Nothing could be wider from his thought. To remain on the backs of the working-class and hand philanthropy down to them! Unveracity could go no further. The Carpenter's inflammatory mood against them "which are richly apparelled and live sumptuously" in the midst of rag-apparelled fellow humans who scarce live at all, is watermarked

in every page of the record. True, the parable is in terms of meat given to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothing to the naked. But these were merely phrases that came carelessly to mind, and were meant to symbolize help extended to the insurgent toiler class by those who were willing to identify themselves with that mass movement. To picture the proletary mass as one gigantesque personage, and that personage himself, was a flight of the poetic imagination so audacious and difficult that it absorbed his faculties, made the details of the image for the time being unimportant. But that fellowship and not charity was what he had in mind, is seen in the other items he enumerates: "sick and ye tended me, in prison and ye visited me, a stranger and ye opened your house to me;" mutual ministry — comrades beset by the same privation, sharing the danger of a common cause. No one more acutely than the Carpenter knew how bare is the gift without the giver.

This personal participation in the proletary cause he was leading, was made by him a *sine qua non* of discipleship. "He that taketh not up his cross (a warning of the kind of death which those who enlisted under him would probably meet) and followeth after me, is not worthy of me." And that ultimatum is followed immediately in the context with an explicit discrimination as to "good works," a discrimination

that has puzzled philanthropists in every age: "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only, *in the name of a disciple*, shall in no wise lose his reward." Why the interpolation of that churlish and uncalled-for restriction, "in the name of a disciple"? Assuredly, cold water is cold water, isn't it? and is refreshing to a thirsty man irrespective of the motives back of the gift. But the Carpenter held differently. Democracy was so inwrought into every fibre of him that he could not away with charity when proffered as a substitute for justice. "In the name of a disciple," meant that any help extended to him and his fellow insurgents is only acceptable by one who himself is willing to share the danger and hardships of that insurgency. "Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall give a cup of cold water, but not in the name of a disciple, shall surestly lose his reward." Thirst, provided the soul retains self-respect, is endurable. But cold water proffered by a hand that is enslaving you, is Marah, "Water of Bitterness"; for it is germladened with a cholera that has power both to kill the body and after that to kill the soul and cast it into hell.

Yes, the purpose of the parable of the Sheep and the Goats was to announce that he espoused the cause of the trodden class. "Inasmuch as ye have fellowshipped one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." That "unto me" is the

core of the parable. Says the Carpenter: "I am the pal of the downmost man. My abode is not on the avenue, but in the tenement district. I feel more at home on the strike line than with them that wear soft raiment and are in rich men's houses. Not with those whom I need, but with those who need me, I have cast in my lot. Where the squalor is the dismallest, where life's outlook is the somberest, where the ache of toil is bitterest, there am I."

Furthermore, he announces that this portion he has chosen for himself is to the end of days, irreversible. He states it thus: I propose to alter society's centre of gravity. The non-toiler shall be made of no reputation, and the toiler glorified. These offscourings, these roughs, clad in rags and faring hardly, are the world's prop and stay, the mudsill on which all the edifice reposes. Therefore, as a man takes part or refuses to take part with me and this my toiler crowd, shall be at the last day the inexorable test of him, talisman of life for him or death for him. The class that dissevers itself from the workers shall not enter into life; for I am terribly set against that class; into black annihilation will I blast it. He alone who is a worker and the pal of workers, is the man whom heaven at the last day shall ratify. On that Day, the former shall go to my left hand. The latter, to my right hand, even as a shepherd divides the sheep from the goats. And those on the left

hand shall go away into everlasting punishment: but those on the right hand, into life eternal.

"Parable of the Sheep and the Goats," is the title I have thus far employed; following therein the customary nomenclature. But the name is ill-chosen. The sheep and the goats only enter into the narrative incidentally, by way of illustration. Let us seek a more descriptive title. The sheep-and-goats story was designed by Jesus to identify himself ruggedly and for all time henceforth with the common people. It is, "The Parable of the Carpenter's Class-consciousness."

CHAPTER VII

A PLUNGER

JESUS believed that life should be a great adventure. He had no use for timorous folk. Safety? The word was not in his vocabulary — was hateful to him. He employed it only to mock it. The pale-bloods, with whom to be safe is life's aim and coronal, awoke in him a Rabelaisian laughter. The purpose of this our earth-transit, is not to crawl into some nook snug-sheltering from the clash and the tumult and the terrors. Groundhogs may burrow; but men — no. Always to be safe, is to be forever damned. Better to live, and live dangerously, than to exist ingloriously secure.

This was at the bottom of the Carpenter's attitude toward wealth. Toward rich people, not only his ire was quick to kindle; but his pity also. For wealth works a stealthy perversion of the values of life. Only those souls are alive who perpetually are in motion onward. But great store of commodities tends to halt this onwardness. The rich man is like an army overloaded with litter. The baggage train swells so large that it gets first consideration; more

and more it obtrudes its claim to protection; until finally this impediment persuades to a quite static plan of campaign, safe fortressed in some camp in the mountains. Money is means, and a very helpful one. But it has an incorrigible trick of usurpation, tends incessantly to domineer, to become an end in itself. And there is no tyranny like that of a servant which has successfully mutinied into mastership.

Therefore rich folk — except in rare cases where the soul refuses to abdicate — lose the zest of existence. They become freight handlers. Which employment goes off into eventual boredom. For them the interest of life has effervesced into flatness, ennui gathering them into its gray dull prison pen. They seek sportiveness now in pathways that transgress the sumptuary fences erected by nature. The dear pleasure turns to ashes in their mouth. And they intone in sombre key a Miserere. To live only for safety, is to live unsafely. The soul was meant for darings, and only in darings can keep itself vital. There are fleshpots in Egypt for those who choose life in Goshen brickyards rather than the Canaan quest amid a wilderness of thronging adventures. But to them no Sinai splendours, no manna, no Pisgah summit; nor the Promised Land.

Jesus was an intense soul. And he demanded intensity in others. His two stories, "The Treasure Field" and the "Expensive Pearl," may be styled

the "Parables of the Plunger." For exactly that is the type of soul they commend and the type of life they inculcate. Gambling is reprehensible, not because of the excitement involved; but because the excitement isn't exciting enough; the sport is too tame, the stakes there played for are too cheap and sordid. The Carpenter said that one's whole career should be a gamble, with life itself as the stake. Immortal work was never yet achieved, except by the plunger type. Races are won by the horse that thrusts muzzle up to its ears in the water trough; the spiritless nag that simpers daintily, touching but its lips to the water, gets the flag when the race is on, and is counted out. Jesus warmed to the man who purchased the Treasure Field, in that he "went and sold all that he had" to raise the money. And he iterates again his admiration of that type of fellow: "A merchantman, who when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."

Jesus liked the plunger type, because he himself was a plunger. For sheer audacity, his career stands paramount. A penniless workingman he, plying saw and axe at his bench in a hamlet, obscure in the Lebanon foothills. All of the wealth and power of the nation is at Jerusalem, which is to him a far-off glittering mass, a city wherein he is utterly without connections. And Jerusalem itself is but a despised

provincial seat, scarce visible from the seven hills on the Tiber where the throne of Cæsar uplifts to dazzle the world.

Without a friend among the mighty, without experience in great houses and among those clothed with authority, without financial backing except what is scantily provided by a group of women themselves poor, unreinforced by family grandeur, this Workingman starts forth from his obscure nook deep in the highlands of Galilee, to challenge Mammon's lordly empire. He summons people about him with so authoritative a note that they are magnetized into compliance. He proclaims an upheaval against the ponderously established régime. He enters Jerusalem with the tread of a conqueror. Unquiveringly confronts the might of Rome itself. And inaugurates a cult of proletary self-respect that overruns the inhabited earth, and even now is so highly charged with explosiveness against federated extortion that the end is not yet; so that interesting chapters of his biography promise still to be added. Back in that Nazareth hamlet, had he tried to save his life, he would have lost it. But he held not his life dear. He was a plunger for righteousness' sake. And in losing his life, he found it.

Even for commercial success, courage is an incomparable asset. In the business game, perpetually to play safe is to court disaster. The young man who

bucks the line hard, ofttimes putting all of his future at the hazard of one throw of the dice, is the one to get his name rated highest in the credit agencies. The Carpenter expressed his preference for this type of commercial man. One of his parables is the story of two business men, one of whom borrowed on a large scale, "five hundred pence," and the other on a small scale, "fifty pence." It is clearly evident that the big borrower was with him the favourite. For when a general amnesty of commercial indebtedness is proclaimed, though both of the debtors profit, the big debtor profits the more. Further, the mere fact of business daring, it is hinted, works a something of moral enlargement. The parable declares that there was in each case a parity between the size of the borrowing and the degree of gratitude displayed.

This is in part the psychology back also of the parable of the "Pounds and the Talents." The man who was fearful of losing his talent, so that he went and "digged in the earth and hid it," was revolting to this sublime Adventurer of Galilee. The sin he committed was cowardice. And yet, for that sin, Jesus uttered against him a decree of banishment from the land of living men. The chap who, receiving the pound, hoarded it—kept it "laid up in a napkin"—met likewise with his scorn and condemnation. But the man who, endowed with a pound, put it plungingly to adventure and came back with ten pounds,

got from the speaker a panegyric fresh-glowing from his own kindred heart.

Better to fail in a big attempt than to succeed in a small attempt. This means not, as we shall see in another chapter, that Jesus either preached or practised a rash handling of any business. But a call to high adventure was distinctly a part of his work and his manifesto. In this connection the "Prodigal Son" story is significant.

The Elder Brother in that story has been to commentators in every age a bepuzzlement and a difficulty. For he fares most indubitably ill at the hands of the maker of that parable. In anything but attractive terms he is portrayed to us. He is moody, suspicious, irritable, jealous, narrow-hearted, disagreeable, coldly upright — a juiceless and frost-bit fellow, the sort one would hesitate long before choosing as one's housemate. While the young Prodigal, on the other hand, is magnetic to every heart.

Now the same painter drew them both. And in them expressed his likes and dislikes. He could not have done otherwise. To the extent that a man is artist, the children of his brain faithfully portray the mind that gave them birth. And the fact that Jesus in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, made the Younger Brother likeable and the Elder Brother unlikeable, is eloquent of the temper of soul that created their image and bodied them both on the canvas.

The fact is irrefutable; the Carpenter had a secret fondness for the Younger Brother in this parable, and a secret unfondness for the Elder Brother. And yet the younger chap transgresses well nigh every item in the code of conventional morality. He throws to the wind the prudentialities won by hard, human experience. He goes out into the world at an age when, as the event proves, he is ill equipped for the buffets and corrodings of circumstance. In so doing he squanders time; he squanders strength. He gets into most embarrassing straits. Lowers himself on the social ladder. Comes back home, ragged, penniless.

The Older Brother, on the other hand, observes all of the precepts in the Establishment's book: "Secrets of Success; or, How to Get on in the World." He is prudence itself. No wanderlust is permitted to breed its fever in his blood. He abides at home. Plods on with daily chores. Saves the money that in the other case went riotously. Was unconvivial, even to the point of unsociability; for he never gave a supper to friends, though paternal permission thereto could have been had for the asking. His own morals were unimpeachable. And he was something of a rigourist toward the moral standards of others — your true conventional in every age. He presents a picture of chill respectability verging on surliness, the kind indeed that has soured the sweetness of the

household life for the younger brother in many a family, and sent him forth to seek among strangers the genial warmth that he had craved, and craved in vain, at home.

What is the explanation of the Carpenter's liking for the Prodigal? This: The Prodigal was alive. He quivered for action. He wanted to know, to see, to hear. He wished to drink all the plenitude that existence has to offer. He understood life, not in terms of security, but in terms of adventure. And he had courage to put his creed into acts. To be sure, in this particular case the Younger Brother's experiment had but a mixed success. The chap proved unequal to the course he had marked out. The long strain was too gruelling. Loneliness in a strange land found him without a sufficiency of interior resources. His social craving urged him beyond the pale of sobriety. Lust, which alliterates with love by so fluent an alliteration that the unpractised ear of youth ofttimes fails to mark the difference, put its claws into him, and he was in the devil's claws indeed. Hard times came. He lost his job. He ran out of funds. He got within hailing distance of the swill-trough. Yes, his venture was far from a clear success; it was pied and mottled in a hundred places.

None the less, Jesus pictures him with unconcealed affectionateness. After the lurch swineward, he gets

up on his feet again. An erect posture resumed, clear-sightedly he takes the full measure of the situation. He goes back home. Heaven, the while, has been very fain for this fellow who has in him native qualities so promissory in courage and intensity and initiative. He is welcomed back without grudgment.

To be sure, this feature I am emphasizing was not the parable's main intent. Its main intent was to teach that the common crowd — those among whom Jesus found his followers—are as truly within Heaven's redemptive plan as the Respectables. But even to a rigid reader, this the parable's penumbra will have some weight. Jesus was tenderly dispositioned toward the live and zestful type, even when these make sorry work of their adventurousness; and in the reordered society which the Social Revolution will introduce, those who are now outcast because of their transgression of the conventional codes, will find a door open to reinstate them without too many questions being asked.

The Prodigal seems not to have been overmuch harmed by his escapade. Indeed, it is entirely thinkable that his life at the farmstead from that time was more fruitful both to himself and to others, because of the wander year in which he had indulged. To be sure, not so fruitful as it would have been had the wine-shop and harlots not mingled their poison in the

cup he had quaffed. But fruitful in spite of them. The adventurous members of a family are fraught with hazard both to themselves and to those bound up with them. Nevertheless, the hazard must be accepted. There is for the world more hope of nobility and zest and high achievement in the Younger Brother type than in the conventional Older Brother, whose god was safety, and whose feet dared never depart from beaten paths. Nor was the lesson ever more needed than in this day of commercialism, which commends as the chief of virtues a thrifty and cautious mediocrity.

It was with a purpose that the Carpenter commended the adventurous type. The degree of personal dangerousness involved in the movement set on foot by Jesus can with difficulty be conceived by moderns, now that christianity has been altered into an accepted and darling institution. To vow allegiance to the Galilean to-day is not only unhazardous, but quite in the mode; a badge of social conformity and economic orthodoxy.

But in his own day the Carpenter was a refugee, an outlaw, a disturber of the Establishment, an enemy of the existing order. To enlist under him was to take one's life in one's hands. It meant an irrevocable leap. A step from which was no turning back. Once a person became known as a partisan of this dangerous leader from Galilee, he was a marked

man. His goods were confiscate to the Roman legionaries rapaciously spying out pretexts for looting; his life itself was a forfeiture to the systematic ferocity wherewith the masters of the world confirmed their mastership.

It was no idle play of rhetoric, therefore, when Jesus worked into his speech the stories of the "Treasure Field" and the "Costly Pearl." The austere word they speak was perfectly mated by the austere summons which the call of the Carpenter sounded. Partisanship under him was indeed a field of treasure, to obtain which a man must be willing to sell all that he had, and buy it. A pearl so costly that into its purchasing everything else must go. With this leader there was no middle ground. It was all or nothing. Discipleship under him was a commodity of price. Only those were welcomed who came at the hazard of all consequences. One could not follow him by halves.

The candour with which Jesus warned of this fact those who were debating his call for volunteers, was in part the secret of the charm he exercised upon his devotees. Garibaldi, setting out to liberate Italy, saw some young men upon a street corner and summoned them to enlist in the cause. "What do you offer?" said they. "Offer?" replied Garibaldi, "I offer you hardship, hunger, rags, thirst, sleepless nights, footsores in the long marches; privations in-

numerable — and victory in the noblest cause that ever asked you." Young Italy followed him.

So was it, and in even more dramatic measure, in the manifesto of the Carpenter. It was a danger path, this to which he summoned his followers. He made no attempt to minimize the jeopardy of it. It was a desperate undertaking, and he said so. "If any one would come after me, let him take up his cross." The "cross" has been conventionalized into a symbol for irritating and uncomfortable facts in one's life. But in the Carpenter's day it wasn't a symbol at all. It was a terrible reality. The instrument whereby Rome put slaves to death, it was the recognized punishment for proletary restlessness and insurrection. The grimness of the figure, therefore, can now be perceived. Jesus served notice that he wished to have no one for a disciple except such as were prepared to die; and furthermore, to die by the most exquisitely cruel of all the shapes of death. He went even further. With an allusion to the custom whereby a victim on the way to the crucifixion was forced to carry the cross-beam on which he was to be spiked, he warned that the only kind of followers he coveted were those who were resigned to the thought of death, even to the point of picking up the cross-beam and lading it on their shoulders. It was an invitation to them to outlaw themselves. As if a proletary chieftain to-day, referring to the gallows

with a grim preparedness, should announce to an audience: "If any one would come after me, let him tie a rope about his neck and follow me."

Yes. Jesus was a plunger. And those who enlisted under him were plungers. The prize they were out for was one of dizzying grandeur — freedom for themselves and for the world. But the odds against them were terrific. It was the greatest gamble in history. And because of the risk involved, as also the splendour of the prize if they won, they put themselves to it with an abandon that is perhaps the most inspirational sight since human records began. No palterers, they. Palterers had expressly been excluded by the terms of the call. With the paltering sort the Carpenter would not cumber his destiny. Every man and every woman in the movement was constituted of hero ingredients, and was touched into sterner indomitability by association with the Hero of them all.

And, strange as it may seem, the completeness of the surrender exacted by the Carpenter, instead of deterring people, magnetized them. He became their very joy and garland. The higher he raised the fence, the more keen were they to climb it. Numerously they flocked to him. So much so that he could no longer keep the commissariat replenished, and sent seventy of them away, two by two, that they might provision themselves in the villages

where they should preach the propaganda. After the first few months, his embarrassment was not the scant of followers, but the overabundance of them.

It is illustrative of a fact in human nature which has not received the insistence it deserves. Namely, that in propaganda a demand of complete surrender is the most eloquent persuader. The human soul resents being coddled. It will respond to a hard summons with all its powers; but contemns a call couched in terms of ease and safety. When it was dangerous to be a christian, converts thronged the church's portal for admission. The political party that seeks to win adherents from other parties by resembling those other parties, loses its identity, and thereby its power to hold and to attract. People will consider seriously a summons to conversion, if it means a plunge; for only in that case is conversion worth while.

The Carpenter utilized this law of human nature. He made it to mean something to wear his colours and march in his array. Himself a plunger, he bred in his followers the same temper of soul. So that they feared nothing under heaven: "Behold, we have forsaken all and followed thee — houses and brethren and sisters and father and mother and wife and children and lands." When a soul has become equal to a renunciation in that degree, naught else in earth or hell has power to terrify.

To bring into cold relief the perilousness and privation, in the fellowship to which he summoned, he spoke the parables of the "Tower Builder" and the "Rash Warrior." "Count the cost before you enlist," was the meaning of them. He announced: Those who join company with me, have a baptism to be baptized with. For them sore wayfarings are in store. Accordingly, he would accept to be henchmen of his, none but hardy souls. Courage was a categorical. It was the test he exacted to determine if the salt retained its savour. From the Dead Sea shore a white mineral was obtained and used for salt. By exposure to the elements the salt in it would sometimes be dissolved away, leaving a whitish powder seemingly the same, but from which the fine piquancy had departed. Jesus announced that he wanted only men that had conserved their spiritedness, their personal pungency.

The passage is too meaty to be curtailed: "There went great multitudes with him and he turned and said unto them: if any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple. For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him,

saying, this man began to build and was not able to finish. Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand? Or else, while the other is yet a great way off, he sendeth an ambassage and desireth conditions of peace. So likewise whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple. Salt is good; but if the salt have lost his savour wherewith shall it be seasoned? It is neither fit for the land nor yet for the dunghill, but men cast it out. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

It was this quality of adventureness in the high calling wherewith they had been called, that lifted the records of that movement into the realm of literature. Scholars, reading those first New Testament books, have marvelled how mechanics and fishermen and day-labourers, in no wise literate according to the literacy of the schools, were competent to produce literary masterpieces. In this plunge of soul which had been exacted of them, is the answer. No epoch book was ever penned, nor great oration uttered, save in the tremulo of an immense excitement. The note of inward agitation is what marks it out from the creations of mediocre spirits. Of course, the agitation must be kept under by cool and masterly control. None the less, creative work that

shall tower above the wrecks of time, must speak from a soul shaken to its depths.

This inward tremulo is heard, throbbing and beating under every calmest word of the Carpenter. A death grapple it was, this into which he had plunged. The excitement of it woke his powers, quickened his brain into fecundity, unsealed the opulence of his imagination. His off-hand images of speech, touched with the fire, became masterpieces. Amid mortal stress his sayings were uttered. Therefore he uttered them in the dialect of the Titans. It barbed his sentences, lent to his words their amazing momentum. He wrought mightily, because with the floods of great waters he was unceasingly girt.

His henchmen were of the same plunger type. It was a venture of faith, this terrific pathway to which they had set their faces. Never was a gamble played for huger stakes. If they won, they would win all. If they lost, they lost everything. Therefore they gave themselves to it with all their parts and powers. The tumultuousness of the experience stirred up the deeps within them — deeps which in commonplace careers remain forever unmoved, and even undreamed of. It wrought their minds to a fine glow. They became supernormally capacitated. They soared above themselves. And wrote better than they knew.

Jesus was a man-maker; a vivifier of spirits. He

would lead in his train no followers except spirits of fire, heads of the positive sort, heroic hearts, noble army of witnesses not afraid of forlorn causes. Thus he became the most virile conquering force in history. A pregnant sentence is in the early part of the Book of Acts: "Now when the rulers saw the boldness of Peter and John, they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."

CHAPTER VIII

THE MIDDLE-CLASS

MIDDLE-CLASSDOM is a state of mind. It has not to do with one's economic status but with one's spiritual status. It is a halting between two opinions. The middle-class is a natural-born palterer. Fearful of going wrong, it doesn't go at all.

The middle-class mind makes for mediocrity. Let this pestilence gain entrance in a nation, it is all up with that people. To be comfortable becomes for them life's be-all and end-all. Those stagnancies of the blood, nothing shall relieve. They settle into gregarious nonentity — ciphers, blanks, negatives. Trimmers, who run with the hare and hunt with the hounds and are blotted into one mass of indistinction.

Kentucky and Tennessee, when the Civil War burst forth, could not decide which way to lean. If they sided with the Blue, they would be hated by the Gray; if they donned the Gray they would break with the Blue. Therefore they decided to remain neutral. And pitiable was the fate they met. Covetous to be popular with both sides, they

were popular with neither side. They were harried by the Blue, they were harried by the Gray. They suffered all the devastations of war, without the gloriousness of combat.

The middle-class type is a betwixt-and-betweener. It is two-faced. Incessantly a balancer of expediencies. Doubters, hair-splitters. A timorousness employing itself to conjure up difficulties, until the wavering will is unapt for downrightness on any subject. Forever regarding the winds, they sow not; forever regarding the clouds, they reap not. They ask never what is right, but what is safe. An easy passage through life is all their law and gospel.

Psychologists say that a donkey placed with mathematical nicety midway between two haystacks would be unable to make up his mind which haystack to decide for, and would starve to death. In that very agony of irresolution is your middle-class fellow. Aggressive master-class at the top, aggressive toiler-class at the bottom; and between the two, a population of neuters. The name of this non-combatant is "Mr. Sit-on-the-fence." To the one side he beholds mammon and all its host, garnitured with the proceeds of public plunder, with pomp and purple girt, faring sumptuously every day; and he is glamoured by the gorgeousness of it; he decides to jump in that direction. But thereupon, from his seat athwart the fence-top, he looks to the opposite

side; and there he beholds the rising proletary mass, as a swelling tide for numbers, driving forward with triumphal sweep. He would fain be one of these, because a light as of dawn is upon their countenances, so that to look at them is to look in the face of the morning. But, to jump to the proletary side will bring upon him the ferocity of the master class. Whereas, if he decides for the masters, the worker-militants will hate him. So he remains upon the fence, until one of the pickets thereof impales him; and now, fast bound in an irresolute hell, he is unable to pass to either.

Which is more than a figure of speech. No fact is more certainly established than that a suspended judgment too long maintained, sicklies o'er the native hue of resolution. To be good-Lord and good-Devil works injuriously to one's soul. Trying to look in two directions at the same time, the man-on-the-fence after a time goes morally cross-eyed; loses the aptitude for straightforwardness of aspect. His will becomes "sick of the palsy." Dante dramatized the fate of the damned as a prolongation in aggravated form in the next world of the particular vice which possessed the man in this world. I propose this as the destiny for the middle-class in the Hereafter: To be consigned to sit on top of a sharp picket fence midway between Heaven and Hell, and unable to go in either direction.

It hardly needs to be said that Jesus condemned middle-classdom. Himself a thoroughbred, he had a temperamental affinity for thoroughbreds. So much so that he stated frankly he had more respect for a man who was whole-heartedly wicked, than for one who was half-heartedly righteous. "Either make the tree good and his fruit good; or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt." The rugged downrightness of that word shocks the middle-class mind into numbness. What in the world is this Carpenter saying? Better to be all white or all black; rather than piebald, striped, a mixture of black and white! An astonishingly dangerous statement for a moral teacher to make!

But he made it. Not only are the words an inexpungable part of the record. But with iteration is the dogma enforced. Because in the Book of Revelation, this person, now become a personage by his ascension into the empyrean, is represented as uttering this parable: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." (The figure, by the way, is true to physiological fact. Cold water is palatable. Hot water is palatable. But tepid water is an apothecary's vomitive.) Objectors may seek to invalidate the present passage, because of the mystical stage-setting

of it. But to discard the mysticism entirely, in a way does but lend a reinforced authenticity. Because then it becomes an utterance of John himself. None of the disciples knew Jesus more veraciously than John. And if he puts a statement of this sort into the mouth of Jesus, we can know that it was not "out of character" — to use play-writer's terminology — but true of the Carpenter's type of soul. Indeed, it seems to have been a family trait. Because in the epistle attributed to James the younger brother of Jesus, we read an anathema against "the double-minded in all his ways," and against "him that wavereth, driven with the wind and tossed."

So mischievous is middle-classdom to the soul, Jesus could not find it in him to be indulgent to it. He preferred a daring sinner to a cowardly saint. Pureness means, that which is without admixture; it commands us to be either greatly good or greatly bad.

How outrageously soever that parable of intense thoroughness may jolt the middle-class moralizer, it has an ethical reach in comparison with which the moral prudences of our little day seem paltry. It is a healthier state of affairs where the bad man is outspokenly bad, than where he drapes himself in the garb of a bogus beneficence. The social union can go on only where a man's outward life has fidel-

ity to inward fact. When the thought of a man's heart can no longer be discerned from the speech of his lips and the show of his countenance, there is no getting on with him. The eye is the one feature that does not lend itself easily to this attempt at disguise; it is an uncurtained window through which the soul within can be perceived. Jesus directed his disciples to scrutinize the eye of any one whom they wished to read; he spoke of it as the only sure tell-tale, in a generation that was cultivating fraudulent exterior as a fine art: "The light of the body is the eye. Therefore, when the eye is sincere, the whole body is full of light; but when the eye is evil, the body also is full of darkness."

If single-heartedness is a blessed virtue in the ordinary transactions of the day, in the alignment on economic issues it is most mandatory of all. That state of society is wholesomest where the oppressor avows his oppression, and where the revolter avows his revulsion. In every age, that which has made despotism of such long life, is the guise of munificence which it has learned to wear: "Wolves in sheep's clothing!" The figure is patly to the point. That wolf, by its shrewdness, is doubly the gainer. It not only has a feast of mutton, but thereupon makes use of the pelt to disguise itself, mingle freely with the sheep, and get more mutton. The master-class separates the workers from their earnings; and

then uses part of that booty to clothe itself in ostentatious charity, under cover of which the depredations can be repeated in perpetuity — the sheep providing the very means by which their rebelliousness is soothed, to their further despoiling.

There is hope for an out-and-out masterclass individual. Though a wrong entity, he is nevertheless an entity; and will win on through purgatorial flames into celestial-mindedness at last. There is a gate of pearl open likewise to the worker at the bottom, who fights the Carpenter's fight for industrial self-respect. But there is no salvation for the middle-class man. He has not individuality enough to withstand the shock of death. Meagrely he lives. Meagrely he dies. And meagrely shall it be measured unto him in the Hereafter. Better to accept an untruth with all one's heart than to accept veriest truth with only half one's heart.

Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" is illustrative. Peer Gynt lives a spineless, shambling life, inconstant unheroic. He dies. Death, personified as a moulder of brass buttons, approaches, ladle in hand, to melt up his soul. Peer Gynt protests. He desires to go to heaven. "O, no," says the button-moulder, "you are not good enough to go to heaven." "Well, then, at least, cast me down into the Inferno." "O, no," says the button-moulder, "you are not bad enough to be damned." "What then can you do with me?"

"Nothing at all, Peer Gynt, except to melt you up and use you for raw material to make other souls, souls that possibly may have grit enough to stand for something."

Middle-class folk have not force of character enough to go to hell. Theirs, pale intentions — penury of soul. They are choosers of the easiest way. They go with the crowd. Take middle paths. Drift on the tide. Poverty of spirit unfits them for swift and peremptory decision. They use glozing words for it, call theirs a "balancing judgment." Suspense of judgment is indeed, for a space, an excellent quality. But there comes a time, after which "suspended judgment" spells flat cowardice.

The chief argument brought forward by these, as apologia for their evasion of the thorny dangerous issues of the day, is the care of their families. The married man explains that he dare not stand for principle; he'd lose his job, and his wife would suffer. A father defends his civic negligence and poltroonery by pointing to his children crying to be fed. Young men and maidens veto a call to holy but dangerous adventure, on the ground that their parents have need of them. Or frequently it is the absorption of their vitalities in business, to which they grant priority; deeming to make a living more important than to make a life. Jesus had to meet exactly this line of argument. In one of his parables, with fine

raillery he hits them off: "And they with one consent began to make excuse. The first said, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go to see it; I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have bought a fine yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come." What will it profit a man to bring up a family, and lose his spiritedness? Or, how can a family thus brought up have any spiritedness? And what will it profit a family to have been brought up, if it have no spiritedness?

What lends colour to these excusings and gives them power to deceive the very elect, is the worthiness in themselves of those tasks they plead. Care of wife and children and parents and business is a holy thing; a set of virtues which our primeval grandfathers knew not, so that in their day these graces were a gain for civilization and the arts of life. But what these excusers forget is that the Good is the foe of the Better, and a malignant foe of the Best. All ethical advance is attended by a conflict of loyalties. Here for the good-intentioned man is temptation's subtlety and power. When it is a choice between vice and virtue, he hesitates for no minute. But when the alternative is between virtue and another virtue still higher, he is beguiled into choosing the lower, to the refusing of the higher.

Jesus was at pains to expose the snare. When two loyalties point in contrary directions, said he, the higher must overrule, though in so doing it outrage even the sacramental ties of domestic life. "Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division. For from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three. The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; the mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

The vehemence of that ultimatum seems an excess of language; an almost savage spirit that is speaking. But the Carpenter is justified therein, by whosoever reflects on the deadly effect of middle-classdom and all its works, in narcotizing the soul and putting heroism to sleep. Let the middling temperaments lay the flattery to their soul; but in reality their hankering after the sordid ease of the hearth is not a virtue but a softness. That hankering has rotted the soul out of many a breast that was framed for hero deeds; has damned peoples made for great exploits into a generation of unnotables. "They did eat, they drank, they married wives," was the state of affairs when the flood came. And Jesus could not

find it in him to deplore an inundation that wiped from the earth a generation thus soddening in animal comforts. There is to be noted a touch of exultation, as he added: "And the flood came and destroyed them all."

Jesus made it mandatory upon every one to be a partisan. Himself an ultra, he straightly charged that all people should be ultras. At one time he seems to have been indulgently inclined toward neutrals. But as his career progressed, his austerity in this matter augmented. And in place of that earlier, "He that is not against us is on our part," we find him uttering this dogma: "He that gathereth not with me scattereth." A runaway-before-peril, or a doesn't-dare-to-declare-himself, got from him no countenance. "He that is not with me is against me," — there speaks the real Jesus, and it drives a wedge square through the neuter gender, compels them to take sides, either with him and his insurgents, or with the masters. Nowadays religion is going off into a universal uninquiring amiability. But the Son of Mary was differently framed; was most opposite from that temper of supineness and acquiescence. Laboriously he emphasized it: To be at peace with despotism is to be an accomplice with it.

About this time as he was thus warning the middle-class crowd that neutrality would be regarded by him as an overt unfriendliness, a man came and

announced willingness to enlist in the Liberation Movement as soon as he could break loose from domestic things. He had a father, it seems, who was sick and shortly expected to die, immediately after which he would enroll as a follower. But Jesus would not permit even so tender a duty as that to interpose between the man and this his higher duty of battling for freedom. He goes so far as to say that there are a plenty of folk who refuse to take sides in this, his militancy movement, and therefore are no other than dead (with Jesus lack of highspiritedness was a mournfuller sight than physical decease). Leave nursings and funerals to that class, said he: "Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach the Kingdom." And another also said, "Lord, I will follow thee, but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at home at my house." And Jesus said unto him, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit." He had no use for a generation that was absorbed in a mean and trivial domesticity.

There is a sophistry that is industrially circulated, in favour of middle-classdom with its life-philosophy of meagreness. The sophistry is, that compromise is the mark of bigness. As a matter of cold fact, compromise makes for littleness. It blunts the cutting edge of principle; pares away one's belief; saps the blood out of the soul, leaving it limp and pallid.

When the devil of compromise enters in, exit divinity and high achievement — a soul so feebly principled that each breath of contrary opinion overbalances it.

An age of compromise is an age of commonplaceness, a morass of brainless unconsidering tolerance; whereby life becomes as a garden robbed of its waters, as an oak tree when its root is cut. They only have done exploits who believed, and who believed doughtily and doggedly, so that they worked a like-mindedness in others. Their belief bulked so vastly that there was no room in all the world for any other brand of belief. Hip and thigh, with all the argument of logic, all the train of syllogistic artillery, they smote the disbeliever. The disbeliever smote them in return. And out of that collision of beliefs, mentality was born; a fire was lighted in the members; lustres kindled in the eye; the voice took on resonancy; a reveille was trumpeted to all the unawakened deeps below the threshold. Thereby powers and presences were conjured forth to act. A sinewy soul came to birth. And added new pages to the annals of mankind.

We hear it said to-day that the ages of intensity are behind us; that growing knowledge and culture will make a middle path the fashion from henceforth; that the old days of battling minds are over. If that be true, then the Golden Age is behind us. For only an intense creed is the mother of intense con-

duct. And when conduct is no longer intense, it has no teeth wherewith to bite an enduring memorial in Time's page of granite. Therefore high lights and deep shadows are to be no more. A drab-coloured existence from now on. Through all the dim distances of the future, a sour swamp of meanness and triviality. A world struck with weariness; tottering on through an old age of debility and lassitude. Lost forevermore, the capacity for a grand passion.

A dismal prospect. But, praises be, not true. A return to the economic foundations of belief, as in antique times, is restoring the antique ruggedness of belief. The imperial self-assertion of the Carpenter took its rise in the materialities upon which his creed reposed, and with which his programme always retained a working contact. He fought not as one who beats the air; the battles that are fought over abstract questions — issues concerning things metaphysical — enlist not the virile minds. Jesus fought hardily. And called others to fight hardily. The issue was clear. Neutral position was without excuse. Any nose that was weatherwise could detect in which way the economic winds were setting. Therefore he served notice on the apathetic to line up. They responded; and with a vigour of deed and utterance that redeemed the time from insipidity, and steered into a new course the flow of the centuries.

With him combat was organic and substantive,

his soul's very stuff and texture. And shall be so with the progeny that issues from his spiritual loins. Life and conflict are convertible terms. Because a middle-class is a buffer and hinderer of conflict, it is hated of Jesus and heaven. Everybody likes a believer. Everybody respects a disbeliever. Nobody either likes or respects an unbeliever. For pointing out the danger that lurks in compromise, the world's debt to John Morley is great. Mildness of bearing, unaccompanied by resoluteness of principle, is the softness, not of maturity but of putrefaction.

To the extent that physical warfarings go out of fashion, warfarings of the spirit must take their place. Else deadness and not liveness is the terminus ahead. To the end of days, the price of progress will be a clash of irreconcilables; a fierce unsparing collision of standards, types, ideals. It keeps the womb of Time ever pregnant with new and fateful surprises. Chequers the monotonous blank of existence into a figure of interest and import. Life is lived — life intellectual, life moral, life spiritual — only to the degree that there is a charge of thundering hoofs meeting rock-rooted cool repulse. The alternation of the victory is the antiphonal whose stern and measured rhythm kindles music in the cold heart of history. The military in man must pass away, but the militant in man must not pass away. If comes a time when the sun shall no longer look down upon

an embattled earth, decrepitude will be the reason thereof; the very silence of a mortuary. It is well that manners should become bland with the process of the suns. But though the conflict be amicable, it must be severe — mightily contending principles. Lest civil life debauch into softness, and the edge of heroism be blunted.

The Carpenter described his work as one that "giveth life to the world." Of all the valorous spirits that have invigorated this dull earth of ours, he the most valorous. His words — Parthian arrows for swiftness and sureness of direction — had power to quicken all excellent energies within; and still have. Through time without end, his heart shall be the rendezvous of intrepid spirits.

CHAPTER IX

THE IMPORTANCE OF WORLDLY WISDOM

I HASTE to let this chapter follow the two that have gone before. Lest some readers, of undisciplined energies and an ill-furnished store of experience, be wrested awry. For the sheets preceding have held up to laudation the plunger type of character. Showed that Jesus warmed kindlingly to that sort. Indeed was himself one such, when, from out a niche in Lebanon obscurity, he rose up to shake terribly the earth.

But a reader who should thereby get the notion that this Carpenter was rash in his make-up, or that he preached bullheadedness, would err widely from the mark. The Prodigal, as we saw, was perilously near to be that too combustible kind of mixture. And although the cockles of the heart glow with some fondness for the chap, none the less the haste and unpoise of him which led aloof from self-mastery's straight path, are clearly a deduction from his sum of excellence, and sadly bring down the total when the ledger is balanced.

Indeed the more impetuous the drive of energies within, the more important becomes a strong head to keep those energies in leash and steer them collectedly to the end desired. The mightier the boat's engine, the more must pains be given to fortify the steering gear against possibility of lapse. A slow boat can run upon rocks, and get off again. But a fast boat — no. It can be formulated in equation style: a life is effective in proportion as a powerful drive finds a firm controller; and ineffective to the extent that either ingredient is wanting.

Jesus was the world-maker that he was, because he blended in so rare degree a hot heart and a cool head. Hotness of head, with coolness of heart, spells Sir Testy; and his irritabilities accomplish naught. Hotness of head, with hotness of heart, spells Sir Rash; and his impulsive blunderings nullify the good he had in him to effect. But when, as in the Carpenter, a passion power of mightiest dimension is coupled with an understanding intellect, straightway the world redates its calendar; for a God-man has appeared.

"Be ye wise as serpents," was the precept he enjoined upon his disciples. And himself was not deficient therein. In an abounding degree Jesus was possessed of horse-sense; otherwise he could not have wrought the work he wrought. For the thicket of complications that compassed him from the

outset was unexampled for perversity and fate's proverbial untowardness. Himself without funds, in the Roman system he confronted a foe of whose treasure there was no end. Against him was arrayed a power whose confederated might o'erspanned the world and tapped strength from every nation. Whilst he was single-handed. The class from which alone he could recruit his followers were palsied from the slavery that was so pitilessly invading them — were shut up in the hand of the oppressor. The only implement he could use was speech. And in that day speech was straitly contraband. The eye of the Roman eagle went to and fro through the world. An espionage, perfected by long experience, shurred its tightening noose around all pleasant intercourse, intruded its hideous stealthy poison into every human relationship.

He expressly states that it was because of this embargo on free speech that he adopted the parabolic form of utterance. In the commencement his manifesto was without circumlocution. But he was quickly brought to change his style. The terrific punch which his words possessed was revealing him to the foe prematurely. Therefore he perfected a new form of speech — the picture method. This new device was not without its disadvantages. Because the parable's lesson, being concealed under a similitude, was not grasped by some of his auditors

whom he would fain have reached, particularly those of a literalist and unimaginative organization.

His disciples, noticing thus that the bullet often went wide of the target, asked him why he spoke to the people in parables. And he made answer that he did it in order to cover up for a while the dagger he was sharpening for the banded spoilers of the poor. In every audience now were spies sent to inform against him, "seeking to catch something out of his mouth, that they might accuse him." These must be thwarted. A parable, said he, has distinct advantages. Those of the hearers who are sufficiently attuned to my particular wave-length to be receptive, will catch my meaning. Others there are who have ears, but they hear not; eyes have they, but they see not, for their heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed. These, hearing a parable, will hear it not; they will find nothing in my words to carry away to lodge with the authorities. Thus the parable is an automatic device for communicating with those who are sympathetic to me, and for shunting off wire-tappers.

We can almost be grateful for the exigency that made needful this resort to story-teaching. The literature of the world, because of it, has been enriched. No one, hearing these parables, ever forgets them. They stamp their maker as an artist-

craftsman, of a style and deftness incomparable. They are as the feathers to the arrow, carrying the barbed message straight on to destination. Signally they illustrate what has often been contended, namely, the immortalizing power of beauty. Countless minds since have been magnetized by the beauteousness of the story first; and from thence, to the meaning hid under the so attractive wrappings. Nevertheless, the originating cause of the parables was not to add gems to the store of the world's imaginative treasure. Out of hard necessity they took their birth. Jesus, beset by a sore perplexity, manœuvred a way out. The parabolic device exhibits in him a brain-pan of strategic compass and breadth; fruitful in expedients; a leader of sleepless circumspection, possessed of a combining, inventive mind. The Parables were a worldly-wise contrivance; strategy of the cleverest, amid a field thick-strewn with traps and mines.

Another instance in him of serpent-wisdom is recorded. The tax-collectors who yearly extracted the life sap from the people to pamper the luxury of the fat ones on the Tiber, came to Jesus and his coterie, demanding payment of this annual head-tax. He called his henchmen in council relative to the matter. The sentiment of Peter and the rest seems to have been for a flat refusal of the payment. Let the gauntlet be thrown and the battle

commenced here and now. Give any more money to those magnates, already gorged with pillage from half the earth! An inconceivability! The conflict is irrepressible. Let it come.

Jesus expressed his sympathy with this mood. It was quite the kind he was emulous to beget in the subjugated toiler mass, they who were nothing accounted of, and whose bones waxed untimely old by reason of the bitter bondage. To his gaze, without self-respect no countenance was comely. The enkindlement of a spark of life under the dull eyelids of a slave was entirely to his relish, awoke in him an ejaculatory delight.

Nevertheless, on the present occasion he moderated their precipitancy. Rome and her minions, expertly repressive, would rejoice at nothing more than at a premature war declaration of this kind. In forcing the game thus unstrategically, he and his would be showing their hand. A cohort of light-armed troops would debouch from one of the neighbouring fortresses; a short, sharp mêlée; the band of soldiers would go back to their barracks after the day's work, a bit spattered over with blood and wiping some clotted flesh from their swords — and the Liberation Movement would be no more.

Therefore he commanded his disciples to pay the tax. Go fishing, said he; sell the fish, and with the proceeds put to sleep the suspiciousness of the custo-

dial authorities. Not that this was to establish a precedent. Against that he expressly guards. "Lest we give offense," he explains. Under present circumstances it was policy. No principle was violated. Because the tax would be collected by force. To that force, on the present occasion, they would yield. To the end that they might gain time to mature a coalition which later on would make resistance practicable.

The skill with which Jesus adapted means to end receives demonstration from a phase of his career which, so far as I know, has never been mentioned, and yet without which that career would have had its effectiveness divided by half. I refer to his shrewdness in securing publicity. Publicity promotion is looked upon by many people as a device distasteful and degrading. In the development into which it is going off at the present day, namely, self-advertisement purely for its own sake, the prejudice against it is merited; it is become a charlatanry, a display of unlovely and vainglorious ego. But publicity for the sake of a great and holy cause is not an ill thing, but a good; and is worthy of one's best powers. The introduction into the world of a new way of understanding life, is always received first with apathy. The world is engrossed with other things. Every age has been a busy age, has felt that it had no time to take up with new-fangled ideas. The new-fangle

has had to coerce from an unwilling people a something of attentiveness. And success has always been due in large part to the press-agency skill of its devotees. To create a market for one's goods is almost as important as to create the goods themselves.

Jesus knew how to create the market. There is recorded one event in his life which cannot be explained in any other way than as a conscious and calculated attempt to impress the populace by captivating their imagination. It was his Entry into Jerusalem, mounted, and with processional stateliness.

The move was sagaciously planned. Passover week saw gathered at Jerusalem a throng of pilgrims from all the inhabited earth. It was the great civic feast of the year, the pivotal event in the calendar; and Jerusalem was the stage for it. To capture the attention of Jerusalem during that week was to get for oneself a platform in the midst of a world audience. Jesus decided to get for himself that platform. Determinately he set about it. It was customary for the people in each district of Palestine in going up to Jerusalem for a feast-week, to join together in a pilgrim band and journey thither by easy marches, camping at night. The bandits that infested the highway, due to the misgovernment which was upon the country, made this the only safe mode of travel. To such a group from the Jericho region, Jesus at-

tached himself and his disciple corps on their journey up to the Passover. Thereupon he proceeded to win these over to his plan. Jerusalem, as all knew, was in the clutch of an extortioner set of princes and pontiffs who, renegade to working-class Israel, had formed a sinister alliance with Pilate and the Roman invaders. The sway of this inexpugnable mass of human tapeworms was making life hard for the common people everywhere.

Jesus announced to the Jericho throng that he was maturing a confederacy of the people against these confederated pillagers of the people. His journey to Jerusalem had this for its object, and he needed their help. Would they give it? Would they! It was the gladdest tidings that had caressed their ears since lullaby from mother lips. Relief from the hand of Caiaphas and his temple-gang! It was the consummation which devotedly they wished, incessantly had prayed for. Religion, patriotism and their pocketbooks — the three powerfullest engines that can put their leverage on the heart — united to urge it. They offered themselves to the Carpenter-Prophet, to be used by him utterly.

Thereupon he proceeds to plan the details. If he is to make any impress on the city, the city must know he is there. His arrival, therefore, must be made an occasion that shall resound throughout the city, compel the most indifferent ear into attention.

To draw all eyes upon him, he must enter the city mounted. But where to secure a steed? A proletary leader neither owns a horse himself nor has friends who own horses. At this juncture some one informs him of a man in the city who owns an ass, and who is temperamentally inclined to any propaganda that promises the Regeneration, deliverance from a government that was organized rapine, the abomination of desolation. An ass is not so stately a steed as a horse. But Jesus is not in a position to be particular. Furthermore, the ass may not be an unbefitting mount, after all; the very lowliness of the creature may finely symbolize the lowly folk who are now claiming the right to live their own lives, and work their day's work unpillaged, unpossessed.

When the pilgrim throng has reached a site near to the city walls a halt is commanded, and the publicity event is carefully ordered. Messengers are sent asking for a loan of the ass. They return, successful. In fact, over-much successful; for instead of one animal they have two. The ass was suckling a foal, and the youngling had to be brought also. Not exactly the most dignified kind of mount — a she-ass with its colt continually pestering. But proletarians cannot be choosers. And when a cloak proffered by one of the partisans has been laid on the creature, it forms a not to be despised cavalcade.

To make the entry impressive, the company is divided into two groups; one to go before, and one to follow after. The first group, equipped with green branches cut from a grove near-by, go inside the city wall and, drawn up in ceremonious expectancy, await him. When he is seen riding through the gate, at the thronged hour of the day, they set up a shout of acclaim; and then fling their palm branches in the road, strewing a path of green for him to ride upon. Some of the more zealous even cast their cloaks in the way. Meanwhile the other half of the company, detailed for that purpose, have been following in processional behind. These also take up the shoutings. In this order the array continues on through the city streets, compelling all eyes to focus on that figure riding in the strategic centre of the two chorusing, huzzahing throngs. One of the most adroit and audacious publicity moves recorded in the rolls of history.

And it succeeded. The ass, the palm branches, and the hosannahs of those in parade, fixed all eyes upon the man. He became the talk of the town; "all the city was moved, saying, who is this?" Which gave his partisans the opening they coveted. They made it known; "this is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee." In that moment he became a figure of international consequence. For Jerusalem, being the civic and religious centre of the Jews of the

"Dispersion," was their mecca of rally each year at this feast, from all the quarters of the globe. Until this hour the capital city was ignorant that such a person as Jesus existed; or else they had heard of him vaguely, as the leader of some popular movement off in the market-towns in the rural district. Now they learned that he was come up to the capital itself. The pilgrim host began to ask questions about him. Many hundreds of them went to see him. So much so that he had to hold receptions every day: "He talked daily in the temple." During the week that followed he was the centre of an inquiring, attentive stream of visitors. "And all the people came early in the morning to him in the temple, to hear him."

It was the enormous popularity flowing from this dramatic Entry and later his purging of the confederated despoilers from out the Temple, to which in all likelihood was due the deed committed by Judas. Judas cannot be explained as a vicious man. He was not influenced by cupidity. He seems to have been a devotee of "direct action," as opposed to the Carpenter's policy of a teacher-revolutionist. A fine but overheated spirit, he wished the Master to accompany his resonancy of words with correspondent action. Apparently he had been an intriguer with the other disciples to this end. But was unsuccessful; and resolves now to force the issue. The city is teeming with sympathizers. With Jesus under

arrest, there would gather to a head a popular storm to deliver him. Jesus would thereupon be constrained to a martial career, even against his inclination; and the business would be begun. So Judas brings about a collision between him and the authorities. Unfortunately the rulers, fearful of precisely this event, court-martialled Jesus to death the same night of his capture, and before the populace was well awake the next morning. Whereupon Judas, perceiving his plan to miscarry, refused to outlive his endeared Leader — was the one disciple to companion his Chieftain into the Dark Valley.

From another source, his enemies, we have testimony of the popular effect of this "publicity" trip to Jerusalem. The money-jobbers and large proprietors who from the capital as their headquarters extracted revenue from the provinces round about, and who "sought to destroy him," were not slow to estimate the strategic advantage he had won in injecting his propaganda into Jerusalem at this international moment. They "said among themselves, Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? Behold, the world is gone after him." We have preserved to us a roll-call of the nations that were represented in Jerusalem at this time. It was a conflux from countries as far sundered as Parthia on the east and Italy on the west. These went back to their homes, when the festal season was over, to tell their peoples of the Libera-

tion Movement that had been set on foot by one Jesus. And it was in these countries that the Carpenter cult spread in the next few years, took root and was glorified. Its unequalled rapidity of extension from the rising to the setting sun can be explained only as the result in considerable degree of this preparation for it, wrought by pilgrims returning from the Passover feast. It added a foreign to his domestic fame. From that moment the number of his adherents swiftly accumulated.

Yes, the Carpenter was wise in his generation. To the innocence of the dove, he added the sagacity of the serpent. No credalist he, concerned only with formulas and indifferent to results. Firmly tenacious of ends, he was pliable as to methods: *Fortiter in re, suaviter in modo.* A hard idealist, is of all the terms I know, the one most aptly descriptive of him. Not only did he make use of practical measures in effecting his ideals, but the ideals themselves had taken their birth in practical needs and had a practical end. In his most mystical moments he was still the Carpenter whose impressionable young prime had been spent at workbench, with saw and plane; trained by concrete tasks, seeking concrete accomplishment.

Many of the sidelights, telling of the efficacious quality of him, bespeak an infinitely observant man, wonted to do his day's work alert and open-eyed. The trade of a carpenter is vitally influenced by the

weather. Not strange, therefore, that we behold him a rain-predicter, the exigencies of a departure from home many a morning when the sky was dubious, having sharpened him into weather-wisdom: "When ye see a cloud rise out of the west straightway ye say, There cometh a shower; and so it is. And when ye see the south wind blow, ye say, There will be heat; and it cometh to pass." A carpenter's efficiency depends in part on a knowledge of woods. Jesus knew the trees. In one place we find him pointing to a tree and, in offhand habitual way, calling it by name: "This sycamine tree." He had studied the field flowers. He knew Palestine, her cedar and pine trees, her mountains, forests and water courses. His senses intensely were alive. He claimed all knowledge for his province.

His life as a workman had taught him the importance of a willingness to subordination, for a work's effectual accomplishment. When many men work together there must be organization; which means, some directing and some obeying. To the extent that industry develops from an individual into a social thing — the increasingly social character of all departments of life, as the earth becomes more densely populated — this spirit of industrial obedience will be constantly more requisite.

Jesus seems to have perceived this. The young workman and the inferior workman will always have

to take orders from those whom veteran experience and native endowment have lifted into foremanships. Yea, only in such obedience resides their highest freedom. Proletary uprisings have been rendered nugatory by forgetfulness of this law of nature, law which, as man made it not, man can change not. Therefore, lest the base man should behave himself proudly against the honourable, the Carpenter spoke his "Parable of Subordination." It presents the picture of a supper table. Eaters will always need service: "Make ready wherewith I may sup, and gird thyself, and serve me."

True democracy consists, not in lifting people "above" a waiter's job, but in exalting the waiter's job into dignity: "So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We have done that which was our duty to do." Diversities exist, not only in kind but in degree. Industry's rich and increasing complexity will always require some to officer the work. An ordering wherein the highestly efficient are in high posts, and the less efficient in lower posts, is the one peerage that is practicable.

Jesus sought to animate the trodden ones against the iron heel that ground them. Himself a highhearted workman, he had no liking for creeping abject foot-kissing vassals. But as a self-respecting mechanic, he could deal no sympathy to the type of sullen,

insubordinate toiler who will permit no head to be taller than another. That, likewise with the one we have at present, were a state to confound all equity; a heated spirit of dissension; each man jealous of his equality; Kilkenny cats, unappeasably envious, biting and clawing to their mutual destruction.

Decidedly, the Mystic of the Nazareth hills was endowed with hardness of head. He was a various man: seer of visions, and yet in constant energetic contact with circumstance. A practical dreamer, he; plunging forth into a terriblest sea, but heaving the lead every inch of way he made. This Carpenter was a celestially-minded man of the world.

CHAPTER X

FELLOWSHIP

In this connection let's get rid once for all of a word that is grossly misused, and which stands squarely in our way. I refer to the word "love." No term in our language that has been so overworked. A sumptuous word, when confined to the use for which it was intended. But an unpropitious and harming word, when extended to things alien to its temper and genius. In largest part the mandate to love mankind has sicklied off either into pallid sentimentalism or open mockery, because of the infelicitous vocabulary employed.

More than people realize, words are instinct with an energy and temperament all their own. Put them to work in ways congenial to them, they spend themselves gladly, are a furtherance not to be contemned. But yoked to ideas for which they have no affinity, they are bunglers, and spoil the job. "Articulate-speaking man," is Homer's designation for the human race. If we are to deserve the title, we must keep words each to its proper task, and not make one of them drudge overtime whilst another goes flabby

through want of exercise. Slovenly nomenclature is responsible for a vast amount of fog in human thinkings.

"Love" means relationship between the sexes. And should be kept to that. Sex is a rich and beauteous realm, mellow with all gentleness, warm with all the heats of sustained ennobling passion. And the word "love," a native of that realm, takes on the fragrance of the flower-fields amid which it has its habitat. The word has about it an essence of the tropics; is heavy with aroma; speaks of blossom-beds, languorous sunny afternoons, and the mysticism of nights in summer. It is a word that belongs to poetry. Is delicately fibred. Has the fine softnesses that are akin to music. Is opulent with perfumes and delights. To take such a word, wrest it from its tropical embowerment, and coerce it to the rough-and-ready relationships of common life, is like thrusting the tender flesh of woman into coat-of-mail; flesh never meant to bear the weight of armour or withstand the battleline's onset.

Between man and man, "love" is not the term. Our language has a word for it, a word old with centuries of association, and as rich in its own field, when once it shall have been brought forth from the limbo where it has undeservedly pined, as "love" is in its field. It is the word that I have chosen for the title of this chapter — fellowship. I say unto

you, "Fellowship one another." "Heaven is fellowship, and he that dwelleth in fellowship dwelleth in heaven, and heaven in him."

A man is called upon to love his wife, and fellowship his boy. A woman is called upon to love her husband, and fellowship her daughter. Business men are not required to love each other. Can a man be enamoured of another man? Artists competing for the same prize, athletes running the same race, scholars striving after the same discovery, are not commanded to love each other. But they are commanded to fellowship each other.

Love is a union wherein two personalities cease to be separate, and melt into one. Fellowship is a union wherein two personalities remain separate, but walk in friendly guise together, and touch their hats when they meet. It is the relation of self-respect; one personality claiming recognition from another, and therefore extending recognition to that other.

Democracy is not a programme of love universal. It is a programme of fellowship universal. Because of the unhappy phrasing, the whole thing has been tainted with unsavourliness. To plead the altruistic plea, has come to have a sentimental squint. In an assembly of strong men — men of the doer type — "love" is an impossible word; word so heavily freighted with a nuance of softishness that it becomes a damaging ally.

Therefore, in masculine circles, the idea of human brotherhood has been put out of court; to so great a sickishness has it been depraved because of unfortunate alliance with that *amour* word. So that now brotherhood is a flouted thing. Men say openly: "Fight is the only basis of affairs. Strong teeth, sharp claws, and the devil take the weaklings. Love! A fantasy of sentimentalists. A rainbow woven out of such stuff as dreams are made of. Makes fair sweet poetry. Is fitted for Sunday use and pulpits. Furnishes copy for the religious press. Sings well in the hymn book. Pens whole volumes of droning cant. But as a code of conduct for life's rough-and-tumble — unworthy of serious notice."

And these men are justified. If so intimate a union as is implied by "love" is the thing recommended between the members of the human race, it is in verity a fantastic dream; quite impossible of attainment, and quite undesirable even could it be attained. I don't wish my fellowmen to love me; men of that sickly sweet sort are distasteful to me; repel me instead of attract. I wish men to fellowship me. I covet to be with men who stand upon their feet, and permit me to stand upon my feet. Who refuse to intrude too intimately upon the sacred private precincts within me. Who respect their own autonomy with so constant a respect that they extend courteous recognition to the autonomy which

I cherish likewise: "Thou shalt fellowship thy neighbour as thyself," is all the social law and gospel.

Of the "love" plan for human relations, philanthropy is the prolific and perfect offspring. It is not an accident that, in the traditional versions of the bible, "love" and "charity" are translated interchangeably. The rich donor accounts himself a spiritual perfection. Behold with what manner of love he loves all mankind! Observe how the sorrows of the desolate children of men make his heart copiously to bleed! Therefore, in an expansive and vaporous sentimentality, he commands his footman to carry a hamper of bread to the gaunt one in the tenements. Love is a word that carries no irritating innuendo about justice. For that reason the rich man in his palace likes it. "Charity" mitigates the unjust hell of the trodden class. Accordingly the churches of the affluent make much of love, and all the softish daughter dogmas that spring therefrom.

Only after casting out, in this connection, the unfortunate appellation — word unrighteously used even by the King James' translators — is one equipped to understand the Carpenter and his insistence on fellowship. In the portrait which these chapters are painting, he is limned as a warrior spirit. Firmness, valour, constancy, hardihood, partisanship, audacity of adventure — these were his constant

themes. But the reader will not make the mistake of supposing that this militancy in him tells of a turbulent, sour, malignant soul. Far from having an envious root, the militancy sprang from the liberal sweetness of him.

In the native fibres of his organization, this Carpenter was gentle-spirited. He was a poet. Was constituted out of sunshine and glad ingredients. A builder-up instead of a tearer-down. One who was pained even by the falling of a sparrow from its perch in the vital air. A heart instinct with sensibility, and which, when stern words were ordained to be spoken, felt a poignancy keener far than the wounded ear against which the sharp words speeded.

An instance of this set of his nature toward the fine sweet glad things in the universe is the Sermon on the Mount. That sermon was his inaugural. From internal evidence alone we would know that it was one of his early productions. Because it is almost in metrical form, and reveals the poet of the joyous Galilean temper, e'er the buffetings of a career as teacher-agitator had harshened his literary style out of poetry down into rugged unpremeditated prose.

Even in this Sermon on the Mount, however, the undertow of rugged militancy in it must not be overlooked. To be sure we find him here saying something like this: "Fellowship people. Because the

sun shines down impartially upon the evil and the good; and the rains descend upon both the just and the unjust." The figure is not very impressive, and in itself betrays the unmature date of the utterance. To conceive of sunshine or raindrops that would discriminate between the righteous and the wicked is fantastic, a caprice of the imagination that makes it the coinage of a brain not as yet come to perfect self-criticism; and indeed noticeably inferior to the tight, close thinking which distinguished that brain in its later and adult workings.

This figure of friendliness universal was verbal garniture more than it was a deliberated dogma. His heart had claims. But his intellect had claims likewise. And that intellect disclosed to him the futility of crying peace when there is no peace. A pillaging class, compact and organized, is a cancer whose corrosion works ever more expansively, ever more virulently. To ignore it, to seek some amicable concordat with it, is to declare one's self to be soft in the head.

Because he was so ingrainedly a friend of the democracy, this Carpenter became ever more openly an unfriend of the Dollar. For that dollar dynasty was at enmity with humankind, a stake impaling the body social and damning it to ineffable agonies. The destroyer band, fastening themselves upon the people — a mastership, inflexible inhuman — had

cast away the law of fellowship, had despised the strands that make the all-of-us kin.

Therefore, stern idealist that he was, he devoted that brigand band to destruction. Not because of any stoniness of heart within him. But the rather because of his very tenderness of heart, his exorbitant fund of affection. He believed so ardently in fellowship that he refused to fellowship the destroyers of fellowship. He goes now into a discriminating nicety, and maturer knowledge brings an ever more austere condemnation. The course of the narrative reveals a progressive darkening of the indictment he draws against the depredators. Until at the last, sombered by the antagonisms that girt him, we find him uttering that terrific word wherein his propaganda is likened to a falling millstone crushing into pulp those whom it hostilely encounters.

Fellowship is life's most savoury delight. It enlarges the mind, liberalizes the spirit, makes civic achievement possible, manifolds one's puny energies by an infinite multiple. But Sir Moneybags disrupts this social union. He and his ilk confederate in unholy alliance. Thereupon the Haves and the Have-nots draw apart. Instead of one and indissoluble, their interests become mutually adverse. And miserably the social pact is disrupted.

Against mammon and its dismembering sway, therefore, the heart of the Carpenter blazed with a

passionate animosity. A noblesse of privilege and plunder were establishing their fatal ascendancy over the world. The monstrousness of it awoke in him a waxing antipathy. For it was defeating the sweet simplicity of a society based on fellowship. He beheld the multitudes roofless before the shafts and bolts of a terrorist government. It hardened him beyond all contrition. Natively rich in the milk of human kindness, when he confronted these masters in their oppressive régime he went straightway ungenial. Against them he sounded all the notes in his resonant and ample register. He would decree against them a dismissal from the scene of things. Would fulminate them into outer dark.

Not only did his creed of human fellowship thus generate a wrath against the federated disrupters of fellowship. But that wrath in turn heightened his plea for fellowship when he was addressing his fellow industrialists; yes, rendered fellowship in their case a strategic imperative. Only through solidarity can the oppressed achieve emancipation. Therefore his cry to these oppressed ones, that they cement themselves together. The Sermon on the Mount was delivered to a proletary Galilean audience. And its exhortations to a mutuality of pardon and neighbourliness must be viewed from that slant.

The Israel folk — Israel alone the working-class nation among the slave empires of antiquity — were

at that time possessed by divisive devils. Inherently, the fire of independence seems to carry with it a contentious quality. Because of it, Labour has had a spirit of infirmity these many a hundred year, and is bowed down, and can in no wise lift itself up. Which truth his fellow proletarians of Israel were redundantly demonstrating. Mutually schismatic, they were oppressed every one by his neighbour. A litigatious spirit. Bandyings of abusive epithet. Criminating and recriminating. They were treading one upon the other. The social web, meant to be a very seamless robe for oneness, was hawked at and torn by the strife of tongues.

Therefore, against factionism's so bitter violence, the Carpenter pleaded and thundered and reasoned. Beset by these unneighbourly squabbles, said he, learn the forgiving generous art. Turn the other cheek, go the second mile, let the cloak follow the coat. The solidity of the masters necessitates on our side a communion of comrades. Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand. Blessed are those who make peace to prevail between neighbours; for they shall be called the children of heaven.

It was this consciousness of class that put into the Carpenter's code the international and interracial note. Class alignment is a sundering force in one

direction, but a unifying force in the other direction. It separates the workers from the idlers; but precisely in so doing it fuses the workers themselves. Jesus was intensely Jew. But more intensely still, he was a worker and an espouser of the cause of the worker. It was not long before these two loyalties in him began to clash. And in it the former gave way. In his development there is distinctly traceable an expansion of his consciousness from Hebrewism into cosmopolitanism. That expansion was largestly due to his working-class sympathies and programme.

There is naught that generates so warm and instant a comraderie as partnership in a common wretchedness. Rome's hand of oppression was like a world compress; it obliterated national lines; literally smashed the races into one. That destroyer dynasty was cementing its might irrespective of boundary lines. Jesus resolved that the workers likewise should cement their might, irrespective of boundary lines. The sight of a slavery wide as the world, quickened within him the impulse of a redemption wide as the world. When the elemental deeps are touched geography is forgot. Proletary consciousness is of that elemental kind. It touches down to the native deeps within us, makes the whole world kin. It surpasses mountain barriers, traverses the sea, leaps the widest desert.

The world-consciousness in Jesus of Nazareth was

the direct offspring of his work-consciousness. Had he been less proletary he would have been more narrowly national. In Samaria he saw trodden masses; straightway his Jewish exclusiveness widened to include them in his programme. In the coasts of Tyre and Sidon he found sodden slums, a welter of dispirited desponding toilers; once again his straitened Hebrewism revealed to him its odious provincial quality; he pulled down those walls, built for his soul a more spacious habitation. Thus broadening into an ever ampler scope, we find him eventually pronouncing to his disciples, "The field is the world."

"Workers of the world, unite!" was the cry of the Carpenter. In that cry the idea of the human family took its birth. The class war is the fatal foe of national war — the world's sad inveterate militarism. Earth, sick with evil spirits and infirmities, has had an issue of blood these many centuries. Throughout history it has been the working-class that have paid the price of warfarings in the red liquor of life from their own arterial systems. Jesus purposed that this flow should be stanched. He would lift an ensign to the nations from far. Into a generous and massive solidarity, irrespective of race or tribe or country, he would melt the workers. He would breed in them an affection for the implements of industry, and cast to the moles and bats the implements of destruction.

The separatist and barricaded nations tragically dismember the world. It has made history a ceaseless sanguinary tournament. Jesus coveted to plant in the breast of the workers a generous citizenship of the world. In place of this, their intestine strife, he would fuse and integrate their energies. He would accomplish a consolidation of them; a manhood corporation wide as the world and inclusive of toilers all, folk who produce as well as consume, and consume as well as produce. Humankind, a house of peers.

This concord of toilers, their generous breadth and fire of brotherhood, he enforced by two parables. One of them was the Story of the Stony Creditor. It is an amplification of the truth expressed by Robert Louis Stevenson — perhaps the source from which he drew it:

> There is so much bad in the best of us,
> And so much good in the worst of us,
> That it hardly behooves any of us
> To talk about the rest of us.

"There was a certain king which would take account of his servants, and one was brought which owed him ten thousand talents. The lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and forgave him the debt. But the same servant went out and found one of his fellow-servants which owed him a hundred pence; and he took him by the throat, saying, 'Pay me that thou owest.'" That Stony

Creditor had a beam in his own eye which cast a shadow and magnified the splinter that was in the other fellow's eye. It was a satire — and how just! — on those who hold other people to high standards, and permit to themselves a low standard. Fellowship, says the Carpenter, requires that we be intolerant toward our own weaknesses — of which we each of us have a plenty — and bigly tolerant of the weaknesses of a brother.

This Law of Fellowship was made still deeplier impressive by another parable, the neighbourly Samaritan. The psychology approach, as we have seen, declares that, with each of the parables, Jesus had a particular and immediate purpose — some point that had been brought up by a questioner or objector, and which Jesus, as a skilled controversialist, met by a parable, apparently improvised on the spot.

Adhering to this law of interpretation,we find that the primary purpose of the "Good Samaritan" story was to teach internationalism. Jesus, on the occasion in question, was in controversy with one of the Levitical set, with whom the Jewish race filled up all the horizon. The Carpenter, seeking to break down that wall of cramped and contracted sympathies and woo him to spaciousness of outlook, paints a member of the "heathen" Samaria nation in an act whose liberal bigness put into ironical contrast the hard national exclusiveness of the Jewish Priest

and the Levite, both of whom "passed by on the other side."

To that central face of the diamond all of the other facets in the story are contributory; they must not be exalted into independent teachings. The importance of this caution will be recognized. For this parable, by commentators who fail to observe this rule of interpretation, has been wrested into a defense of passivity and mere alms-giving as the scripture way of meeting aggressive social wrong. For it will be noticed that the brigands who fell upon the wayfarer in this story and stripped and wounded him, are left quite unmolested by the "Good Samaritan," who confines himself to the results of the evil that is ramping throughout that district, and makes no effort to outroot the evil itself.

Manifestly that Good Samaritan would have employed his good energies more efficiently if he could have raised a posse of citizens, and harrying the banded thieves to their mountain den, captured them, and so made the Jericho Road thereafter a safe thoroughfare; if need be, leaving the wounded man the while to die untended, riddled and gaping with wounds. As it was, during the time in which he cared for this one victim the robbers were preparing to reiterate the deed on other wayfarers; truly, were furnishing him victims so plenteously that his "works of charity" would never want for "cases."

To which the answer must be made; to try to make a parable homiletic in all of its parts, is to demand what no parable could perform. Jesus here was not teaching the proper method of social reform. He was intent to internationalize the mind of a shut-in, close-walled Levite. Therefore he focussed his thought to make a story that would teach this one idea. And was careless of anything else. As matter of fact, to have pictured a posse of citizens going out against the Jericho Road brigands would have been historically an anachronism. The military dictatorship permitted to the people no right of private police. So that if the ruling class, intent — as it was — to enrich its own coffers, went indifferently about the task of suppressing brigandage, the heart of a kindly temperamented man could vent itself only in the makeshift method of cure rather than prevention. There was a way whereby the people could lay the axe at the root; the method of social revolution. And that method — not in this particular parable, but in his career as a whole — Jesus taught with a persistency that obtrudes from every page.

There is a sense, however, in which the benevolence of the Good Samaritan in this story, if it be not pressed to exclude that more efficacious benevolence of a capture of the brigands themselves, was a fine thing, and dear to the heart of the Carpenter.

Never will human life attain to so perfect an ordering that neighbourly kindnesses will no longer be needed. Sickness and sorrows will always be with us (truism, but one that will require iteration forever). Quite to the end of the chapter casualities of the outrageous untamed universe will miserably intrude themselves. And that creed only will command unaging and universal assent, which, to a splendid militancy against the ills that are curable, adds in each heart a spirit of fellowship in the ills that are incurable. Even after injustice shall have been purely purged away, the march of humankind across the fields of time and space will be with blood-tracks. And only those will be the true seed of the Carpenter who see the common pathos of the human lot and who help in neighbourly guise a fellow-worker overtaken by the spite of circumstance — time's thousand mischances. So shall they lay up for themselves

> "Bags which wax not old, a treasure in the Within,
> That faileth not, where moths do not corrupt,
> Nor thieves dig through and steal."

CHAPTER XI

A GOOD MIXER

JESUS a good mixer! An outrageous word. Sensitive ears are buffeted by it, refuse admission to a so barbarous and unholy sacrilege. And at this point I shall lose some readers who have followed me until the present, but whose tender sensibilities now are cut to the bone. They will bring against me an accusation of irreverence, and all unseemliness. When it is analyzed out, what these people object to is not so much the thing the phrase stands for, as the vernacular wherein I have worded it. It is the slang that offends them. Let us focus there for a moment.

Slang is language in the making. It is the red quivering growth at the end of the twig, which has not yet hardened into the tree's fixture and substance. Slang is the sign that a language is alive. It is imagination linguistically at work; creating some fine new metaphor, or a fresh and telling way of phrasing. Imagination, divinest gift to mortals, can find no worthier employ. Slang pours into language a freshening flow, quickens into a stream

our mother-speech that otherwise would stagnate into brackish pools.

True, this craving after verbal freshness becomes, in shallow and ill-disciplined minds, a merest pursuit of eccentricity. And there are few vexations more grievous to be borne, than a person destitute of verbal feeling, who follows apishly the recentest literary lingo. But these perversions into which the thing runs off can be tolerated, so excellent is the thing itself; yes, whose excellency is attested by these very imitations to which it is subjected. Slang is language's creator. Probably every word we use was in its origin a slang; begotten by some live imagination in a moment of creative heat; the embalmed corpus alone having come down to us, the soul of it lost in transmission.

All of which has a big pertinency to our theme. For Jesus made frequent use of slang, and with mightiest effect. Save in two or three phrases, we have not access to the actual tongue which he employed. Therefore much of the pungent accent of the original, the ineffable essence, must have been lost. For a translation is like preserved fruit; the substance is there but much of the native aroma has departed.

Nevertheless in his racy and richly coloured utterance, we can detect even in its translated form the tang, the colloquial savour. Coinages like "whited

sepulchre," "wolves in sheep's clothing," "lamp-under-a-bushel folk," "sheep-people versus goat-people," "camel-swallowers," "water bottles and patched clothes," were in their origin slang. And shocked the decorous ears of that day quite as "glad hand" or "marble heart" shocks the ear of purists to-day. Indeed we find recorded an outburst of his against those over-civilized folk who made wry faces at his vigorous and breezy manner of expression: "They that are ashamed of me and of my words."

Therefore, the fact that "good mixer" is a recent addition to our tongue, is no accusation against it. We should only ask, does the phrase give evidence of verbal deftness and original imagination in the maker of it. And we find it standing up under the test. It expresses a necessary idea better than any phrase for it that we had. Therefore we should give it shelf-room as a welcome addition to our literary kit of tools.

And never was it more welcome than in fashioning the portrait of Jesus. "Good Mixer," hits him off patly. "Friend of publicans and sinners," recurs with significant iteration throughout the narrative. The Carpenter was eminently of the companionable type. Not that he flatted off into mere sociability. Jealously, amid the din and hurryings of an active packed career, he safeguarded times of meditation

when he could be alone in that heaven of the Within, and commune of unvanishing values with the Power of Powers who was so authentically commissioning him. It is easy to be sociable, without depth; and deep, without sociability. Jesus combined them both. With height enlarging him in the vertical line, an expansion out to his fellowman enlarged him horizontally. It was this spaciousness in both directions that made him the massive person he was, and gave to that life its incommunicable savour.

It is undeniable that there is a rivalry between class consciousness and the puritanic consciousness. To the extent that the economic issue obtains the preëminence, the puritanic issue is pushed to the rear; or, more justly phrasing it, the ethics of a right economic ordering overshadow the ethics of one's private doings. Which is not to say that one's private doings are unimportant. But in eras when, because of economic upheaval, the very foundations of society are jeopardized, concern for that primal task preoccupies the mind, to the exclusion or submergence of other standards.

Jesus, we have seen, was class-conscious. He felt himself one with the trodden, against the treaders. He was at home with the disinherited, irrespective of their standing at the bar of conventional ethics. A woman taken in adultery, was brought before him for judgment. He saw her hounded by the lordly

masters of society. Straightway he had a kindling of kindliness toward her.

Concerning private mistreadings, he had a heart of largest leniency. Jewish weddings were occasions of mirth. They lasted usually through several days, and were jollifications wherein the hilarity at times overstepped the barriers set up by the prudentialities of the race. None the less, the Carpenter was a frequentest visitor at these occasions. Not once or twice in his career, he interposed some hours of festive dalliance; perhaps of set purpose, to counterpoise some lurking propensity to self-absorption. Nor is there evidence that his presence ever operated as a dampener of the merriment. To the contrary. He was a welcomed guest. Was a gladly-greeted convive at festivities. Though under the strain of publicity, and with cares enthronging him, he had not forgotten how to laugh. This poised and swift humour, on occasion when his proletary mates assembled to make merry together, won for him gladdest greeting.

Whatever its wrappages of legend, the story of the Cana wedding enshrines some event that had basis in fact, or some parable of his spoken with intent. Its truth to the psychology of the Carpenter is clear; it was not "out of character." And here we behold Jesus employing all the mighty potencies of his personality, to prolong a wedding festivity that

had been threatened with a premature stoppage of the mirth. In this connection it is of interest that in the Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins this proletary teacher thought of heaven and its elixir of delight, under the form of a wedding feast. The desolateness of the damned is described in terms of the hapless wights refused admission to a marriage fête.

Companionship in the festival hour is fellowship's supreme and final test. To visit the disinherited only in their time of sorrow, is a slight thing; rightly they resent the crocodile tears. Fraternity with them in their joys is badge of comradeship, the acid-test of one's working-class sympathy and wholeheartedness. It alone is the companionship that can withhold from destruction and raise them to dignity.

Jesus continued to the end these "lowering associations." They read his words unfruitfully, who fail to see that he was at home with the "rabble." Even an inattentive perusal of the record will disclose it. Toward the blind voiceless groping tribe he was an Indulgent. He cloaked a bit the severity of his eye. Panting for a fuller life, they were stunted by the desperate privation amid which their days were passed. The usurpations under which they languished made for their moral depression as well as material ruin. It is not in nature that lives which are spent in an unending cycle of drudgery, pinchedly

environed, shall grow an abundant crop of graces. Therefore in his communion with them he bigly forbore to chide. He was a thick-skinned idealist.

It was this, his unabashed intercourse with "the multitudes," which brought the Carpenter under suspiciousness in the eyes of the "moral" classes of that time. The statement is not to be controverted: Jesus was opposed by the "good" people of his day.

The Respectables looked at him askance. They were sincerely anxious as to his moral soundness. Therefore the rancour of the Pharisees which so virulently pursued him. The Pharisees "drew themselves apart," out of a real enthusiasm for moral standards. They were the church-going, pew-holding people of that day. And the fenced wall they built to keep the masses at a remove, had as its buttress the ten Sinai Commandments.

There is no caste so fiercely resistant, as a caste organized from ethical motives. When the "come ye apart and be ye separate," has for its sanction the morality mandate, it builds a Chinese wall around the elect. Their caste consciousness is reinforced by all the sidereal universe within; it likes with a religious liking, hates with a religious hate. The initiated, within the fenced rampart that so narrowly shuts them in, carry themselves proudly. To the break-up of sociability and the sundering of the social union.

With this class, therefore, Jesus was in conflict perpetual. The Great Democrat, he would not permit any cleavage separating from the travailing masses, even when that cleavage was for purposes of a superior development in ethics. Ethics! Identity with the downmost man in the social mass is ethics; without which the vaunted morality of the Respectables is but a code of prudentiality, a cloaked and consecrated selfishness. The only community of believers which Jesus would permit was the high fellowship of toil. He sought to fashion mankind into a body corporate. They who draw themselves away, whether in a monied or a moral premiership, disrupt the solidarity. Fellowship is the supreme virtue, earth's presiding principle. And the puny moralities of the code are a nothingness in comparison.

The moment a man becomes so "moral" that he can no longer fellowship the lowest-down chap, his morality has overleaped itself and is veriest immorality — a sheer encumbrance. Severe manners petrify the heart, parch the sympathies, chop the social mass into mincemeat. It were better for that man to go and get sousingly drunk, that so his leanness of judgment may be done away, and he be restored to the human ties that should tether us. Jesus was not of them whose virtue is so nice and tender that they cloister themselves, there to go effete and blood-

less. The disinherited awoke in him a grand swelling sympathy. With the economic devil loose in society and devouring, it was no time to note private peccadilloes.

Economic privilege and excessive nicety of personal standards, have a blood kinship; yes, were twinned in the same womb. The toiling multitudes! They drawl out a death-in-life existence. Amid the palpable night that incloses them, the punctillios of a high and elaborated code are not within the compass of possibility; but only to the privileged ones, of soft courtly garments and living in abundance. The ethical life is a luxury. And is not to be smugly enjoyed, so long as the possibility of it is limited to a few. Until the means of a moral life have been put into the hands of the lowliest member of the human race, the complacent "virtuousness" of the high people is not meritorious in the eyes of heaven, but is accounted unto them unelevated ethical poverty.

Therefore Jesus, Man of Laughters, in jovial guise companioned "the multitudes." He countenanced their festivals. Forbade a too critical inquiry. Yes, advocate for them, he rebuked with a goodly vehemence the censorial eye of their detractors. As I shall show in these sheets later, he was clear-eyed to perceive the urgency of virtue. Notwithstanding, comradeship with the toilers was in

his code of ethics a first principle — fellowship in fine and liberal medley. The "mob"! It was endeared to him by memories ineffaceable. Ardently he liked them. And any process that sunders one from them, was to his thought a sacrilege not to be condoned. He required everybody to be incorporated in humankind's large brotherhood. All the variousness in the gallery of striking pictures he has painted, includes not one favouring portrait of a social climber. They who go off into private aggrandizement, private elegance, and a private pathway to the skies, cover the selfishness with fair words. But he stripped these of their disguises. To him, morality is like to a locomotive engine. It is of value so long as it remains coupled up with the train. The puritanic code uncouples the two. Therefore he vituperated it with unmeasured words. Not because an engine is useless. But when an engine increases its pulling power to an extent that pulls the coupling out, that increase is bad and not good. This uncoupling he could not sufficiently rebuke.

To enforce this truth, he uttered some of the powerfullest parables in his repertory. "The Pharisee and the Publican" is one of them. "I thank thee that I am not as other men are" — there speaks your reputable, your cultured, your "moral" class. "I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I

possess" — there speaks your ecclesiastical set, folding soft white hands over cross of gold glittering against the waistcoat's rich broadcloth. The Publican speaks thus: "Lord, I'm one of the outcast crowd. With that outcast crowd I purpose to remain. I'm not very good. Be easy on me. I'll try my best." "I tell you, this latter fellow went down to his house justified, and not the other."

Against morality's besetting drift toward an exclusive and "I-am-holier-than-thou" snobbishness, Jesus uttered three important parables. One of them was, "The Wheat and the Weeds." A field was planted, and both kinds of seed were found to have taken root. The servants of the householder said to him, "Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? Whence then hath it tares?" And they proceed to display the spirit that has marked the puritan and separatist in every age: Pointing to the weeds, "Wilt thou that we go and gather them up?" But that householder is wise. He knows how the roots of badness and goodness have a way of intertwining so complicatedly that no one can untangle them. Who shall tell them apart? Many a woman, scarlet without, is white within; and women there are, of unblemished whiteness outwardly, but interiorly of a deepest crimson. So he vetoes their Pharisaic zeal: "Nay; lest while ye gather up the

tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest."

Another parable he spake unto them: "The kind of a church I am seeking to establish is like unto a net that was cast into the sea and gathered of every kind." The ex-fishermen in the disciple group would catch the aptness of the simile. A fisherman, either with rod or net, who is fastidious concerning what he is to haul from out the enigmatic waters, mysterious with many an unplumbed depth and unguessable cavern, will not fare long at the trade. Side by side with fish of the edible sort, are noisome unseemly creatures, distasteful to look upon, and menacing. But the net in its wise catholicity encloses them both. To be sure, there comes a time when the tares are separated from the wheat; and when the unedible creatures also are separated from the fish that are wholesome. But in both parables it is emphasized that the separating season is not here and now; but is only "at the end of the world." What mortal brain is of acumen to sort out the pure from the impure?

As if preoccupied with the urgency of this teaching, the Carpenter recurred to it in a third parable, "The Empty Wedding Feast": Happiness requires company. It is to be found only in a great fine sociability. No man has a right to be alone, except to nourish gifts that will augment his social accepta-

bility and usefulness. A wedding supper with half of the places vacant? — an intolerable condition of affairs. Merriness demands many.

The giver of the feast now perceives his mistake. He thought, by limiting the invitations to his own circle, to heighten the joyousness of the occasion. He finds that he has but dampened it. Social exclusiveness makes not for a merry life, but for an unmerry life. We are so organized that the pleasure of each is manifolded by a multiple of the number of people who participate in that self-same pleasure. A festival half-attended is but a half festival for those who attend. For a grand feast, the seats must be full.

The householder has learned the lesson. He says to his servant: "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the poor." And the servant said, "Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room." And the lord said unto the servant, "Go out into the highways and hedges, that my house may be filled." Thus both the rural proletariat and the city's mob were brought in — the country-life problem, in that day as in ours, was quite as urgent as the urban. So the banquet at last was full; and the merry-making now was with a gladness unconfined.

Thereupon, with fine spiritual fury he upbraids the "quality" set who thus with nose in air repu-

diated the human ties of kinship. The giver of the feast "was wroth": "I say unto you, none of those shall taste of my supper."

Commentators have done a lot of head-scratching over the passage wherein to the guest "which had not on a wedding garment," was meted by the Carpenter a so utter anathema: "Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." It seems to them a literary blemish, a misuse of the superlative. The crime — if crime it was — seems so out of proportion to the harshness of the punishment handed out, that they experience a revulsion of feeling in favour of the culprit.

The explanation is found in this virulent conflict which Jesus as a proletarian had with the puritan caste of his day. To attend a marriage without wearing the festival garment ordained for such occasions, marked a man who had accepted the invitation, but had done so with a niggard and standoffish spirit, one who did not intend to mix with the rest in any generous and genial spontaneity. His sour aloofness—whether moral or social, it amounted to the same thing — operated as a killjoy. It was a refusal to be festive. And demonstrated him a man who plumed himself proudly for not being "as other men are." Against such, the flaming democracy of the Carpenter blazed forth, trumpeting

a call to all of the superlatives, in the treasury of epithet within him. A concern for fellowship, was the Carpenter's irreducible mandate. But aristocracy, whether of money or of morals, jerks the social fabric into tatters. It is a substantial wickedness. A crime of high description. Generates a blackness of heart. No one can speak as ill of it as it deserves. Social climbing is an epidemic madness. It is selfishness veiled under an exterior decorum. It is the foe of brotherhood; in all ages, has dismembered Labour's fine solidarity; in every clime is prevalent, and in all its noxious vitality. Therefore, against the so-vehement infection of this malady, the noble organ of language in him swells into diapason. Severe was the folly, and needed a severe corrective: "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness."

When it is remembered, furthermore, that those puritan folk were economically independent as the mass underneath was not, and made the untutored and undisciplined condition of the toiler-crowd an excuse to keep them down, the ire of Jesus against their caste-pride grows ever more intelligible. The Respectables hated him because he was menacing their incomes. Therefore — and it is a device always laid hold of — they whispered very shrewd and knowing whispers against his private conduct-code; the sort of people he flocked with, the brand of

women friends he made, and the kind of festivity he seemed most to enjoy. In a keen sure thrust, he unbared this, their hypocrisy. If their objection to him, said he, was only on account of his free and sociable manner of life, and they sought an ascetic leader, why then had they not accepted John as their instructor, and reformed their economic malpractices as he had commanded: "John the baptizer came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say, He hath a devil. The Son of man is come eating and drinking, and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man and a winebibber. They are like unto children sitting in the market-place and calling one to another and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; We have mourned to you, and ye have not wept."

The Carpenter's insatiable palship with "the multitudes" involved him with persons of no reputation. Perhaps this is the heaviest price one has to pay for participation in the labour movement. It makes one a partaker in the odium that has been brought and will continue to be brought upon the proletary cause by the distempered zeal, the undisciplined turbulence of many individuals in it. But whoso covets to live a redemptive career, must pay that price. Jesus paid it. As he hung from the nails, it was taunted against him, "He saved others; himself he cannot save." And the taunt was true.

The great proletary heart of him, though it made him rich in a more precious treasure, was the causer of tragedy to him. During his life it brought upon him reproaches, so that even some well-meaning ones, perceiving his association with outcasts, imputed to him personal iniquity. It excommunicated him from the company of the good. And drove the Golgotha spikes which did him finally to death.

CHAPTER XII

THE MENTAL UNIVERSE

JESUS was the founder of psychology. Before his day, there was only the physical universe. The universe of the Within lay undiscovered. Life consisted of outward procedure. Pageantry of state; chains for restraint, and compulsion by the police; morality a thing of the "washing of pots and cups, and such like things"; civic obedience coerced by scorpion whips and the dungeon; government by terrorism; the individual an atom to be played upon by external forces and yielding only to the force that is mightiest — this was the world's credo and working code. Here and there a philosopher had glimpsed the fact of an interior area left all unvisited by this drama of pomp and material coercions. But their speculations in this realm of the mental were arid and abstract; had no popular appeal; came to an abortive birth.

It was Jesus who discovered and popularized the mental universe. He was an audacious innovator anyway. By temperament he had light esteem for "the tradition of the elders," when that tradition

did not meet the facts. A terrific realist, he had a direct and straight eye; applied the plumb line to every wall, and marking for demolition those which were out of true. A code organized on a basis alone of externality, was one such wall. It was found by him — in his implacable conscience as an artisan and builder — to be hugely out of plumb. He proceeded to alterations.

In most likelihood, his discovery of the world that is within, was forced upon him by practical exigency. As is usually the case, by the way; not speculation but necessity has been the mother of most inventions. Jesus set out to raise a successful revolution against the master-class empire which — exactly in his day — was welding its sinister coalition. Now, that in itself was not a new proposal. The advance of the Roman legionaries into Asia, and especially into Israel's area, awoke a ferment universal. Palestine was boiling with revolt. And Galilee most boilingly of all. Popular leaders were springing up plenteously. Insurrection was everywhere. Hardly a six-months but some new rebelliousness gathered head, breaking out in unexpected places, like carbuncles on the body when the blood is bad.

But these insurgencies uniformly came to naught. They would make stand for a few fortnights; so long, in fact, as they remained of modest proportions and obscurity mantled them with its protection. The

moment, however, that they assumed some magnitude, a cohort of the military would stalk forth from one of the fortresses that now dotted the map. The next week would see an addition to the living crucifixes that wontedly adorned the roadways. And the Roman centurion in that district would report to his superior: One more uprising bloodily extinguished.

Jesus beheld this process at work. He had grown up in the midmost thick of it. With discerning eye had watched the thing. With acutest intellect had studied it. And from the failures had wrested finally the secret of their collapse. Rome's world empire of property rights was not a mushroom thing. It was the fruit of long-time thinkings, long-time plannings, long-time experimentings; and therefore now at last a success. A Deliverance, to attain to equal dimensions, equal solidarity, equal energy, must be gone at in an equally thoroughgoing fashion. Adequately to counterpoise an empire of property rights, there must needs be an empire of human rights.

Now an empire wherein dollars are the units, can be formed with some celerity. Because dollars have no wills of their own; can be herded, marched, mobilized with exactitude and promptness. The few magnates in each province can get together around a council table, pool their interests, and get hired soldiers in any number to carry out the plan. Sim-

plicity itself. And of demonstrated practicability. Mercenary murder has always been one of the cheapest commodities in the market. Soldiers today can be hired for $13.50 a month. And in that day the cost was even less; for the mercenaries were paid out of the loot collected.

But an empire of human rights is different. This kind of an empire is composed of thinking sentient units. And this sort — not mercenary units now, which is but another name for dollar units — can be trained and assembled only by infinite pains. They are a fruit requiring to be handpicked. These human units have a curiously individual quality. Each is in a class apart, a complex of memories and impulses and emotions; ancestral voices speaking within; old reminiscence of defeats and triumphs; plans and prospects and aspirations in perpetual surge. Only one by one can units of this magnitude be gained; and even then the work is not perfected. Because each has to be shaped and wrought individually into a fit member of the movement.

Which meant, a long and worldwide campaign of teaching. Exactly here was the Carpenter's distinction from the other insurgent leaders of his day, which has set him so massively in the centre of the world's thought ever since. He made the discovery that democracy has to do with human nature. It is

an interior, that is a spiritual movement. It deals not with entities that scales can weigh or tape-lines can compass. Its habitat is the Within, that mysterious kingdom higher than all heights, deeper than all deeps, and whose boundaries verge on mystic areas which no calculus can measure. Columbus added a new continent to the world's geography, and no marble is white enough upon which to engrave his name. But the Workingman of Nazareth opened a new universe to man's exploration, and it will disclose fresh areas to be visited when the continent opened by Columbus shall have been every whit traversed and mapped. A globe that shall never be circumnavigated, inviting to voyages of eternal discovery.

Wonted as we are to the idea of a mental universe stretching beyond and behind each human façade we meet in the street, it is difficult for us to appraise the amazing novelty of that idea when Jesus brought it into the world's consciousness. His fellow countrymen fervidly believed in religion. But it was a religion of externalized presences and powers. The kind that a child to-day has at the age of five. They looked for heaven to interpose its might in the politics of the world visibly. The Kingdom from above would come with clash of archangelic trumpets, to overthrow the ineffable abomination that Rome's régime of slavery was perpetrating upon them. And

it was to come soon, withal. Because the times were waxing evil, to a degree that could not longer be supported.

Square athwart this infantile crudity, Jesus interposed a new interpretation: "The Kingdom cometh not with observation"—a more revolutionizing sentence was never hurled at a complacent earth, to overset its ideas and wrench its thinking into new grooves. Its first effect upon those who heard it was to confound them. The chariots of fire from above, for which they had been ardently at gaze! And the rainbow-paved boulevard which was suddenly to unfold its golden length from sky to earth, gorgeous with the host immortal! All these darling dreams were unscientific, unfounded! The entities with which religion has to do cannot be observed with the eye of flesh, but are mental processes, are resident in kingdoms psychological — here was a strange saying, and a hard. His hearers were beyond measure astounded.

One of the most arduous tasks Jesus had, was to explain this new idea to his partisans and win their allegiance to it. They wished him to be like the others, a militarist rebel, drawn sword clanging against the drawn sword of the oppressor. Or else they lapsed into the fond expectation of a catastrophic appearing from on High, wherein heaven, instead of helping us help ourselves, would usher in

the Restoration with supernatural pageantry and power. "When he was demanded, when the kingdom of God should come, he answered them and said, the kingdom of God cometh not with outward show; neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for behold, the kingdom of God is within you."

"The kingdom is within you." With those words, psychology was born. Psychology, the science of the soul. And the one science that shall never be exhausted. Will come a day when the rocks shall have disclosed their meaning; the last ocean current have been charted; all lands explored; the winds reduced to system; the forces of the physical and chemical and vegetable kingdoms shall have been brought into exact and codified knowledge. From each of these realms, man's thinkings shall wrest its heart of mystery. But the thinker himself shall be a mystery to the end; shall invite to exploration ceaselessly, an awfulness of splendour to confound the faculties and vanquish the understanding. A baffling science, psychology. But supremely worth while. For out of the heart are the issues of life. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

Impatience for results has been the damnation of more than one leader, whose motive originally was of the purest. He starts out with a quick and vivid conscience. He will do a real work for the world.

He has an authentic vision. He will body it forth solidly. And he so tries. But he surrounds himself with partisans. These are keen for the vision's accomplishment. But they lack his mentality to weigh the difficulties that are in the path, and to measure justly the stretches of time that will be required. They desire the spectacular. They clamour for deeds. And when deeds are not forthcoming, they relax their loyalty. To hold them, their leader consents to a programme of crudeness and haste. And the vision that hung like a morning star above him, goes out in encompassing fog and clouds.

No one more than the Carpenter was beset by this temptation. "Leader, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" And he answered them curtly: "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons."

To allay this impatience of theirs, he devised the Parable of the Sower. There is within every man, said he, a vast area, unseen of mortal eye, and which stretches forth like a very landscape. It has hardnesses, and soft tillable reaches; stony places and rocks; and many agencies affect it, as rain and winds and sun and birds affect a human landscape. You fear, because I refuse to take up the sword like Judas of Galilee and men of his type, that therefore I am losing my insurgency spirit. Believe it not.

Though your eyes see never the process at work, in this quiet dropping of thoughts into their minds, I am advancing the Revolution more than if I were to lead an army of cutlasses and pikes and halberds. These dogmas of mine are all pregnant with social rebelliousness. I am proclaiming the Gospel of Self-respect. I teach that Mighty God is propitious to every stir of self-reverence in the heart of toilers, wishes them to assert their natural place in the world's affairs. To declare that the working-class holds heaven's passport to human state and splendour, may seem to you a tame teaching. But I say unto you, it is not a tame teaching. It is charged with high explosive. In the soil of the Within, I drop these teachings, as a sower plants seed. Some of it, to be sure, falls on unprepared hearts; and is wasted, as birds and weeds and stones and parchings nullify a farmer's crop. But that is unavoidable. Other hearts will prove to have been prepared for it. There my words will take root. And will bring forth a harvest, don't you doubt.

No psychologist from that day to this has approached Jesus in the vividness with which he detected the thaumaturgic power of thought. Because the "heart" — the word he employed for this mental universe — is unseen, the average person is unsuspicious of its existence. And he goes blundering along amidst human beings, making no contact

with this viewless realm that is in every person; content merely to abide in the outworks; and then wonders why his days are so scant of results. Not so, the Carpenter. He perceived that the mind is the place where the real happenings transpire. There, battles are fought, opposing forces meet in death-grapple, defeats are inflicted, triumphs are gained, greatest issues are decided. Society's outward show is but a kind of magic-lantern projection of the things that are happening, or have happened, inside of us; the world's recorded history is a registering of the history that is being made day by day in the Within.

That illustration of the mind of man as an arena where opposing ideas fight for the mastery and determining by the issue of that combat the man's destiny thenceforward, was not mine. It was coined by Jesus himself. To attempt to use a person, said he, before you have mastered his mind, is like making assault on a strong man's goods while he himself is in the house, and resisting. He will keep you out. The only way is to get inside of him. Put into his mind your own idea and one that shall be more strong-armed than the idea there resident. Thereupon those two ideas will have it out between them like fighters; your idea, since it is the ruggeder of the two, will win the combat; will thereby gain possession, and open the doors to you from the inside:

"When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace: but when a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils."

Though the materialists laugh it to scorn, no truth is clearer, none more amply confirmed both by the accumulated experience of the race and by the daily recurring lessons of life. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. As the world at any one age thinketh in its heart, so is it. The only way to change a civilization, is to change the ideas that are back of that civilization. Thoughts are the shapers of deeds. The maker of ideas is the maker of history. Not only is the mind the measure of a man. Mind is the maker of a man. And men are the makers of an era. Be the tyranny of the status quo never so oppressive, an Idea is the rebel that shall slay it — an Idea, at whose touch the mountains melt, and the hills are as nothing before it; the rocks vibrate to its footfalls, and solid earth trembles at its advent.

Jesus put great store by the almightiness of an idea, once it gets properly planted. That is why he was so careless of any written report of his words. He wrote them on the fleshly tables of the heart; confident that there they would find ineffaceable record. And he was not deceived. No orator was

ever less reported than Jesus of Nazareth. Yet no orator, whose utterances have so filled the world.

His confidence in the energetic quality of ideas, was the fruit of his own experience with them, or rather, of their experience with him. He had lived a score of years of liveliest mental fermentation. An idea, entering his mind, straightway began to do things. It sped along his brain circuits, awaking into activity ganglion after ganglion, and gaining for itself from the ganglia as successively they exploded an increment of impulsion. The visitant heated itself into a meteor which trailed a path of light in its wake, ricocheting from one part of the sidereal heavens within him to the other part. It sounded a call to thoughts long dormant within him,— awoke them as to a fanfare of trumpets. Doors longtime sealed, were opened by it; images graceful of shape and gorgeous of hue, came trooping forth to join in the carnival's high revelry. And when at last the tumultuousness occasioned by the splendid brainstorm had subsided, his mental composition had been affected alteringly for all time; had been quickened, enriched, fructified.

Persuaded thus of the renovating power of an Idea, Jesus operated upon other people by the same method. In these sheets — as in more consecutive historical mode I did in the "Call of the Carpenter" — I am painting Jesus as one who more ferociously

and perseveringly militated against the oppressions that are done under the sun, than any other warrior soul this planet has known. But the reader will not infer thereby that this Carpenter was a roisterer and a Furioso. Nothing could be wider from the portrait as it is limned to us. That were to set him in the Barabbas tribe. Precisely in the quiet manner of its delivery, his message of militancy obtained its massive effect. That was the distinction of him. In contrast with the earthquakes and fires and rushing mighty winds, which were properties of Israel's prophetic line of spirits, this man was the still small voice which nestles itself unobtrusively in the inward parts and from thence sways more mightily than sceptered sovereigns.

This quality was noted in him at the very outset. One of the earliest things recorded of him was that he "dealt wisely." No brawler, he. Neither did he "strive nor cry, nor lift up his voice in the street." Unlike lamps that burn with a smudge which obscures half of the light, he consumed his own smoke; and so was clear flame, "as when the bright shining of a candle giveth light." He reasoned with his audiences instead of thundering at them. It was a new brand of oratory, and a charming. So that "all bare him witness and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." "The law was given by Moses; but gracefulness came by Jesus

the Christ." In his hand, audiences were as potter's clay. The arts of persuasion were his. In the expressive vernacular of to-day, he got his words under their skin. Germinant in that soil of the Within, his revolution Idea grew; multiplied; until finally it "brought forth judgment unto victory."

I have suggested the likelihood that in his opposition to this teaching programme of his Leader, the doings of Iscariot find their explanation. Of course no one is licensed to declare to a certainty what promptings stirred in the strange inscrutable deeps of that man's mind. But his deed has very much this complexion. Without a question, cupidity was not the mainspring of his action. True, he "covenanted for thirty pieces of silver." But if, as is being hinted, his intention was by means of the arrest, to force "direct action" on the Master, that pretext of a money consideration would be a shrewdest dodge for veiling his intent from the Caiaphas clique. True also, the Johannine narrator, recording Iscariot's rebuke of the waste of three hundred pence worth of ointment, adds, "This he said, not that he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein." And artists, basing on this passage, depict Judas, bag in hand, greed's very image and embodiment. But if avarice was his master-principle, why the prodigal surrender of his gains the immediate morning thereafter:

"And he cast down the thirty pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself."

There is not a little evidence which hints that this man Judas has been greatly calumniated. The aspersions against him in the gospels were written by the Apostles in heat of anger against him, when his deed had resulted in Calvary's precocious and tragic event. But Iscariot deplored that event full as much as they; an anguish indeed for whose poignancy hemp alone could suffice. The promptitude and perfection of his remorse, mark him as of a high spirit. Certainly Jesus himself, to have made Iscariot one of the Twelve, and further to have exalted him over the eleven others to so chief a place in his train as treasurer, must have held his qualities in high estimation. And the Carpenter was of penetrative insight into the people he met; he "knew what was in man."

The one supposition which meets all of the facts is, that Judas Iscariot was a fiery patriot, freedom's very friend, whose intensity exceeded his sagacity. Of his courage, the narrative speaks with a certain voice. And the powerful prepossession of Jesus toward him, collaterally attests it. The obscene invasive presence of Rome in fair Israel's land, put him outside of himself with fury. The Roman Empire! Was it not a most evident and palpable abomination? A government that was little else

than organized avarice; a legalized plunderbund; peculation by statutory enactment.

Iscariot beheld these ungodly extortioners trooping in by sea and land. Making alliance with the Jerusalem millionaires renegade from the faith, they were in an ever-mounting degree despoiling the substance of the poor. He saw the tears of them that were oppressed and had no comforter. A systematic rapine plundered the fruits of their industry. The Empire! But another name for a System to swell the affluence of the rich, to grind the forehead of the poor and beat them to pieces; a System to extract the uttermost farthing of tribute, for the support of long pension-lists of favourites snuzzling and burrowing themselves in fat annuities; a System to disembowel the nation of its richness and transfer it to an alien race, there to be sported away in fopperies and worse.

Beholding the civic dilapidation waxing to its full perfection of depravity, Iscariot had eagerly fallen in behind the colours of Jesus. Became sanguine and impassioned in the Deliverance. He had always been a man prodigal in expending himself, even to the disbursement of his blood. And now he had found a Leader unto whom he could bestow his affections utterly. He became violently attached to Jesus. A passionate enthusiasm for the Cause subjugated him.

But Jesus did not move fast enough to satisfy him. Iscariot could brook no delay. Was not Israel and her working-class traditions menaced with inglorious termination? The times were sliding down a steep declivity. The purgatory lot of the poor presented scenes daily to excruciate a heart of any tenderness. Rome and her allied money-lords were stalking across the earth in the pride of unboundaried dominion. It was no time to be parsimonious in the expenditure of blood. Was not Jesus chief of revolutionists, a captain-general of insurgency? Then let him make his mandate known. To teach! merely to teach! truckling dilatory procedure, this. Let the Carpenter proclaim a religion that should have some "punch" to it. The extortionate rich required something more than merestly a verbal trouncing. Direct action, now! A frontal attack! Have done with this circuitous course, this policy of zigzag. Bring down the lofty looks of these monied directors of the world. Pull up the blood-gates for an inundation. That the earth may be disencumbered of their hateful presence, and for all time.

That was Iscariot. And the *coup d'état* he attempted on the fatal Thursday midnight, whereby he planned to coerce his Master into what he regarded as the larger work of blood-battles, is not fitly described by avarice or treason or any dastardliness whatsoever. He went into it with purest intentions.

It was the exorbitancy of an imagination on fever with zeal for the cause and belief in his Chieftain; but an imagination, alas, untempered with judgment and cool sagacious circumspection.

Against this headlong plea of Iscariot — for the contention had apparently invaded the disciple group, and there for some time back had raged — Jesus persevered to oppose another policy. No one more than he felt the smart of the times' indignity. And Iscariot's hot rebelliousness against it was quite the temper wherewith he also emulously was seeking to innoculate the populace. Full as much as Judas, the Carpenter was of that intense fibre and instinct. Yes, went beyond Iscariot in it. And for that very reason, had adopted the rôle of teacher-revolutionist. He was driving the insurgency deeplier. Was breeding minds that would rise with a strong defiance against the despotism of the rich. A military rising was child's play to the upheaval he was engineering. For in this rôle of teacher-propagandist he was planting mines underground to blow up their whole apparatus.

To satisfy his henchmen that this quiet programme of his was not a departure from the course, but was a work from which a deliverance copiously would flow, Jesus added to his story of the Sower a number of other parables. Said he: Education is slower than the sword, and also mightier. It is as if a man

should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately one putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come.

A propaganda which thus lays hold of the interior springs of power, has, because of the expansive self-propagating quality that attaches to it, an almost weird potency. A convert of this kind becomes a converter of others. Those two convert two more. Those four win other four. Now there are eight. Sixteen. Yes, thirty-two. And so the increment enlarges; Revolution percolating throughout the proletariat. Notice, said he, how a little yeast which a woman takes and puts into a mass of dough, reproduces itself until the whole is leavened. Notice how a mustard seed is least of things. But plant it, the mystic algebra of growth begins; and soon it is a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in it.

Ideas seem harmless things. A revolution-teacher like Jesus lifts no sword against the tyrant, sheds not the blood of masters. None the less, as soon as his word was discovered, it was hounded with a ferocity unparalleled. And justly. For ideas, working unseen for a space, emerge into terrific tangibility. Ideas take to themselves hands and feet. They

incarnate themselves into human beings man-size. They walk on two legs. Become upstanding vertebrate things that look you in the face. A score and ten years after Jesus began to teach to the working-class that innocent-seeming doctrine of Self-respect, the might of the Roman Empire set itself frantically and world-widely to stamp out the pestilent heresy. For the terrific Idea had spread its fire from the morning to the evening horizon.

Indeed, indeed, by becoming a claimant to the universe that is inside of man and obtaining an ascendancy there, the Carpenter of Nazareth accomplished so eminent a change in the world's ongoing, that many ten thousands of people can account for it no otherwise than by supposing him to have been occultly derived and transcendentally capacitated. His dominions in the mental universe, carried title to the physical universe also. There was another man, also of strong powers and grand capacity, who wrought his life's work in the inverse direction: Napoleon. He sought world empire by operating upon man with exterior agencies. And at St. Helena this was his deposition: "The more I study the world, the more am I convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable."

CHAPTER XIII

DEEP FOUNDATIONS FOR THE SOCIAL FAITH

Psychology is a gateway into the supernatural. Yes, it is the only gateway. Creeds that have to do with things spectacular and cataclysmic — chariots of palpable fire, angels riding on storm clouds, a paradise sidereally situated with walls of jasper foundationed atop the firmament — now lie in decay. A sharp strong scientific wind has set in, too raw and rugged for superstition's health. The old gods sit infirm upon their throne. So that the hard credalists, within cathedral walls and the white meeting-house as well, cry out that religion itself is crumbling and that spirituality is in dissolution. Which clamour, being interpreted, means only this: the crudities which have been foisted upon us and called "religion" are now deceased. Organized dupery is at an end. But the career of true religion is beginning.

Had the church kept close to the Carpenter, it would not have gone off into those puerile formulas whose unveracity, now discovered, is infecting whole-

somest Belief also with the same sceptical germ. Jesus arrived at the kingdoms of the spiritual, by the psychological approach. Therefore he arrived safely and surely. Mind is the awful mystery. The deeplier one delves therein, the more awful does the mystery become. Within the lightest trivialest person, are deeps cavernous beyond the compass of words to describe.

"The Mental Universe," I called it in the chapter that has gone before. And no lesser term will fit. An interior world is the mind; more rich and various than the world outside; a plexus of pathways and grottos, towering steeps, prairies of infinite scope, narrow gorges from out whose deeps can be heard the rush of primeval torrents. 'Tis a world of infinite weathers — swept now by cyclonic passions; inundated by tidal emotions; seasons of bleak infertility; sun-drenched days, of high colours and hopes and gladnesses; nights of storm gashed by the lightnings, and thunderous with reverberations as the crash of doom for loudness.

In that world whose name is the Within, are populated sites, stately with domes and minarets; strange elusive cities built from prehistoric time, tier upon tier overlaying, whose crumbling towers to-day become the cellars and catacombs of the city of to-morrow. Corridors are there, which have no ending; for out of the dark they emerge; and off into

darkness they debouch. There, great businesses are transacting. Perpetually, the congress of the soul is in session, busy with counsellings and votings and decidings; newcomers entering, old occupants departing; deliberations that result ofttimes in factionism's bitterness, so that the republic of the mind is rent asunder and ravaged by intestine conflict, whereby all the fair landscape is desolated, and the powers of the soul are brought to nothingness; its fortresses dismantled, it gets a name abroad for forcelessness and all impotency.

Strange and multitudinous are the inhabiters of that realm, this unseen kingdom of the soul. Wild creatures of the jungle are there, to sortie forth from their lair and lay waste the cultivated places. August figures; and a mob of disordered passions. In the dim weird halls of that kingdom, ancestral figures walk, and their speakings are in tones of preincarnate reminiscence. There, memories thickly throng; and daily their numbers are added to; so that the realm becomes ever more populous, ever more noisy with greetings of the old to the new, the new to the old. Clamours break out, for not all of the inhabiters are congenial; but decrees of banishment are forbidden, and all must make shift to live together. Happy they, who have a harmonious household within.

Embassies from other lands arrive, and embassies are sent in return. For the republic of the mind is

not an island insulated. In widest international comity, it maintains relations with others. All the thoughts of all the people upon earth, freely pass to and fro; a converse and interchange unceasing. No brain-wall thick enough to coop and cabin in the mystic powers of the mind. The pores of the skull are wide portals for the passage of these airy presences, in their goings and comings perpetual.

The republic of the mind is a republic without boundaries. To the right hand and to the left, it merges into the kingdoms of the All. Downwardly, it communicates with Inferno. And upwardly — no mind is fast-barred that communications cannot enter by the pathways and vistas that open onto the Great Above. Heaven is that kingdom of idealisms which overhangs the mind, and with which the higher self in each of us is continuous. From thence proceed those movings of heroism within — a pricking spur to highmindedness, high-heartedness, and all moral darings. It is the source of the clandestine touches below the table of visibility, touches that have never been reduced to exact formula, and never can be; but which none the less are in the all-of-us the source and sustenance of high endeavour; the fountain light of all our seeing.

With that Upper Kingdom which speaks in the cerebral part of us and which works alteringly in grand realms of the ganglionic, Jesus made contact.

So much so, that many have come to think of him only on this his mystical side, to the blurring of the practical aim and bent of him. They who are reading these sheets of mine will read amiss, if they grow not to see that the Carpenter of Galilee was not concerned overmuch with abstract principles or with mankind in future ages. He had a local concrete problem on his hands, namely, the liberation of his trade mates, the toilers at loom and plough and forge, from the industrial slavery which portended.

But the reader will equally err, if he gathers that Jesus went about this worker crusade by his own private strength, and with Rome's own weapons: the sword, the pitchfork and the fire-brand. His brain-pan was too deep to content itself with so trifling, transitory a work. The most imposing mentality that annals have recorded, he perceived that the foe against him was great, and must be met with equally great array. If he had made the contest "Jesus vs. the Roman Empire," he would have sunk no durable dent; quickly the years would have antiquated his fame; and these pages about him would not at this moment be a-writing; aye, his name would have been as a phrase writ in water, an unrememberable nothing in the rubbish-heap of history. "The Carpenter against Mammon," were an unequal match; for Mammon is an institution, and laughs at mere man couching confident lance in

tilt with it. Jesus made the line-up, "God against Mammon." And thereby he initiated a combat which trembled to its lowermost foundations the dominion of the dollar. And the end is not yet; for the struggle, after some centuries of truce, now is renewing with a fierceness that promises no peace until one of the two shall have been done to death.

Jesus was the most redoubtable adversary despotism ever encountered, because he secured for him and his in that duel the reinforcement of the Unseen. He tapped a Reservoir of energy in the mystic spaces that are within us, a Reservoir which is of demonstrated indubitable potency. In his crusade to reorganize this world, he made alliance with the super-world, that Floating Splendour above the world of sense. Though labour and its tragedy had the foreplace in his thought, he raised the issue always into the eternal values. His tone and level were those of spiritual-mindedness; this was rudimentary beneath all of his doings, all of his sayings. His career was declaratory of the truth that religion and economics are terms that have grandest agreement. A God-empowered revolutionist, is justly descriptive of him.

Now it is of slightest importance by what name this spiritual order that overlays the world, is known. "Heaven," "God," "Most High"—terms are indifferent; the fact is the thing to grapple to. Moses,

when he was receiving his commission from the Highest to organize the brickmaking trade in Egypt, thought that the name was of much moment: "Moses said unto God, Behold, when I come unto the children of Israel and shall say unto them, the God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, what is his name? what shall I say unto them?" The Unseen, with a sagacity which theological systematizers could do well to note, refused to hand down a catalogue of himself wherein his attributes were itemized and his lineaments plotted and charted: "God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM; thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." And "Jehovah," the bible's favourite word for the divine, is but the transliteration of that Hebrew verb, "I Am."

It is important, however, that this spirit that so powerfully overbroods human society and which is operative in human affairs, be conceived of, as Jesus conceived of it, under the aspect of personality. We are persons. And persons are efficaciously operated upon only by personality. To those who have delved deep into psychology, the question is not, Is God a person, but, Are we persons? I often have doubts about the personality of Bouck White; but no doubt whatsoever about the personality of God—God, the reality behind the veil; the secret sap

pervading society through and through; the Genius of the race, defying time and space; the Homo, Man-in-himself, of which we are but fragmentary splinters; the Mind, of which our minds are but broken lights; the Heart, of which our hearts are as bays along the seashore, bays that go stagnant when the inlet is silted up whereby the waves and the tides billowed in. Researches into the life of the bee show that there is a Spirit of the Hive, an unseen something which is more than any individual bee, and which works governingly on them all; whereby, without the issuing of orders or the posting of bulletins, all of the bees display teamwork, and go about the right thing at the right time, concordantly. 'Tis a demonstration of the existence of God in human affairs, more conclusive than whole libraries of theology.

Jesus was so commandingly a social psychologist, that he perceived the workings of this Presence in human society. Furthermore, he perceived that this Power is on the side of the poor against the rich, is on the side of the worker against those who are in lucrative posture on the backs of the workers. Therefore, for the workers of the world to fail to take advantage of this unseen Friend-of-labour with Whose coöperation they could do everything and without Whom they could do nothing, was accounted by him a folly of the first magnitude. God vs. Mammon! Will those who are fighting the

Dollar's abusive sway, be so imbecile as to fail to see the ineffable reinforcement there proffered?

Robespierre, in his attempt to lead France and the populace of the world against their masters, went out of his way to explain: "Atheism is aristocratic. The idea of a great being who watches over oppressed innocence and punishes triumphant crime, is essentially the idea of the people." And again he returned to it: "Atheism is of its nature oligarchic. When the conception of God comes to be attacked, the attack will not proceed from the popular instinct, but from the rich and the privileged."

The first authentic irruption of the Unseen into human affairs, was when he made himself the prime mover of the Goshen brickmakers to organize against their exploiters. Which deed was the historic beginning of the bible; for it was the beginning of the Jewish nation. Scholarship is exacting a reversal of the order, from what would appear in a cursory reading of the Exodus story. Moses did not organize those brickmakers because they were Jews. They became Jews because of the industrial organization of them which he, under commission from "*I AM*," brought to pass. Until that moment, they were but Bedouins from the Arabian peninsula, entrapped in Egypt; of Semitic race, to be sure, but with no separate national consciousness. (The patriarchal stories as found in Genesis are of late

origin — and are more akin to the literature of parable than to the literature of history; were probably written about the time of Isaiah.) The solidarity of them which Moses brought to pass, made them a people. They became Israel now, and not merely Semites. The Jewish nation, thus born in a labour strike, became the working-class nation of antiquity. Heaven's favour to her was not favour to her because she was Jew; it was favour to her because she was a toiler-folk; the unique toiler nation, amid empires of industrial oppression encompassing her on every side. They were the "chosen people," because they were a working people. The bible is one long argumentation of the thesis that the working-class is God's elect.

The God that Jesus knew was Leader of the multitudes; an Awakener of the sodden toiler-crowd; the Initiator of industrial insurrections; the Instigator of sentiments of self-respect in the breast of the workers, self-respect which leads so straight to freedom. Therefore the Carpenter was passionately affectioned toward that Unseen; and he was at much pains to inculcate in the hearts of his henchmen a like affection toward that Unseen: "Thou shalt fellowship the Industrialist thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind; this is the first and great commandment."

By tying his disciples up with this God-of-toilers, Jesus unsealed within them a fountain of proletary zeal which became as living waters, copious, perennial. A power-surge foamed in upon them; a very indwelling demon to goad and solace and sustain them. Their revolution now had celestial sanction. They were rebels by divine right, warriors by ordinance of Deity — had power of attorney from the Most High. Therefore they went to it with a fanaticism of energetics. Mammon, the prince of this world, gorgeous with gold and silks and wine and song and girls, no longer had opulence to bribe them. They were strong-armoured to withstand its blandishments. Upon them was a mandate from the Mightiest. It kindled in their bosoms a fiery faith. They went forth, an agitator apostolate, hardy evangelists of revolution.

As no career puts so great a strain upon a man as that of a social revolutionist, no career so needs the reinforcement of a sustaining faith. The tides of the spirit bring to pass in every soul times of ebb, when hope recedes afar; and the mud-flats, emerging, seem to leer as a very devil of mocking black disillusionment. To the social devotee of all, the mocking moments come with frightfullest might. Because, than his, there is no life-work that makes so exorbitant demands upon one's interior force, or exhausts that force so prodigally. The dire lapses

in some of those whom we looked to for social leadership, declare it unto us. In them the lamp went extinguished; for the oil was burned out, and they knew not where to go to get a new supply.

Jesus pictured the pathos of it, in a parable whose limpid simplicity has deluded many readers from perceiving the deepness of the lesson it enshrines. It was the parable of "The Lamps that Had No Oil Reserves." Five virgins, it seems, were appointed to attend as bridesmaids at a wedding. According to custom, each carried a lamp. The lamps were filled with oil at the start; and so long as this lasted, the flame burned prosperously. But for some reason the arrival of the bridal pair was delayed beyond what these bridesmaids had foreseen. Other of the bridesmaids — the wise sort — had recognized the possibility of contingencies, and had provided against it by taking an extra vessel of oil with their lamps. But these others — they were the fool sort — had not provided against a long wait. Therefore, just when their waiting was about to be crowned with success and the bridal splendour begin, their lamps went dead. And because they had no replenishing supply, darkness and defeat befell them.

It is a horticultural commonplace that the amount of rootage of a tree — the tree's unseen portion — is in exact ratio to the spread and height of the visible part. Tall buildings in like manner sink deep foun-

dations. But in the human realm, with saddening iteration the lesson is forgot. Confessors of the social faith, intelligent and endowed with gifts, enter upon some career that is promissory of real achievement. But their creed has no deepness of root, makes no connection with the circumambient Power which overlies our world of sense, and to whose reality the incurable religiousness of the human heart bears witness. They flourish for a time. But the tug and the strain is longer than they had anticipated. Unfortified by the grander impulses and sanctions, they are not equal to the sustained effort, the long wait. The lamp burns low and lower. Hope exhausted, they flicker on for a while. And then — usually just when the wait was soon to obtain reward—their flame dies; leaves them dark—spiritually nerveless.

Jesus was the mightiest world-shaper that ever took our planet in hand, because he guarded against this mistake. He made his henchmen into mountains of towering height, by foundationing them, as mountains are foundationed, on granite ledges deep below. Well he knew that Lucre is an awful oligarch. Its dragon-stare darts a deadly iridescence, and has exercised bewitchment over many ten thousands who rode out for doughty combat against it. Therefore, he unsealed before them the vision of a world of unseen witnesses gazing down from the battlements Above. The sight made them strong-

eyed against the glamour and the terror of the beast. So that they continued the contest to the end. When a man is found who can get along without the world, the world quickly finds it cannot get along without him. Unto such a man is given power over all devils. Serpents and scorpions are hypnotized by the daring of him, so that he treads them under foot. All nature hastens to be his accomplice.

Such a work of interior armament was wrought upon the disciple group. They were initiated into a daily entrance into that heaven which opens down upon us in the Within. Day by day, was made over unto them rich plenitudes of dream and serenity and splendours celestial. The vision wrought in them a disrespect for the sham dignities of the Dollar. Their ears, organized to that interior music, were stopped against siren songs. They withstood the world. Wherefore the world was not able to withstand them.

Jesus was gifted with an acute sensitivity to those interior workings whence flow the issues of life. We stumble upon such phrases as, "And Jesus, perceiving their thought." With clear-eyed intelligence he observed the propulsion that is added to one's deeds, by any emotional expansion. Almost uncannily he was literate in the mind's infinite book of secrecy, those deep-hidden tablets of the soul. But his insistence on social faith as a requisite for social

works, was other than a craftily calculated device, the art of an adroit handler of men. He had felt in his own life the sustaining propelling quality that is resident in a grand Belief. The truth he imparted to them had been won, as all grand truths have been won, through a process of self-discovery.

Elsewhere in these sheets I have delineated the terrific undertaking upon which he had adventured. The odds against him were of the sort to strike fear into the stoutest heart, and cramp the will with palsy. On the plane of material power and the resources of an outward régime, the Carpenter was a pigmy — could not have kept his head up a fortnight's duration. But he was a man of faith. That is, there was a vital union between his spirit and the Source of the world's sustaining idealisms. Accordingly, there were waters springing up in his heart unto everlasting strength. He had food to eat which the world knew not of. When the night hemmed him in the darkliest, when the way before him was blocked as by an impassable rock barrier, he would retire into that realm within him where time verges off into the timeless and our noisy years are raised into the great Quiet. There a balsam would descend upon him; the rock wall that had barred his path would fissure into a Jacob's ladder leading unto the sky, with angel coadjutors ascending and descending.

All of which may seem to the materialist soul an excursion away from our economic theme, into the phantasmal. But it did not prove so with Jesus. His nights of communion with the Unseen were the most practical employment to which he could have put his time. A leader shows his leadership, in that he doesn't lose hope when the others do. Indeed, leadership may be exactly defined as, the ability to keep cheerful when all of his followers are in the dumps. That is what this prayer habit did for the Carpenter. It ironed out the tense-drawn lines in his countenance; restored the forgotten art of laughing; sent him back to his glum circle of henchmen as a very dynamo of cheer and hope; whereby their spirits came back to them, and they again took up the battle with refreshed intensity. Is it wonder that Jesus, perceiving thus the wizard-work of Belief, exclaimed, "One mustard-seed of faith will remove mountains."

Jesus often was required to comfort and hearten his followers. Those passages now have been sentimentalized into maudlin cant. But in his mouth they were ruggedest realism. The reader must remember that Jesus and his partisans were literally "sheep in the midst of wolves." More than once panic overtook his coterie, so danger-dogged was their path. If that panic had once reached the heart of Jesus also, his partisans would have scattered like

rabbits. It was because they beheld in him a certitude ponderously built, that they kept the faith. The reader must bear in mind that there was a time when The Galilean's kingdom could be contained in a small row boat, at the hazard of one wave or a sudden gust. Theirs was a precarious concern.

Hence his frequent asseveration to them that the Power of the universe was on their side. "Fear not, little flock. For it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." "Men will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you; and ye shall be brought before governors and kings. But fear them not. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall upon the ground without your Father. Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows. The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Be of good comfort."

It was this faith that emboldened them to the hero lives they lived. It wrought in them an excelling stamina; begot a passionateness and a purification of purpose. Enfeebling doubt was cast from them as far as the East is from the West. Theirs was not merely a devotion combined with force. With them, devotion was the source and feeder of their force. It fixed their will. Upheld their daring. Made them the firmest souls that ever fronted foe.

When the Crusaders were marching against the

Saracen, "God Wills It" was the device upon their banners. The inflammatory workings of this sentiment sustained them amid fever and marchings and bitter hardnesses. That "*Deus Vult*" is, in any language, the most dynamic grouping into which words can be compressed. Cromwell understood it. He perceived that the haphazard army he first assembled would never bring in the Commonwealth. Therefore he cashiered them. And enlisted his Ironsides, men of faith, pikemen who were also powerful in prayer. Such men are terrible in the day of battle. His was an army now with enduring brow against the craft of enemies and the cruelty of circumstance. Girt with dangers, they fared intrepidly on. They stood up to the foe in unqualified combat. And conquered. "With the high praises of God in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hands, they did bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron."

CHAPTER XIV

THE GRANDEUR OF MAN

THAT the Carpenter of Galilee uttered one persevering outcry against money the ungodly monarch, and in championship of Man the rightful monarch, is the entire theme of these chapters. We are seeing that, throughout his length of days, he ceased not to inoculate the minds of the people with a horror of Mammon, that huge monied concern which aspires to dominion over the earth, and is God's inveterate foe. It was his prime truth. Whether in thundering declamation, or in the calm lyric cadence of folklore narrative, his every word was a trumpet animating the people against gold's abusive empire.

And for a reason. Jesus opposed the money interest, out of his ardency for the human interest. Many people suppose that these two forces can be tamed to lie down side by side in amicable guise, eat together out of the same saucer. Jesus held differently. Private aggrandizement and regard for the common weal, are at enmity one with the other. Not coadjutors, they; but competitors.

The two forces are travelling in opposite directions on the same track. He who lusts to be rich, is a predestinated extortioner. He may hire understrappers to do the extorting for him. But the root of riches is extortion — extortion, which may be defined as the willingness and the power to transmute men into money. Accordingly, he proceeded against the money princes with abolitionist intent. He liked man so ardently, that he was ferocious against the money-mania, that beast which devours man so ardently. It was his Humanism that incited to his indefatigable warfarings upon Mammonism.

More than perhaps any other person who has lived, Jesus was an admirer of Man. Anthropos, the genus Homo, was to him a creature infinitely wonderful, and — because of the possibilities there enfolded — infinitely admirable. We have seen that the Carpenter was a psychologist and the father of psychology. Homo, man, was to him the centre of the universe. Indeed, was the source of his religion. He believed in God, because he believed so greatly in humankind. He beheld within Man a mental universe of wondrous scope and mysteriousness. In the vast spaces of the soul are ranges and heights and splendours to awe the imagination. Deeps are there, beyond what the understanding can fathom. And vistas upwardly stretching, which open onto realms celestial.

Shallow, any scheme of things that fails to include and account for this world that is within us. There, the springs of action that move and determine our doings. All of the oppressions that are done under the sun proceed from out of the heart. And from out of the heart, likewise, proceed heroisms against that oppression. Let me control the thinkings of the world, and I care not who controls the acting.

To Jesus, devoted psychologist that he was, this inside realm was invested with all the mystery and awe of sacred things. The strangeness of it, was to him a wonder perpetually. For the ranges of the soul are unboundaried, unmeted. From realms of invisibility, winds sweep over it hot from Inferno, with blasting in their breath; or fragrant from Elysian Fields. This figure of the wind, by the way, was exactly the one used by Jesus to express the elusive unaccountable powers that come breezing in upon the soul, and whose mode defies foretelling: "It bloweth where it listeth; thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth." The mind of man is the Great Unseen; the haunt of spirits of all evil, and of apparitions fresh come from Godhead.

This is why Jesus would not permit economic slavery — it desecrates the divinity within us. Human mastership is an invasion of this holy domain.

It coerces the hands and feet and body members, whilst the mind within is unconsenting. Whether the compulsion puts its pressure upon the victim through hunger's domineering need or through dragoons sabering him into submission, it is compulsion still, a force exterior to him, and flogging him to tasks wherein his soul has no portion, no partaking. "The kingdom of heaven is within you. This kingdom suffereth violence, and violent men take it by force."

It is here that the dollar's afflictive régime works its chiefest villany. It makes one man servile to another man. And in the nature of the case. The pietists preach the possibility of a noble life irrespective of the kind of social ordering amid which one is placed. They declaim thus: the desirability of a fortune resides in its power to dazzle. Take that away, you take away 100 per cent. of its value. Without a fawning populace to puff up his vanity, a man would not endure the servitude which great opulence enforces, forty-eight hours. Therefore, let the people merely refuse to be dazzled, the dazzler thereupon will cease attempting to dazzle; and swollen fortunes of their own accord will dissolve.

But these pietists know not the unpiteous working of economic law; do live in a fool's paradise. To own over men the means upon which their subsistence depends, is to own the men themselves. And

gathers them into ignoblest servitude. To every lust and whim of their owner they are subservient, how base soever the lust may be, or how juvenile and capricious the whim. For the owner, flaunting before them hunger's haggard shape, is of power to famish them into subjection. Extortion is possible only when one person controls the livelihood of another and thereby is of power to flog that other into vile servility. To use a man as means, instead of as an end in himself, was to Jesus the one inexpiable offense. It is *lese deity*. Every other sin shall be forgiven unto man. But this sin shall not be forgiven. For it violates the holy ghost, which is in each of us.

That inexorable pronouncement of Jesus, "It shall not be forgiven," has been a sadness to many. But that penalty, when weighed against the gravity of the offense, is not excessive. Democracy is but another word for self-activity. It says, the only man worth while, is the man who legislates for himself. Democracy declares that the people is the only bottom upon which a state can safely repose. This necessitates a prodigiously active tribunal of judgment and responsibility resident in every breast. But the autocracy of the dollar makes for dependency in them that lack the dollar. Mammon and Democracy are irreconcilables. Every man whose eyes the glint of gold can not vanquish, to that extent lessens the power of gold, and threatens the almighti-

ness of the money interest. Therefore the money interest, lest the mutiny go contagious and gather head, decks itself in all its blandishments to seduce him; arrays itself in all its terrors to overbalance him. Will not forbear until he kneels, a cowed and whimpering vassal.

And the havoc wrought by that surrender, in the once fair landscape of the soul, none but heaven knows; because heaven opens upon man within, and it is there that the ruinous work has been wrought. The march of the invader across that domain is as the path of a destroying angel. Towers and bulwarks are laid to the ground. Gardens are trampled. Wells and fountains are filled. Populous sites laid waste. All the dignity and magnificence are departed. The mind of that man is as a country sacked by troops. The choice values have been taken away. And a desolation stretches, far as the eye can see.

None but a man of self-respect is capable of respecting another. "Thou shalt fellowship thy neighbour as thyself," said the Carpenter. Austerer word was never uttered. A slave is qualified to show no real affection. Because he has no affection for himself. Servile thing that he is, he is incapacitated for tenderness, and all the kindly strong and gentle works of comradeship. Only to the extent that a man reverences himself, will he be able to reverence

another. Familiarity breeds contempt, not only because it overrides the strong frontiers whereby the other fellow garrisons himself against invasion; but also because it discloses that the man himself has no such garrisoned frontiers, no interior riches requiring secludedness and protection. Since no man takes liberties with another, except he be willing that the other take liberties with him.

Familiar, the couplet: "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where gold accumulates and men decay." Implying that gold and man are antinomies, each greatening in the degree that the other diminishes. And the poet spoke justly. Gold is gold, only to the extent that it is of power in purchasing men. Bereaved of that purchasing power, it were bereaved indeed. But man is purchasable, only when he has ceased, through hunger or poltroonery, to be a man. Accordingly the gold potentate, that it may perpetuate and increase its empire, strives, now in crafty ways and now by rage and violence, to browbeat man and keep him small. Rich people are rich, according to the number of people their money can buy. A small fortune, where men are cheap, is as much as a big fortune where men come high. The ratio is invariable: Money grows big as man grows small; and likewise in the opposite direction.

By making man big, you make money little.

Therefore Jesus sought to make man big. He was the ablest vindicator of the crowd that has ever been known. He cared not how stripped of outward gear and wrappages, a man merestly as man had in his eyes an intrinsic value. Several of his finest parables had this as their teaching. "What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine and go after that which is lost until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing." And what is a sheep, in comparison to a man? "Either what woman, having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle and sweep the house and seek diligently until she find it?" And what is a piece of silver in comparison to a man?

Where men and human interests were in the balance, nothing else weighed with him. The Sabbath is a worthy thing. But man is a worthier. "Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit, and will not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath day?" An age that is money-mad, is tender of property rights and institutions. Jesus was never tender of institutions, so much as he was tender of immortal sentient beings: "Have ye never read what David did when he had need and was ahungered, he and they that were with him? How he went into the house of God and did eat the shew-bread?" Therefore I say unto you, Man when he

has need is lord both over the Sabbath, and over vested interests, and over all other institutions whatsoever. Human rights must always give the law to property rights. For man is the greatest institution; indeed, indeed, is that for whose sake all other institutions exist, and except as they exist for him, have no validity to exist at all.

Self-respect! That is the sum of the matter. And it was both core and circumference of the Carpenter's teaching. By every manner of means he sought to augment the dignity of man. He worked in the hearts of his hearers a sensation of self-esteem. Man, said he, is a creature instituted for grand and awful destinies. So that he ought to weigh himself against a world full of show and ostentations. "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose himself?"

Self-respect disqualifies a man for servile things. It is opposite to a mendicant sordid temper. Than almsgiving from rich to poor, a more pestilent ordering was never devised. It sins against a man's autonomy. He who receives charity is no longer integral, but fractional. His integrity — that quality whereby he counted for one in the human mass, standing on his own feet, paying his own way, pulling his own weight — is shattered. Casualties! No casualty that waylays the life of man can be more calamitous than human slavery. To accept life as

alms of the master-class? Tenfold death were preferable. Mammon distends its coffers out of the vital blood of the poor. And then big-heartedly consents to eke out their waning life with doles. What will a man give in exchange for his spirit? Charity keeps the body alive; but is to be contemned as far as the night is from the day; for it kills the soul, with a bituminous damnation. Unasking submissive wretches; their loss of liberty compensated with titbits!

Jesus taught men their inviolability. He disclosed to them a secluded realm within, where each was king by original indefeasible right, and where opens an avenue between them and heaven — heaven, fount of insurgencies, vivifier of the oppressed. Thereby he tautened the nerves of their mind. Disabled them from supplicating for favours from anybody. Supplication was not a strong point, either with the Carpenter or with those whom he had inoculated with his spirit. They held that, except under liberty, life is not worth having. To accept it as a gift from the ruler-class, were an indignity. Salvation is not something to be begged; it is something to be demanded. Freedom is our birthright.

Self-respect is the seed and source of Democracy. A low estimation of yourself, begets in the masters a low estimation of you; thereupon they will bind you in chains as a low person predestinated to meannesses

and servitude. A high estimation of yourself, begets in the masters a high estimation of you; and will exalt you to a par with all. Because of this stern dogma caught from the lips of their master, the partisans of the Carpenter were of august mien and port. Notwithstanding the outward penury of their estate, they had come to have vast possessions within, riches of feeling and thought and dreams and destiny.

Therefore they demeaned themselves as persons of quality. They were unseduced by honours and emoluments. Refused to shrink from man's natural dimensions, to be a minion of the magnates. Interpenetrated with the splendour of themselves, they went forth with moral daring. Stood erect under the gusts of persecution and misadventure. They perceived that the princes and pontiffs over them were bogus; a tribe clothed in the fictitious dignity of inherited opulence, swelling around in borrowed fraudulent feathers. Association with the Carpenter had disabled them for compliance with a mastership which was thus naught but a usurpation. It fortified them into unconquerable constancy; practitioners of freedom, within whom the fountains of the great deep were broken up, to sweep despoilers from the earth.

Impregnating the labour movement with these idealisms, he opened unto it grand vistas. Jesus hammered it into their imagination that heaven is a power

intrinsic in every one of us. Thereby the artisan became an augmented man, a momentous and exalted creature. The dull inarticulate mob awoke, burst into utterance. They trod the earth with an erect forehead. Death? Assassination could but canonize and sanctify them. They were nerved to endure through all fortunes.

As the dogma of the dignity of man is contrary to self-surrender, in like fashion it is enemy to self-indulgence. The lowliest man, because of the august universe within where heaven is a nigh neighbour and sends embassies to treat with him, is grand — a grandness, indeed, that no pen can adequately paint. But in that same mind are entrances that open downwardly; gloomy recesses; a pathway lurid and devious, where sinister shapes throng menacingly to let a havoc loose upon the mind's domain. A high quality of self-regard is sensitive to this threat of invasive devils from Tophet; and erects a chain of forts in that direction.

Jesus was studious to point out this phase of the subject. He was a man of love and laughters; diffused a gayety over the festivals he attended; believed in life-enhancing jollities. But to deduce from this that he taught libertinely, would be to read the records awry: "Strait is the gate, and narrowed the way." Impulses, unbridled unbitted, make not for man's dignity, but for his undignity. Always the

mind must be over the appetites. So much so that if an offending member of the corpus cannot be reduced to subordination, "cut it off and cast if from thee."

Democracy is self-government. It refuses a régime of whips and irons, tutelary squads of cavalry and nightsticks. But as these outward restraints are dismissed, a great deal the more austerely must the man himself take on the task. A true partisan of the Carpenter is a rebel against an unrighteously ordered civilization, not because of turbulent ungoverned energies within him, but because he is bound by an ampler obedience; one who quivers under the sternness of the moral law within.

We have seen in these sheets that the Prodigal Son was one of his verbal paintings which Jesus greatly affectioned. This was because the Prodigal was a man of action; he had a heart of adventurousness, a lust of life; a doer, and not a sulker or a recluse. But the nights of harlotry and dram-drinking added not to the splendour of him; they detracted. Therein he was garnering a store of saddening memories; yea, was taking to himself plagues which smite with a scab the crown of the head, and discover the bones where the flesh drops off.

One must be free. But not free dangerously to others. Moral liberty is the fountain of political liberty. Not the stuff out of which Democracy

builds its fabric, are folk who will submit to no tuition, impatient of all restraint. But those, the rather, who are roundly scourged by self-imposed correctives.

Jesus was a libertarian in outward forms, because he was a dyke-builder within. He taught ruthless self-pruning. Warned his own elect, lest they should be taken captive by a train of disorderly affections, "hearts overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness." There is even a hint that he was fearful lest the spirit of jovial festivity which he had ofttimes displayed, might be interpreted by weak heads as a charter of license. For we find him at last abjuring the wine cup, in a solemn and ostentatious pledge (the taunt that he was "a glutton and a winebibber," addicted to the joys of drink and feeding, had cut him deeply). The pledge took place during the Passover meal in Jerusalem. Instances have been known where the devotee of some great cause has made dramatic profession of his faith by an outward sign, such as refusal to cut his beard or hair until the consummative triumph should arrive. Jesus employs now the same impressive means of forecasting the Restoration. And he does it by a vow of abstinence from all wine, until the Liberation Cause has won to victory: "And he took the cup, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves: for I say unto you, I will not drink of the

fruit of the vine henceforth until I can drink it in the kingdom of God."

Jesus coveted for the workers a liberty that shall be liberal, a freedom that shall truly unshackle. The grandeur of man was the animating credo of his life. From that, his teachings took their start; and unto it, returned. Soapless, sodden, disinherited; babes and sucklings as to wisdom; none the less beneath all the grime and the folly and the badness, he saw essential man in each member of these "lower classes" — Man, a mighty confluence of forces, and in whose secluded deeps, an outsider has not jurisdiction. Mindful of that vast interior domain where, far from the roar and bluster of the storm, the tribunal of the conscience sits in stately session, the Carpenter approached every man respectfully; talked with him, not at him; had always the air of one touching the hem of a sacred garment.

Jesus was urgent that every man should think of himself as highly as he ought to think. He held self-respect to be the chief excellency in any breast. Another name for it is freedom. For a slave cannot regard himself loftily. No man as the Carpenter ever reverenced himself so highly. Therefore he reverenced other men also; and persuaded them to reverence themselves. In so doing, he generated a high spirit within them; high-spiritedness, which disposes the heart to honour and the mind to gravity of

thinking. As against the usurpation of the dollar, Jesus asserted for man a dignity and command in the world consonant with his stateliness; and summoned him to elevate and sublime his appetites, that the native splendour might remain undimmed. A free man! than that, nothing in heaven or upon earth is grander.

CHAPTER XV

THE UTILITY OF HISTORIC CONTINUITY

I HAVE said that the Fourth Gospel, "John's," is not accepted by scholars to be a first-hand record; that it does not render the hot flow of the original as do the other three; but is of later date, and is distorted by an openly avowed metaphysical intent. I added, however, that there is in this fourth narration some authentic material. Apparently the author-compiler of this book was in possession of a collection of data which had come down to him by an independent line from the other three records. And wherever this new material in "John's" book is harmonious with the kind of personality figured forth in the three "Contemporaries," it is valid.

One of the passages in the Fourth Gospel thus validated by scholarship, is the parable of the Vine and the Branches. It is well known: "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing."

The teaching of that parable is, the importance of historic continuity. It was spoken to his henchmen in the latter days of his career. He has come to see the possibility that he will be cut off from them untimely. Yes, the thicket of animosity which is springing up so menacingly round about him, makes it even a probability. Man-fashion, he faces that possibility. Man-fashion, also, his prime thought is for the Cause. He wishes the Liberation Movement which he has initiated to swell prosperously on, unaffected by his dismissal from the scene. Therefore, whilst he is still with them, he forewarns them against mistakes.

One of the chief mistreadings to which they will be liable will be, to cut loose from the kind of propaganda he has devised, and launch out into a mode of their own. The Restoration which he has proclaimed is a deep work, and a long. For it looks to nothing else than a seizure of the innermost citadel in the individual breasts of all the working-class of the world. A tedious task, to those who have not imagination to see the hot seed sprouting in the wide spaces of the soul. Round about the disciple corps is a military insurrection already fermenting — Israel in armed rebellion against Rome and thick-sightedly unable to see that Democracy cannot be introduced into the world by swords, but has to do with human nature; an insurrection which, just five

and thirty years later, was to come to a head and lay Jerusalem in ashes, sweep Israel out of Palestine on a wave of blood and cast her forth, the wandering Jew on the face of the earth unto this day.

Against absorption in these headlong improvident schemes, he warns them. "If I am taken away from you," says he, "I command you to keep on in the course I have marked out. Impatient men among you would induce you into by-paths. But to Democracy there are no short-cuts. To bring in the commonwealth by awakening it in each toiler heart, may seem a roundabout mode. And there will be attempts to short-circuit the force by resort to swords. Noble but rash heads will plead for direct action and the effusion of blood. Be not carried away by them. Abide in me and in the kind of propaganda I have devised. Abjure those who seek to shorten the road. A prodigious campaign of teaching must be accomplished. To them who, by patient siege, capture the mental universe, all other things shall be added. The Within is the key to omnipotence. Pattern after me; constitute yourselves teacher-revolutionists, and all power in heaven and earth will be yours. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

The Terrorists of 1793 forgot this. They thought to combat the sons of the sword by resort to the

sword. Therefore the whiff of grapeshot which brought Sansculottism to an end. Only ten short years separating the Bourbons and the Bonapartes!

The Carpenter was urgent in thus enjoining continuity with himself upon those who were to come after him. Because he himself had preserved continuity with the line that had gone before him. This thought that he is a link between the past and the future is ever with him. He projected his propaganda far into centuries unborn, because he had obtained it from the far centuries that were dead. His distinct tenet of Democracy a Mode of the Soul, as opposed to the materialist conception of it in the turbulent committees and military zealots round about, was not brand new with him. To be sure, he perfected it as none other had. But the high spiritual tradition had been continuous down through Israel's history. Therefore, because he had received it as a heritage from dim antiquity, Jesus mandatorily instructed his disciples to relay it undimmed to the far stretches of the future.

Perhaps no man, so profoundly as Jesus, had the sense of history. He was a daring innovator. But his intellect was bold and hardy thus to endure the solitude of the moral frontier, because it was companioned by the unseen spirits of valour who, each in his own day, had advanced the flag of humanity and now overleaned this Carpenter with their comfort-

able presence. This is the meaning of that transaction on the Mount of Transfiguration. Moses and Elijah, who there were revealed as his companions, had been the adventurous non-conforming souls of their day. Because Jesus brooded much concerning them and their like, yes, felt their presence palpably with him at all times, he was stiffened to withstand the tyrannic orthodoxy of his own time; and set forward the land-marks of human thought some furlongs into chaos.

Stalwart was his acceptance of history. "I came not to destroy, but to fulfil." Note, from the unceasing allusions, how his mind was tinctured with the Old Testament. He thought of himself and his work as part of a process which had begun long centuries before. His scant regard for "the tradition of the elders," arose from the tenacity with which he adhered to the kernel inside of that husk; so that he lightly threw away the shell. History to him was not a fixture, a hard dead thing in *rigor mortis*. He thought of it as something alive.

Therefore, the figures he devised to illustrate this concatenation of the centuries, were drawn mostly from horticulture. The "Vine and the Branches" we have seen. His other parable for it was "The Harvesters." Delude not yourselves, he cautioned his disciples, in supposing that this fine yeastiness, this spirit of daring and interrogation, this migratory

mood that is upon the people to-day, is your work. A long succession and endeavour of men in the past — Labour's voluminous martyrology — has prepared this day of acme and fruition; yea, many have desired to see this day, and were not able: "I say unto you, Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white to harvest. And he that reapeth, receiveth wages; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. And herein is that saying true, One soweth and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour: other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours."

The proletary movement in every age has tended to a breach with history and with culture. In verity, that temptation is not confined to the labour movement. Ingrained in the natural heart is the propensity to live for one's day alone. By birth we are creatures of no outlook. And creatures of no outlook, most folk remain to their death. The exigencies of livelihood — food, raimenting and a roof, all the temporalities of life — conspire to swaddle the soul within tight bands. Into mean horizons, we all are born. Penned within mean horizons, most people live and die.

But of the labourists, this constriction of outlook has been doubly true. Because upon them the hard tasks have saddled impositions with cruellest

weight. Many a hundred years ago, was this perceived. Says the penman of Ecclesiasticus: "The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure; and he that hath little business shall become wise." The water-plant grows in the ooze of the river bed. But it flowers only when it has reached the air and sunshine at the surface.

For that reason, the labour movement in every age has dire need of the leavening, enlarging presence of the student class — a need which too often has not been met, so reluctant have been the brain workers to federate themselves in fine palship with their fellow-toilers, the manual crowd. Thereby many a proletary upsurge that promised much for the world, was left untouched, unbeautified, undisciplined by the hived wisdom of the ages. Sealed to their eyes was the volume which history unrolls for our instruction. Hacked asunder from the sweep and momentum of the centuries, the uprising lacked the impetus to carry it prosperously over the barricades raised against it by prejudice, mistrust and the interests of hostile men. And so was spent of its force before it had come to a day of triumph.

To the extent that Labour makes connection between itself and the majestic ongoings of time, it panoplies itself with victory. To the extent that it uncouples itself from the ages, to operate under its own power alone, it lacks drive and force, goes limpingly.

Freedom's task requires more wisdom than one generation can furnish. The years accumulate an ever-added complexity of life. Therefore generation is indissolubly woven with generation, to the end that the increasing experience of the race may be available wherewith to meet life's increasing complexity.

To keep the chain and continuity unbroken, is the requisite of stable progress. Aught that sunders the sacred links, makes for chaos and impotency. The transactions of the fugitive hour gain dignity and elevation only when caught up in man's long migration across the ages, a migration wherein all time and lands and peoples are corporately involved. When one generation no longer links with another, when each era is clean from all vestige of the past, history becomes a phantasmagoria, an unmeaning stage play; a procession of shadow-shapes across a fantastic phantom scene. And, forasmuch as no progression is in evidence, it remains a diabolic drama, how long soever the pathetic panorama shall unroll.

As the establishment of a historical order is the grandest achievement of the mind of man, its conservation becomes a thing of priceless moment and jealously to be safeguarded. The natural stirrings of respect for all that is ancient of day, the principle whereby we instinctively revere old age, is more than a graceful quality within us. It has clearest utility. Perseveringly to recur to the achievements and in-

firmities of them that have gone before, is sagacious if nothing more. The warm strange power of old opinion to move the hearts of men, bespeaks an instinct within us whereby we seek for our souls a broad citizenship, a liberal communion of life, ancestral grandsires speaking to us from out their antique day. One's own time alone, stripped and in bald isolation, does not suffice. Wisdom, far-brought from the opulent treasury of the past, is the heart's natural craving. Jesus, in the elegant homespun which his words knew so skilfully to weave, expressed it: "No man, having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new; for he saith, The old is better."

The traveller who comes to a great river, knows that it has flowed far. It trails a long history behind it, and has its source in mountain ranges that are out of the horizon because of the distance of them. Any current in the affairs of men to-day that has bigness and depth and sweep to it, took not its origin in this our own day, but comes from a far source and with the drive of long antiquities behind it. That which quickly grows, quickly dies. Weeds spring up in a day, and in a day, perish. But trees, because they are of a tedious infancy, flourish through a long maturity. Only that propaganda which was prepared by the past, shall fill the present and command the future.

And the reason for this is obvious. If we cut loose

from those who have gone before, we in turn would be cut loose by those who are to come after. The spirit that chops history into piecemeal would not be confined to us. Of a malignant infection would be the malady. It would extend to posterity, would vitiate their minds into a like mania of discontinuity. Only as we treasure the uncounted boons gained for us by the heroisms and veracities of our ancestors, shall we infect our children with a filial spirit to reverence our deeds and give duration to our devisings and achievements. Else there is no consistency to the process, and the plannings of men through all time fall apart into bedlam doings, an unprofitable and tortuous jumble.

With splendour of speech, that verbal witchery wherein he was a practised conjuror, Edmund Burke has enforced this truth. And for it, all of us are obliged to him. Emancipation from human mastership is a task that shall not be wrought with one heating of the iron. People of passage are we. Life-renters. The business we have in hand, as it was not begun by us, shall neither be finished by us. We are the ancestors of them that are to come after, because we are the posterity of them that have gone before.

The forward-looking man is always a backward-viewer as well. Like a householder he is thrifty to keep the tried and true things, as well as hospitable to innovation; "bringeth forth out of his treasure

things new and old." The two attitudes are of one and the same spirit: namely, a bigness of mind that cannot endure imprisonment in one's own little day. This kind of man perceives that we, the generation which now is, do not own civilization in freehold. We are but leaseholders. It was bequeathed to us for a life-tenure only; an entail that is consecrated with a religious awe, and enforced with peremptory thunders. This works in him long views. He exalts his majestic mien to look before and after. Accounting himself a trustee for the future, he makes obeisance to the wise, the valorous, the venerable past. To the unsilent dead, he piously gives ear. He perceives the time-flow to be an ordered continuity. Therefore he traces that which has been, to the end that he may plot the curve and foretell that which is to be. Show me a land where sepulchres are unrevered, I will show you a land where cradles are untended.

The labour movement, of all, has most to gain by cherishing these tethers that tie the ages into one. Because Labour and its redemption is the central march of history. The massiveness of the proletary heave to-day, cannot be explained only in terms of modernity. The swelling flow is too broad and deep. To have attained this volume, the river must have come down through a long drainage-area. Fatallestly misguided, those agitators who plead for a sweeping clearance of the page. Arbitrary innovation

is always an unholy business; nature utters her remonstrance — and therein she is merciful, withal — in snuffing out the monstrous abortion. Of all things social revolution is the most difficult to bring to pass; nothing so needs the drive and momentum of the past. It is like some of those horticultural species which will not grow de novo from seed, but must be incorporated into a body of rootage already seated, as a scion is grafted onto a parent stock.

The world is always of the same make. The garments of humankind change, the cut of them and hue and texture. But the solid corpus underneath, the elemental needs and passions, the fearings and despondings and aspirings, change not. The Deliverance for which we cry to-day has been the goal of the workers in every time, goal reached out for with groanings that cannot be uttered. The ages that come and go, have been but inns and resting-places for this advancing Spirit in its awful pilgrimage across the plains of time. That Spirit is the cement, the nexus whereby the centuries cohere. Labour, self-exiled from history's fair domain, would be without spurs to urge or reins to guide.

The monied masters are acute to perceive the importance of continuity from age to age. With much gusto they trace the institution of property from out far extinct eras. And thereby have massively established it in the mind of man to-day.

Labour must be equally wise in her day and generation. She too must lay claim to ancientness of lineage; must proclaim orotundly that she is not a presumptuous upstart. Far from rejecting the fabric whereby the centuries are knit, she must declare the old and honourable stock from which she is sprung.

Ancient, both of them, are these two families, Property and Labour. And have been in feud everlastingly. The two lines of descent can be tracked across the ages. Roughly, that is; for with both, the purity of the descent has at times been corrupted and confused. But despite the bastard blood that often seeped in, the family trait on both sides was never blurred beyond recognition. Rome and her offspring, the Roman hierarchy, have stood for Property and the masters. Israel, and the proletary spiritual seed of the Galilean, have stood for Labour. "Vested Rights," that citadel wherein riches has entrenched her dominion, derives from Roman Law; every retainer of Mammon is required to verse himself fluently in the jurisprudence of Rome; and the high-sounding phrases whereby Property seeks to weave a spell over the mind of the populace, mostly are latin. Whereas, Labour's long brotherhood dates from a brickmakers' union in the land of Egypt.

Side by side, these two lines have descended, and always have glared hostilely one at the other. For each is of an expansive quality, and the borderline

between them is thick-strewn with grim earthworks, vestiges of old and bitter battle. Upon occasion, a lull has interposed some breathing-spell in the conflict. But the truce has never been for long. Always has the antipathy between the two houses re-erupted. And in this our distraught day, the conflict is implacable as ever; yes, is going more vehement with every tick of the clock.

The era eighteen centuries ago which inaugurated that proletary uprising known as christianity, saw these two lines in hostile clash as they never were before. That is why that age appears with so much lustre. The greatness of the conflict greatened the participants; wrought into a statesmanly grasp the mind of mechanics, raised illiterate fishermen into an imperishable glory. That clash was the acme of many preparing centuries, wherein the high warfaring had been unremitted. Israel asserted for the working-class a sanction from very Godhead. She said that heaven is Labour's side-partner, and that the Power of the universe is passionate to reinstate the toiler in liberty and honour. Therefore, when confronting Mammon in the shape of seven-headed ruthless Rome, she kept the faith. It was the supreme fight. And she fought it unto her death. In a paraphrase of Pictet de Serzy, Palestine is but a grain of sand on the earth's map. But it is a grain of musk, whose perfume has gone out to all the world.

The artist demands fellowship with all time and all existence. Intolerable to him, inclosure within one's own age. He is artist to the extent that he links us in vision with generations of generations — long ancestral miseries, the mighty cost wherewith our present day was purchased. Any propaganda bereaved of art's coöperation is turned out naked to the world; art, the vision of the human march across the time-field, whose encompassing infinitudes environ our little day with a grandeur and sublimity.

Hitherto, Labour has relinquished to Property this the strategic advantage that inheres in historicity. Thereby she has turned over into the hands of her enemy painting and literature and sculpture and architecture; reserving for her own ornament naught but the nudity and barrenness of logical abstractions; and, as a result, has been miserably worsted. The disinheritance of the working-class is the sorrow of history. The sorrow will abide and duplicate itself in perpetuity, until Labour shall refuse longer to be outcast from her history heritage. Artists then will lend brush and chisel and pen to her propaganda; for they will perceive her to be none other than time's cosmoramic unfolding. And so, pinioned now with Beauty as well as with Truth, she will go with sustained flight; capacitated unto the unforeseeable distances of the future.

Let us recur for a moment to the parable from

whence we started. Said Jesus to his henchmen who were to familiarize the proletary gospel to all the world: "Abide in me, even as branches to the vine." The words did not seem to those who heard him a presumption. And they ring now with the authenticity wherewith age universally is venerated. Once the labour movement has learned that her genealogy is from Jesus, in that moment her warfare is accomplished and her prison house shall know her no more. Not only that he massively fills the imagination of the world, so that the stars at night wellnigh constellate his name, and the calendar of the year emblazons it; the most reverend of all the personages that have decorated the race; the law-giver to whom this western world has pledged itself to defer, and to copy after his perfections. But more. Jesus is an institution. He made himself the organ of Labour's protests and aspirations, because he consciously incarnated Heaven, that troop of valorous spirits in file down the ages, the unknown higher Presence that we yearn for, God indubitable; God — the Power not ourselves which makes for freedom. And only as Labour steers in that course, and adheres to this tradition, will she have prosperous voyaging.

To branches and the vine, a third factor is always present — the vast deep Soil in which the vine is rooted. By abiding in the vine, therefore, the branches get more than the succulence stored up in

the vine. They tap the infinite reserves of nutriment in the ground, and for which the vine is only a conveyance. The withering away of many a popular insurgency since that day, insurgencies that sundered themselves from this consecutive descent down the centuries, gives point to the warning words wherewith the Carpenter terminated his valediction: "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered." Historic continuity has virtue to fire the heart of Labour with inextinguishable zeal, and work that enlargement of the understanding which is wisdom. Both of which qualities are requisite. Man is called upon to regard life intensely and to regard it whole.

The bible is holy writ, because it records the holy war of the workers. In that cause poured forth the blood of all the prophets shed from the foundation of the world. Cut off from them, great is our insufficiency for the task. Side by side with the arrogance of the money princes, has always sounded the plaint of the poor. Wealth, and the Commonwealth — rival powers, each ambitious of sovereignty over the world. The wrestle between human rights and the principles of property is the most ancient thing in all the scenes of time.

Labour needs the Galilean, and the power of the ages which he so ponderously incarnated. To the end that she may be other than a flashy movement; rug-

ged; durable through the mutations of time. A prime asset to her is the merited grandeur of his fame. A fame, too, that will wax more and more. For as yet that majestic orb is hardly risen, and the Eastern horizon is ablaze with his ascending glory. So shall Labour be made capable of a long contest; and find sustainment amid the abysses of calamity which will recurringly open beneath her.

CHAPTER XVI

THE WRATH OF A HIGH-HEARTED CRAFTSMAN

The Carpenter of Galilee was an artist. This quality in his composition has escaped the notice of men. And it is responsible for much of the misinformation that distorts the now image of him in the imaginations of many. From the Greeks we know that to a full-orbed life three ingredients must contribute: the Good, the Beautiful, and the True. Jesus has had the unhappiness to fall into the hands of folk mainly of the first and the last of that trio of excellencies, for interpretation to the world. With the result that he has been of interest to moralists. And of interest to theologizers. But not of interest to devotees of Beauty. And yet without Beauty as the golden link to bind them, Goodness and Truth are but a baldness, a cold perfection. Though a world should be full of morality, as the waters cover the sea; and though it should have truth, so as to have explored all mysteries. Without Beauty, it would profit nothing. For Beauty is the consum-

mating quality, the shining part of us, an elegance of God in a shabby world.

In claiming Jesus for the artist rolls of fame, I am not centering on picturesque utterances scatteringly found in the record. "Consider the lilies" was to a certainty the outbreak of a soul of gentle artist blood, one that had regarded affectionately the burst of springtime over the earth; a colourist nature in whom the sight of the flowers worked a richness of sensation deeper than Solomon in his glory. "Behold the birds of the air." "The grasses of the field." "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing." "The shepherd and his sheep." "The dogs came and licked his sores." These richly figured images bespeak an eye that had the painter's minuteness and sympathy of observation. The unfolding of the seasons, blazonry of storms and calm, and all the pageantry of common life so plenteous in material of genre, flowed into him through liberal gateways, became the stuff of his gorgeous brain-weavings. But I am not basing my position only on these.

In naming Jesus artist, I mean even something more than that his speech betrays the cadence and power of a literary master. Though here, also, the evidence would suffice. The bible is of literature a towering masterwork; and the portion contributed by Jesus is the crown of it, excelling all. The artist

temperament is one and indivisible, what channel soever it chooses for its expression. An instinct for the melody of prose could equally, had the fire burned in that direction, have vented itself in the creations of a musical genius. The sure eye for proportions, which builds a piece of fiction into a story that delights the world, is of a piece with the eye of the architect or the moulder of bronzes and marbles.

This art quality in the words of Jesus, few or none will deny. For verbal harmonies, he had a surest ear. His sentences proceed with lilt and balance and a distinguished intonation. Indeed, the melodious turn of phrasing recurs with so invariable constancy, that a scholar of wide repute in our day has been at work recasting the sayings of this Carpenter into metrical form, contending that in thus reading them we get closest to the original.

It is true that we have not the native language of Jesus himself. The New Testament narrators rendered his Aramaic into Greek. So that our English version is the translation of a translation. And it may be contended that the artistry of the phrasing was added by these coadjuting minds. But that is not usually the way the thing works. Translation is proverbially a weakener instead of a strengthener. A sure test of excellence in a book is, Will its power survive and reappear in the translated version? Considering, furthermore, the generally unlearned

description of minds to which his spoken words were entrusted for over a score of years before they were written down, and we are justified to believe that their original form exceeded in forcefulness and phraseological splendour that which has been preserved to us. On one occasion it is recorded that his speech evoked in some of the listeners — hostile listeners they were, too — a laudation which went so far into superlatives as to declare him the grandest speaker that up to that time had lived: "Then came the officers to the chief priests and Pharisees; and they said unto them, Why have ye not brought him? The officers answered, Never man spake like this man." He struck off expressions very satisfying to an ear voluptuously inclined.

But I carry my contention further yet. Not only is the artistic quality in Jesus attested by his picturesque observations of life, human and subhuman; and also by the power and exaltation of his phrasings. But it is attested in a third fashion and most authentic of all; namely, the revolutionary propaganda to which he dedicated his life and in the doing of which he met his death.

The nexus between the artistic temperament and revolution is as yet an unexplored mine of knowledge, and would richly repay the prospector. Though people reck little of it, the likelihood is that most revolutions since the world began have been incited

by a desire for beauty. Mammon the despot has more than one disgustful quality, which has incensed people to insurgency against him. He is a destroyer of the poor, mashing the populace under huge iron heels which trample the children of men as worms; and souls fired by instincts of tenderness have uprisen against him because of this his immorality, his ungoodness. He is also a liar and the father of lies, a tissue of falsehoods palpable as the day; and souls have been kindled into implacable animosity, because of a principle of truth within them which was outraged by his falseness. But besides both of these, a third springhead of insurgency has opened in the human breast to whelm him from the earth; and that is, wrath because of the ugliness of him.

Probably of all the three indignations against him, this last has been the most powerfully operative. In the nature of things would be, if that aforesaid dictum is true, namely, that the worship of Beauty is a coronating excellence in the human makeup, the keystone up into which the Good and the True climb for their consummation, their flowering, their completedness. Mammon is immoral; and it is a grievous count against him. Mammon is untrue; and it is a second item in the indictment. But Mammon, besides being immoral and untrue, is ugly of feature, a hideousness to behold. In many, yes the highest

natures, this last is the damnatory charge. And explodes them into an insurgency violent, unappeasable.

Of this third description was Jesus. Not that he was a devotee of the Beautiful, to the narrowing of those other two sides in the triangle of a full and poised soul. In that ample bosom, all three excellencies had their habitat. He saw the huge moneyed concern which, owning the world and extracting tribute by military ruthlessness, was pumping life's vital liquor from all the economic arteries; toward the multitude thus despoiled, he had a tenderest mind; he set himself to sing the sorrows of the poor, and to deliver them from their oppressors. He beheld those same favoured orders fastening themselves upon the people by a sinister alliance with the priesthood, whereby a distorted and artificial system of doctrine was distilled into the mind of the populace, to the perverting of all truth; he set himself to deliver the minds of men from this diligent dissemination of falsehood; he sought to sweep the cobwebs from their eyes and bestow straight vision upon them. But the despotism was perpetrating a third felony. It was wreaking upon the workshop an imperious cupidity, to the vitiating of craftsmanship wheresoever the plague extended, casting the beauteousness of the world into irrecoverable night. It was this last that awoke the muse of fire within him;

probably generated the inveterate animosity toward the plunderers, which in these pages I am portraying.

Before he was an artist in words, the Carpenter had been an artist in wood. Only the last three years of his life got recorded. And the imagination of the world has centered upon them. So that his years at the workbench have dropped out of sight. As though the last three years in any man's life could yield intelligibility of meaning, if cut clean off from what had gone before. Every man's career is a unit. In it may be cataclysmic leaps and breaks. But a unity underlies even these seeming breaks; no chasm in his career was so sharp and deep, but a bridge tied the two banks together and leads the highroad on, an uninterrupted course and tenor.

In Jesus, this personal continuity is attested by a hundred proofs. I have gathered, in the "Call of the Carpenter," the witnesses to the workmanlike qualities of him when he was a cabinet-maker and builder of houses, "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed." The deftness of touch that made him a master of vignette in constructing a parable, had been wrought into the nerves of his mind by workbench days lived under the presidency of a high-powered conscience. In him faithful craftsmanship was native, complexional, ingrained.

I have said that Jesus was a Jew. The term is not altogether exact. He was a Galilean. Galilee was

midway between Judea with its strait rigours of Hebrewism, and Greece with its joys and lights and loves and beauties. Thus Galilee partook of the two strains and blended in her sons something of the bloods of both. In Jesus the blend is greatly noticeable. His spiritual complexion were not thinkable in one born amid Jerusalem's turgid and illiberal orthodoxies. "Galilee of the nations" had mixed into his spirit some sweeter, brighter ingredients; made tastefulness temperamental to his frame and habit. That pair of hands which the spikes of Golgotha so gleefully mangled, were tapered hands, shaped for tasks of rhythm and gracious beauty.

Had Mammon kept its ungodly hands off, Jesus in all likelihood would have rounded out his life in Nazareth, a carpenter to the end. The artistry of him would have found its abundant employ in making his workbench glorious. The achievements of his life would have been in the form of a day's work worthily done; commodities of use, fashioned with liberal art. The shining thoughts within him would have taken on a material embodiment—in workshop tasks wrought admirably well.

But Mammon never keeps its hands off. It craves a dominion over workmen, with a craving as insatiable as that of a bear for honey. Its only means of livelihood is the wealth it can suck from the produce of toil. Workingmen are the fat viands

which feed Mammon's cannibal gullet. Cut off its nourishment, you cut off its life. An idle class is as a sucker on cornstalk — has no root of its own to feed it, but pilfers the juice which the stalk laboriously distils from soil and air and sunshine.

The nobles of that day fastened their tentacles on that workshop in Nazareth — as on a thousand thousand other workshops — to gorge on wealth wrung from the entrails of the poor. Non-workers can exist no elsewhere save on the back of the toiler. Labour is the staple out of which their dividends are spun. In this trick of expropriation, therefore, those idlers had schooled themselves to a high pitch of perfection. Rome's military arm has evoked bepuzzled admiration, because of the efficiency of it. There is no puzzle to it. Rome had a terrific appetite, and needed a heavy fist wherewith to fell her prey and satisfy that appetite. That fist was the army. Her rich were but another name for dissoluteness of manners, and childish, inordinate display whose prodigality of disbursement stimulated to every species of extortion. To pamper the luxury and profligacies of a junto of owners at the top, the workers of the world were sunk to a condition of vassalage; and were kept in that posture by ponderous military might.

Upon art and all the principle of beauty, the effect was immediate. And fatal. For art and industrial

freedom are twins conjoined from birth; cannot survive the knife that cuts the ligature to sunder them. Ruskin and Morris and Wagner were partisans of the social revolution, because they were artists. Art is the measure of a man's joy in his work. To the extent that a workman is wholly free, he goes a craftsman; incarnates himself in his product; dignifies his vocation into a royal office. Now his are no longer ephemeral doings. He intends that his work shall abide. The high-heartedness with which it was wrought diffuses a lustre on his humblest handicraft. No hireling, he; but a free producer. Therefore this which his hands have made is something other than a temporality; enshrining mystic values, it is possessed of kindling power; is a joy forever.

It is here that Lucre works its most execrable ravages. It enthrones heredity and dethrones ability. "Second generation" folk are boosted into an unearned and false superiority over the workshop veterans. The idlers are in mastership, and the producers are degraded into menials. A state of affairs inconsistent with an ennobled handicraft. Through all the areas of life, the venal and prostitute quality of an age of pelf spreads its poison. But upon the workshop, most leadenly of all weighs the depression. It seduces the worker from pride of craftsmanship; subverts the zest and idealism of toil; smites with decadence man's creative hand; disgraces

the output. Always that which is made under the lash is wrought in a low style.

This was a principal reason why the Carpenter of Galilee laid aside his kit of tools, tools that had affectionately shaped themselves to his hand through well-nigh a score of years; and hardened his forehead for revolution. Let mild folk to-day who are pained at the Carpenter's repugnance to riches, bear what he bore, and they will learn to hate what he hated. Servitude and a noble life are contrary terms, will not be at peace one with the other. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage!" That poet knew not either stone walls or iron bars; else he could not have sung them so blithely. The prison house cramps every natural function. The damp, dark, tuberculous confinement does more than to sicken the physical part of us. It clogs the soul, shuts away from the normalities of nature and one's fellowmen, tells fatally on the finer, sweeter ranges of the spirit.

With imprisonments of what description soever, that is ever the fruitful, the tragic result. Walls and locks are not the only dungeon. A shop where the worker toils for another, scourged to it by scorpion hunger, chained to a bench by desperation's need, is a prison house, and puts a fetter on every activity of the soul. Richard Wagner was possessed of an imagination all vital with music, poetry and the scenic arts. Therefore as a young man he cast him-

self finely into the revolution propaganda of the mid-nineteenth century. Beyond most of the other voices of the time sounded his anathema against the industrial degradation of the masses. He rejoiced when the factoried galley-slaves flamed into indignant fire. "This hatred," said he, "springs from a noble instinct for a dignified joy in life; from a passion to rise from drudgery to art, from slavery to free humanity."

The craftsman-carpenter of Galilee was a revolutionist because he was instinct with beauty. He coveted that every workshop should be a path to glory. But the exalted of the earth, lords of the tool and lords of the soil, decreed that the workshop should be a mill for dividends. Therefore, the clash. Jesus held that producers have the preferred title to eminence and command. Them he would make the depository of all power. Tools to him who can handle them. Hereditary ownership of another man's livelihood is a sham kingship. Let the toilers uprise against the preposterous control, this enforced subordination of strong men to weaklings.

A spirited craftsman is the noblest work of God. Jesus put spirit into the toiling masses. He promised them no salvation from outside. Heaven would help them to help themselves. In the fable, the wagoner whose cart was mired in the clay, called loudly upon Jove to come and pull it out. Jove

appeared from the clouds; said this: "Put your shoulder to the wheel, and flog your mules." Neither suppliant altars to some miracle-working wizard in the sky, nor piteous cry to the taskmaster, would avail. "The kingdom is within you yourselves." Not the insurgency of the people but their too patient sufferance causes the displeasure of the Godhead. Too long they had drunk of the bitter potion. Supplication and remonstrance are as the bleating of sheep before a wolf that is rending them.

Urged on by the servitude that was daily gathering him and them in its foul encompassment and was desecrating the world into a hard and paved sterility, this Master-workman sought to dissatisfy the workers with their lot. Against federated riches so tyrannously domineering them, he refused to be considerate. Brutal wealth broadcasts a mendicancy over the world; brings in its train decadence irretrievable. No overflowings of wrath can exceed the measure of its deservings.

It may be objected by some that the Renaissance was a time of tyrants; hard monarchy everywhere; and yet produced the cathedrals. But the tyranny of that epoch was political rather than industrial. Artisans, such as in Nuremberg, were in craft guilds, self-owned, self-directing. A gothic cathedral built by slave labour is unthinkable. The painters and sculptors who, under the Medici in Florence, created

the Tuscan school, were likewise free men — many of them high born and on hob-nobbing terms with nobility. These painters, when they attempt the Christ-figure, betray the master-class spirit that biasses them. For they see never the toiler chieftain but always a mystic personage far aloof from the economic foundations of life. The conventional Christ of art galleries is illumined by scarce never a touch of realism, but is a stilted, tiresome figure painted to please some patron-noble who would have torn into shreds both painter and painting of a real Jesus, rich-blooded craftsman of Galilee.

Rome's ordering of society put the leisurists at the top, and the labourists at the bottom. Jesus planned an oversetting of that monstrous arrangement. He would make the first last, and the last first. The stone which the builders rejected should be the head of the corner. The ills that flow from breaking up the foundations of public order are of trivial estimation, to the unbeauteousness of a régime where idlers are in honour, and producers receive obloquy for their portion. It meant, through some space of time, a work of demolition. But the tearing down of the old was in order to rebuild for humankind an at last solid and durable felicity.

Herein the work and message of Jesus partake of finality. His was the gospel of working-class deliverance, to the end that Beauty might visit the earth

and build her abiding habitation. Industrial art is life's crowning perfection. It transfigurates the dull materialisms of the world, gifts them with power to awake a lyric emotion in the beholder. It was for this reason he sought to pare away the almightiness of money, and narrow its jurisdiction. Money enthrones leisured men on the backs of workingmen. Which ordering makes not for beauty but for a listless and dispirited output. Hence his proclamation: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you easement."

The craftsman of Galilee coveted a marriage of the useful and the elegant arts. Of all the fires that kindled an ardour within him, this the sovereigntest. An excelling artisan, his ideal was a world decked in sumptuousness — a broad and diffusive beauty. But an ennobled work presupposes ennobled workmen; life's fine flower and youthfulness; the soul sprightly forever. A slave industrialism can turn out no excellence. For the producers to continue in the leading-strings of an hereditary mastership, meant a dull and sodden product. Accordingly the vexations that more and more abounded produced a wrath in the artist soul of him. Against the overweening power of money he went inexorable. And spoke anathemas which are so massively ostentatious in the record.

As in that day, so the now ordering of industry

makes again for servitude. And as consequence, banality marks the output. In this night that is darkening upon the world, splendour of workmanship is no more. The toilers, degraded into mercenaries, have lost the esteem of themselves. So that people no longer believe the world's work to be capable of artistry. But it was not always thus. Of one Workingman, because of the grace that was in him, was drawn a similitude to the rose of Sharon. Lily of the valley, the name given unto him; fairest among ten thousand; star of the cheerful dawn. And it is an earnest of what is possible in widest commonalty, when the laborious hands that now are spiked to golgotha crosses shall have been unfastened. The Comrade-carpenter will plant in toiler breasts the spirit of citizenship. Once let the labour movement be touched with the spaciousness and grandeur of spiritual things, it will open to all mankind the closed doors of paradise.

CHAPTER XVII

THE GOOD TIME COMING

The labour movement needs to get a philosophy of the universe. A man's philosophy is the most important thing about him. It determines everything he does. For it is the mould from which his thoughts take their shape; and thoughts are deeds in the gristle. A wrong philosophy will, in the slow sure grindings of destiny, work itself into a wrong career. Likewise a no-philosophy of life, soon or late will work itself into a no-career. Show me a man who has no philosophy of life, and I will show you a man who is on a wide sea with neither compass nor chart nor pole star; in derelict estate, the sport of every gust, without steerage way or sailing orders.

The privileged class has had in every age a philosophy of the universe. And thereby has raised up a massive rampart of systems and creeds and laws and institutions, which fortify it with an incalculable security. Labour has lacked a philosophy of the universe. Accordingly, it has not captivated the thinkers of the world, but only the dreamers. It has been rather an emotion of the heart than a clarity

of the head; a vision and a hope; mighty to stir the imaginations of men, and the stuff that poetry is made of; but wanting in coherence of thought, those logical compulsions that mould the will into constancy and marshal the transient generations into fixed array, one purpose through a long succession of ages. In so doing it has permitted property rights to boast itself to be The Establishment; with labour rights merestly a protest, a criticism, a negation — a body of unorganized despair, making sallies upon a foe secure behind many outworks. Against a regular army, guerilla tactics never yet have been abidingly prosperous.

Jesus had a philosophy of the universe. And, with slight alterations that are demanded by the scientific advance since his day, it is the philosophy which labour in all time must cherish, as the mainspring of its hope and the replenisher of its idealisms. Stripped of its unessentials, his philosophy was this: The universe has a meaning; and it is an industrial meaning.

If the universe had no meaning, it would be all up with Democracy. For Democracy foundations on the grandeur of man. And in a meaningless world, man were meaningless also, a puny helmsman on a wild and whirling tide. The social hope above all others needs to be full of immortality. Only they who believe that time's turbid rush is accomplishing

something, shall present to the cruelty of circumstance and the malignancy of foes a sturdy enduring brow. Any creed declaring humankind to be a cloud of ephemera pursued by the creeping shadows of the night, would strike into Democracy a mortal chill. That which augments human dignity, is favourable to Freedom's cause. Small men make contented slaves. Increase their stature, you decrease their servitude. (I speak of interior dimensions.) Persuade man that he is a transient thing, a vanishing atom, unrecked, tossed aside by the vast thundering machine; and you have engineered a lapse to serfdom and to barbarism's night.

Jesus held man to be immortal. But it was an immortality here below. "The Kingdom," which recurs so fondly to his lips, was his term for a reorganized human society fashioned into fellowship and beauty and truth. Religion constantly seeks to slip the leash and escape into an otherworldly bliss, forsaking earth and her importunate necessities. But not so the Carpenter. Long training as a builder of solid structures had disabled him for interest in gaseous and insubstantial abodes above the ethereal void. He planned a paradise in the Here and Now; an industrial commonwealth; a city of many mansions, and not one hovel; a republic of the free-born.

Jesus held, further, that the universe is favour-

able to the establishment of such a kingdom. The native kindliness of the Earth, if only man would put greed away and work each with the other, was rudimentary in his creed. "The universe can be trusted. Broad-bosomed Earth has store of nutriment for all her numerous progeny. Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Therefore, live not anxiously. Be big and liberal and human. Coöperation is a practical scheme. Kindliness begets kindliness. There is room for all. Let humankind put away its feverish competings one with another, and transform itself into a universal trust company. Give and it shall be given unto you, full measure, pressed down, running over." This was the teaching of the Galilean.

The man who "lays up treasure for himself" violates this creed of fellowship and trust. Therefore, riches kindled in the breast of the Carpenter an anger both durable and vehement. Greed is not only a crime, in that it is anti-social. It is something more; it is a sin, an impiety. Because it betrays an infidel distrust in the competency of Mother Earth to nourish the all-of-us.

The Galilean set himself against an enormous bulk of possessions privately owned, because of the excessive caretakings which such a social system imposes — this cumbrous civilization wherein one must bear oneself so warily and is full of care. He

sought an ordering wherein private wealth should be reduced to a minimum, and common wealth expanded to the maximum. And this, out of his liking for joy and spontaneity and gladness. Every wall is a prison wall. Build a boundary line against your neighbour, you have shut yourself in also. A partition is a barrier — in both directions. Where fences are the fewest, that country is the happiest.

It is because the religion that bears his name has forgotten this glad, this gaudeamus commandment of the Galilean, that our world is going off into a funereal thing. Behold how gayety is become a lost art! Existence is waning into gray and pallid lines. Painters now are afraid of high pigments; architects build in cheerless tones of drab, reflecting the interior grime. Pale delights, cheerless toil, a life of pilgrimage and dolours!

"Be happy," was a distinct commandment of the Carpenter. And if for no other reason, for this: Happiness conduces to morality. For the slippery paths of youth, in the heat of the day, and in life's sunset and evening glow, there is no angel guardian more watchful and efficient than a happy temper. On every side we hear it said: Be moral and you will be happy. But the Galilean put the stress equally in the other direction: Be happy, and you will be moral. Hence he tried to diminish the diameter of the dollar. He believed that property should

not be permitted to stand between a man and his happiness. He sought to do away these decomposing meums and tuums, and bring humankind back to fusion. So shall there be a remission of miseries. As the birds, which sing their *te deum* at each recurring sunrise.

True, the Carpenter phrased this his belief in the native kindliness and fertility of the Earth, in terms of the mechanical theology of that day, wherein the productive forces of nature were personified as a masculine personage, "Father." But the gender is a detail. The underlying, the spiritual attitude of trust, is the important thing. Transposing his words into the feminine, in order to bring them into a thought-form more congenial to our modernest conception of nature, this is the mood of cheerful and confiding repose which he enjoined:

"Be not greedy. Earth, our liberal Mother, has abundance for all. Her bounteousness is without stint. Behold the fowls of the air. They sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns. But Erda, the Great Mother, feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, Mother Erda arrays them as even Solomon in all his glory never was. Therefore, take not this anxious thought saying, What shall we eat? or, What

shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the unbelievers take thought anxiously.) But seek ye first of all the co-operative commonwealth, the Industrial Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

The plea for a coöperatively ordered society was a logical part of his "Be not anxious" commandment. For only in a world's work reorganized into a unison thing, can come that ample and opulent productivity which would justify a liberal carefree mood of soul. Where the kindly fruits of the Earth are regarded as a thing to be scuffled for, the soil yields not its increase as it does when fellowship holds the plough and swings the scythe. The wastes of competition and the ravages of warfare, reduce the fertility of nature so that she in verity often seems a surly, begrudgeful stepdame. Whereas in reality, as Jesus said, the Earth is anxious to give good gifts to her progeny, even as human parents meet not their child's cry for bread with a stone, its cry for a fish with a serpent, nor its cry for an egg with a scorpion. Earth is a dam, whose milk-oozing breast has a teat for each of her offspring. When the pups in this litter fall out and begin to fight, seeking to wrest teats away from each other, the breast of the nutritious Mother is scratched and clawed even unto wounds. So that now she does not give down her milk as of yore; for all her vital functions are clogged. The unfruitfulness

of territories ravaged by reiterated war is in proof. But that this stinginess is not Earth's natural disposition, was the credo of the Galilean. Behold her thousand endearments and cossetings. She delights to give gifts to her offspring, and is pained when her benevolence is frustrated.

This personifying of nature, either as masculine or feminine, must not be pressed to the point of exalting it into deity. Deity, as we know now, is moral. And nature is unmoral. She smites the evil and the good; with outrageous impartiality she sends her lightnings, her waterfloods and her earthquakes upon the just and the unjust. In another direction than that we must turn our steps, or we will never encounter God.

With extraordinary prognostic, the Carpenter seems to have anticipated our modern scientific view of the universe; he glimpsed this truth of the unmorality of nature ("glimpse" is the word, for he was not a system-builder in the dogmatic sense of the word). One day a building in Jerusalem collapsed, killing eighteen people. Everybody was discussing the event: and, conformably to the then theological conception of nature, people read a morality into the happening; it was not the force of gravitation which had crushed those people under the falling structure — so they reasoned — but an omnipotent and intelligent Elohim, who caused or

permitted the event to take place just when and how it did. Those people were killed by the hand of God; ergo, they must have been sinners.

Jesus went out of his way to correct that superstition: "Those upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay." In those words, bold and hardy intellect that he was, he contradicted the thought of his age. And prepared the way for the now emerging discovery that nature is iron law, heartless brainless. To read intelligence into the crash and slaughter of a lightning storm, is to paralyze the soul of man; man, whose need above all things is heartenment. The as yet imperfectly subjugated elements have been erected into a malignant phantom, which still haunts the world. The Carpenter bids us cast away the terrifying chimera. The notion that the devastations ofttimes wrought by nature are purposed by some personage back of her, is a mischief, and should be expunged from the mind without delay. These outer forces rejoice to become tractable agents, when comes the intellect of man in its all-mastering might. To go further than this, and suppose that the forces of nature are presided over by any moral intelligence, is to speculate one's self into a cosmogony pleasing to the fancy, perhaps, but which the critique of reason sternly refuses to ratify.

There is a God, however. Jesus believed in Him, and toward Him cherished a tender intimacy. This God he found, not in the realm of nature, but in the realm of the ethical — the Heaven that overroofs our human day, and speaks with the magisterial tones of old antiquity. "Ancient of days," his name. When this Great Unseen was asked by Moses by what name he should be known, the answer came: "The Lord God of your fathers: this is my name forever." And it is a definition of deity which shall never be improved upon — "our fathers," that Ensemble whose grand and thundering chorus sheds glory and wisdom and might from antique time upon our perishable day.

This idea which modern science is enforcing, of a universe self-originated and self-evolving, outrages the sensibilities of many. Insisting to seek God in nature, they sweat to explain the "origin of evil"; riddle which their creed of a creator saddles upon them. The Carpenter and his partisans refused to fatigue their understandings with that bottomless and cloudy theme. They kept at close grips with reality. Not the origin of evil but its demolition was their quest — and ours. God? — He is the Power-not-ourselves aiding to evil's overthrow.

"The River of Life" is a favoured term in the bible for this divine Presence in history. And the phrase is not without a fine splendour and aptness. God is

an augmenting stream down the ages, and into Him our lives flow, to swell the current and find therein their perpetuity. The how of this our life's continuance, is inscrutable, so deep is death's enigma. The mists that arise from the Stygian marsh permit no distinctness of vision. But the "resurrection of the just" is abundantly vouched by history. Death is not a gulf of unechoing pitch-black nothingness. A just man resists annihilation. He adds a new orb to the group of sidereal spirits that overspan our night and whose starlight ekes out our groping. Souls dedicated to liberty are of hard stuff beyond what the jaws of death can crunch. They are a contribution to the being of God. They do augment that deep and swelling Stream which leads at last to freedom.

The Great Unseen has animated the courage of all the heroic souls that have lived. Elisha's servitor, when confusion thickened and foes multiplied, cried out, "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" And Elisha said: "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed and said, Lord, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

This Heaven — whose other name is God — is a standing force in human affairs. It is fourth-dimensional, and therefore defies all calculus; a

power volatilized beyond the reach of our clumsy gauges and metres; a voltage irreducible to figures on a dial plate. But it is operative, notwithstanding; unostentatious as the sun, noiseless as the chemistry of the air in springtime. It is the Fountain of inveterate youth, where the world's stale life rejuvenates. Indeed, its power in human life is so gross and palpable, one wonders how any intelligent observer can fail to note it.

Because the Carpenter was of unsealed eyes to behold this Presence in the world, he sanguinely trusted the future. He knew that the Unseen is on the side of the people against their despoilers. The growth of God is democracy ever widening its tide and sweep. Because God is, freedom shall be. With Him for its certification and imprimatur, Jesus knew that the social hope was not a fantasy. In times when his soul was worn down, he would open the causeway between himself and the Highest; and lo, it was as though a legion of angels had been sent with succour. Things could most malignantly conspire against him, but he quailed not. For now he was interiorly fortified. Measuring with purest valour the pathway ahead, he fared intrepidly on, with an energy of purpose that no danger could divert or entreaty placate.

And he busily pressed this truth upon his partisans. This was his purpose in devising those two

Parables of Perseverance. A man went to his neighbour to borrow bread to feed a guest unexpectedly arrived in the night. The neighbour called out: "Trouble me not; the door is now shut; I cannot rise and give thee." But importunacy got the bread at last. If that man was moved by the persistence of the would-be borrower, shall not God bring the Commonwealth, if we but persevere to demand it? Also, there was a certain widow, who, by the sheer doggedness with which she followed him up, induced a negligent judge to avenge her of her adversary. "And shall not God avenge his own elect which cry day and night unto him? I tell you that he will avenge them."

The sureness of The Deliverance, and the certainty of a reward for the pains they were undergoing in freedom's cause, was the theme also of those Wedding Feast parables. To picture "the joy that was set before them," Jesus resorted for verbal colour to well-known festive scenes. When the Industrial Commonwealth of God has come, said he, the world will be like to a regal banquet for sumptuousness. Then will be heard the "well done, good and faithful servant." Now, hardship was their lot; stoned, drawn asunder, slain with the sword; hunted into holes and refuges. But then: "Enter ye into the joys of your Lord."

There's a good time coming. Jesus taught it, the

heart covets it, the intellect ratifies it. Man has no imagination to conceive the "goodness that is laid up for us," when once the extortioner shall have vanished from the earth, supplanted by the grandeur of fellowship's dominion. Nor shall death defeat us of that sight we languish to behold. Over death and the grave, the social faith is more than conqueror. They who live fearlessly, confessors of Democracy's stalwart creed, are otherwise than meagre insects of an hour. Their lives continue to be serviceable to mankind. They become terrestrially immortal.

We live not in a hostile universe glowering upon us with ferocious intent. The problem of evil? Why, the evil in the world is but the spots where the garnishing mind of man has not yet busied itself. An elysium here below is quite within the compass of possibility. But freedom for the toiler is a first requisite. Man's inhuman competings with man, each at the other fellow's throat, is the fire that heats this hell wherein we perish. Organize the world's work into fellowship, it will broadcast a gayety over the earth. So shall we behold the paradise of God — an industrious, beautified and vivacious world.

CHAPTER XVIII

GOD INCOGNITO

With every one who has given thought to the matter, it is a never-ceasing wonder how it was that the Carpenter of Galilee was so little accounted of, by the thinkers and leading minds of his age. He, the most renowned and memorable personage in the rolls of time; who has become the central guide-post in the wide stretch of centuries; and yet who lived and wrought and died, practically unnoticed by the great of his day. To be sure, "the common people heard him gladly." The multitudes "thronged" him. But the philosopher and historian minds passed him by. Contemptuous in their academic aloofness from the toiler host, they vouchsafed but a languid glance to that stir among "the populace"; reckoned it a mere yeastiness of the mob transitorily agitated by a carpenter upstart; and turned themselves again to chronicle the pageantry of empire, the drums and tramplings of men that now are dust.

This contempt toward the Carpenter-Christ was not confined to the learned class. It was shared also

by the church people of the day. The priests and the scribes were at enmity with him. The Pharisees, zealous in all works of piety and good morals, were bitterly his foes. Indeed, the declamation that barked at him from this direction is more fully chronicled than that of the rulers and civil arm — there was more of it; it lasted longer. When Dividends once became alarmed at the doings of this "Stirrer-up of the people," they despatched a cohort and nailed him to death with a promptitude that left scant material to record concerning this phase of the controversy. The opposition from the religious people was longer drawn out; and was dignified with considerable notice in the narrative.

The trouble is, Jesus was unorthodox. He was not of those who "hold fast to the tradition of man." An innovator, he. A non-conformist. "Ye have heard that it hath been said — But I say unto you." That type of man is dangerous. In this fellow the Establishment detected a foe that would deserve watching. "For he taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes."

It was a happy coinage — from the brain of a New Orleans woman, was it not? — that word "bromide" to designate people whose thoughts keep to the beaten path. Bromides are noted for amicable docility. Their tongue parrots the trite phrases, their dress is never uncustomary, and always their

doings are timorously within the bounds of convention. Bromide — the sleep-producer in the social pharmacopœia. Whereas the "sulphites" are irritants. Awakeners. Insistently stirring up the social mass. Turners of the world upside down, lest, like a cask, it settle to dregs and lees.

Jesus was a "sulphite." And therefore the "bromides" hated him. Bromides always hate a sulphite. The sulphite is an alarm clock. Sleepers never cherish affection for alarm clocks. The mood of an awakened sleeper has ever, since the world began, been one of vexation toward the person or thing that awakened him. Later on he is often grateful to have been awakened. But that comes only after reflection. Whilst the awakening is in process, his reaction is one of crossness, a vexed and peevish humour.

A further factor enters to intensify the irritability. The bromides presume to an alliance with Deity. They picture God as on the side of the *status quo*, and against the innovators who threaten the *status quo*. The innovator, therefore, is not only in clash with the powers temporal. He is in clash with the powers spiritual. He is a blasphemer. The awful guilt of sacrilege is upon him. He puts forth impious hand against God's holy altar. Accordingly the terrific fanatical might of religion gnashes him.

This law of human nature Jesus, with that penetrative clairvoyant eye of his, perceived. Said he to his partisans: "They shall put you out of the synagogues: Yea, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service." Any departure from the accepted code and standards, is visited with wrath by the social guardians and pillars. And — lest we be ungenerous — this wrath is not without some cause. Civilization requires that the people as a whole shall measure up to the level of conduct that has been thus far reached. Those who fall below that standard are regarded, and rightly, as criminals and defectives; dangerous to society; and must be coerced. But this jealousy for the accepted code fails to allow for those who go beyond it. It catalogues the genius and the degenerate in the same pigeonhole. Sincerely believes that the heretic has in him the makings of a horse thief, and has to be equally dealt with. For both of them, the house of correction; they are infectious germs which only iron gates can quarantine.

The religious, the moral people of that day saw nothing incongruous in the spectacle of Jesus of Nazareth nailed up between two malefactors, dying a felon's death. To be "numbered with the transgressors," is the destiny always of the greatly great. The good people were earnest-heartedly disturbed over this Carpenter fellow. We read that they said

to him, "Thou hast a devil." They did not bring the charge calumniously. They meant it. Sincerely regarded him an emissary of the Evil One; impious foe of morals and sound doctrine; a baleful meteor flaming across their sky, and which ought to be extinguished. So pertinaciously was this accusation brought against him, that Jesus seriously refutes it; goes into sober argumentation to prove that he is not in conniving partnership with Beelzebub the chief of the devils.

What was the departure from conventionality that brought Jesus into disgrace with the ruling class and the churchly folk of his day? This: "I am come to preach good news to the poor." That was the head and front of his offending. His heresy had an uncomfortable, yes, damnable squint toward the economic. He declared that heaven is passionately on the side of the mudsills, that forgotten class whose feet are in pathways of forsakenness, depression and contempt. "The spirit of the Lord hath sent me to preach deliverance to the slaves." Other outrages against orthodoxy could have been pardoned. But when a heretic is wild enough to touch with his unholy hands the sacred ark of dividends, above whose sacrosanctum the twin seraphs, Vested-rights and Public-order, spread their protecting wings with awful majesty, patience can no longer constrain itself; the welfare of society demands his extirpation.

"Answered Caiaphas and said, It is expedient for us that one man should die."

That figure likening property interests to the ark of the covenant, was not purely a piece of rhetoric. It describes with perfect authenticity the then condition of affairs. Property has always sought alliance with religion. Herein it has been wiser in its generation than the Labour side, "the children of light." For the magnates know that religion is a prime force in human affairs; yes, the primate of all social forces, because it is a power resident in every mortal breast. Therefore, with fine serpent wisdom they have in every age cherished a partnership with the priesthood. And the priests, in recompense for sitting at rich men's tables, have warped the image of Proletary God into a transcendental magnate, affectionately in cahoots with the grandees upon earth, and magisterially brandishing his thunderbolts against any restive spirits among the bruised and castigated workfolk at the bottom.

Goethe voiced this conception of the thing: "Religion's one aim is to make man accept the inevitable." The Interests have always been willing to finance a theology that preaches resignation. Resignation? Despotism's serviceable friend. Religion must not be a meddler. In sublunary things it has no jurisdiction. Its message is narrowed to a Beyond-the-stars felicity. Verdant pastures in the Over-there!

In the Carpenter's day this alliance between the priest and the money-power was perfect. Predatory finance and institutional religion — a blessed team. Pilate and Annas, the Jerusalem princes and the Jerusalem pontiffs, were in most amicable coalition. Herod the Great had built at his own expense the temple in the capital city; philanthropy pretending a sleepless affection for the people; the attempt of opulence in every age to obliterate by means of charity the miserable extortion wherewith they distend their purses. And the sacerdotal class there ensconced were docile preachers of a docile creed; servility, that virtue which a subsidized priesthood so emulously consecrates. "Den of thieves," was the nickname Jesus gave to the place.

The rich had captured religion, that sacramental fortress. The Dollar had brought itself to no less a pitch of arrogance than to claim palship with Deity. And was using that despotic creed to domesticate the people in the house of bondage. The narcotics of a sooth-speaking ritual were lulling discontents asleep. The priests wafted a cloud of incense into the air, to the end that the poor, bruised to pieces by the extortionate brutality, might not regard with too scrutinizing an eye their rich tormentors. Omnivorous Mammon, thus screened against the public wrath, was daily augmenting its impositions. And the people had no helper.

It was from amid such a posture of things, the Carpenter stepped forth. To the priesthood's injurious theology, whereby they were consecrating the usurpation of the rich and making the lot of the poor never-ending, Jesus came with a dogma squarely opposite to theirs: "The Lord hath anointed me to set at liberty them that are bruised." Building on the fiery labourists whose heroisms glorify the Old Testament, he asserted that the heart of God was constituted on a basis of inveterate partiality for the toiler.

This was the purpose of the identification of himself with heaven: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" — those words had rather a practical than a theological purpose — namely, to declare that in a Workingman "dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." In the parable of the "Sheep and the Goats," we saw that Jesus declared himself to be one with the lowly oppressed, in an inviolable tie. Therefore, to identify God with himself was to identify God with the disinherited. The syllogism was for propaganda purposes: "I am the incarnation of God; the labour movement is the incarnation of me; therefore the labour movement is the incarnation of God." "My father worketh even until now; and I work." Whether the reference was to Joseph, his earthly father, or to the Unseen, is unimportant. For in either case, the purpose of the speaker was to

claim glory and authority and divinity for the toiler crowd.

The rich raised instanter a violent cry against him. Sumptuous God is on the side of the rabble! Deity and Democracy are yoke-mates! Never was heard of such a thing before. So inordinately absurd was it, it would hardly have been worth their attention, were it not that this Carpenter upstart from Galilee was really getting the common people to believe this lunatic dogma, and therefore had in him dangerous possibilities. Jesus passed for a madman. Not only did the orthodox and well-to-do classes repel him from their fellowship. They regarded him as a subverter of the faith and disposed to all villainies. He was an immoralist; offspring of Erebus and Night.

Jesus expressly indicates this economic animus back of the theological opposition to him: "Scribes and Pharisees — hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess." It was the thought of their strong boxes that prompted their zeal for the preservation in its purity of the "faith once delivered." The monopoly tribe, caressed by courtiers, swaddled and pampered and cosseted, regarded themselves as the darlings of heaven. For the priesthood is surestly the vicegerent of the Eternal; and were they not on most cordial understanding with the priesthood? An amicable relation, most

advantageous. Thus to aureole the moneyed class with heavenly sanctions, awed the commonalty into impotence. Sergeants-at-mace, side-men accoutred with pole and axe, were not sufficient to reduce the populace to terror. Ghostly anathemas, wielded by bought-and-paid-for priests, were requisite. Because by that dogma the poor were made into a low-hearted suppliant folk, a mendicant at rich men's gates; and the nobles could wield an unresisted authority.

Jesus hit off the disgustful thing in his Parable of the Recreant Trustees. Israel, said he, was meant by highest heaven to stand in the world as the champion of Labour against the enslavers of Labour; and to this end the chiefs of the nation had been exalted to their posts — as men appointed to have charge over a vineyard. But these chiefs, forgetting their trusteeship, had basely perverted Israel's proletary and insurgent spirituality into an abettor of the Interests: to the swelling of their own purses. Therefore he announced against them an expulsion at the hands of the Owner of the vineyard, and their miserable destruction.

To which, they countered in this fashion: "The chief priests and the scribes sought the same hour to lay hands on him." The Personage they thus hounded was, of all the starry ones in Judah's roll of fame, the eminent and far-shining name. So emi-

nent, in fine, that all history since has rejoiced to celebrate him; one whose deservings no adulation can exceed. Yes, that proletary uprising of which the Gospels are the narrative, was very God on one of His journeyings to our Earth. But Israel — that is, the rich rulers among her — "knew not the time of her visitation." And behold, "her house was left unto her desolate."

The trouble was, God during that visit travelled incognito. A fashion, indeed, that He always has. Had He come trailing a cloud of splendour, the rulers would have recognized Him with promptitude, and accorded Him a stateliest welcome. But He came as one of the working-class. God a proletarian! The Most High walking the earth in mechanic's garb; and furthermore telling to everybody He met that in this garb He felt most at home, that indeed it was the garb He always wore, that He never was at ease in purple and fine linen! — Small wonder that they slammed doors in His face. Yea, hunted Him. There is nothing like frustrated dividends to bite, and slather its venom. It will gnash upon God himself, if He puts finger on the pocket nerve. These were the infernal energies that raised head to destroy Him. Until Golgotha put its sinister coronation to it all.

Some voices are saying that once again in this our own day Heaven is visiting Earth. That the labour movement to-day is God Incognito. That the Great

Unseen Mind is actuating this folk upheaval. That the church, in refusing to partake therein, is shutting her door against the Seigneur Eternal. And is thereby repeating her sad refusal and blindness eighteen hundred years ago.

Certainly organized religion is no longer a trumpet summoning the enthralled ones to high-spiritedness. It has gone acquiescent and abortive. Jesus regarded religion as that which infuses vivacity into the world. His heart's desire was "that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." A partisan of the lowly oppressed, he sought to renew in them their ancient insurgency. But the church built on his name, has perverted religion from its purpose. With the landed and monied gentry she is in sweet accord. She erects tablets and statues to extortioners — they whom Jesus forbade to lift their prostituted faces to the sky.

From which is arising an aggressive and defiant irreligion. Friends of Labour, cherishers of the social hope, have come to regard the church as necessarily a clog and a reactionist, and are setting their faces against idealist and inward things. "The rich man in his palace, the poor man at his gate; God made them, high and lowly; appointed their estate."

That is the kind of sentiment canonized by the hymn books. And with intent. It begets in the populace a forbearance under their indignities.

Averts their vision from the economic maltreatment to bowers of a far-away paradise. As though they who live blankly in this world, will have personality enough to withstand the shock of death, and by some wizard work be transfigurated into powerful and massively dimensioned souls hereafter.

The thinness of that kind of spirituality is at last displaying itself. Docility? — a device for subjecting the Have-nots to the Haves. The tribe of money-dealers subsidize the church, that she may proclaim a servile creed. Airy web-spinning theologizers corrupt the strong meat of the Word with the jargon of metaphysics. Whereby we behold a poor-spirited generation populating the world to-day, a folk in whom suppleness has taken the place of the upstanding qualities; pursuing their course through life in devious reptile fashion. A complaisant pulpit has elevated extortion into a legalized and holy thing — extortion, which Jesus could not behold with the least degree of allowance.

A new and strange enthusiasm of humanity is springing up; but it is outside of the church. Within cathedral palings the liturgy is still heard, and creeds are chanted; creeds frozen into phrases of a fine symmetry, but from which reality has departed. Front pews for the exploiter; but not even a seat in the gallery for the labourist crowd which is high-spiritedly rebellious to be exploited. The while she

expresses her astonishment that the church people back in the Palestine era were so blind to the presence of the Most High visibly walking the streets of Jerusalem. She says, "If we had lived back in that day, we would not have excommunicated Jesus and his apostle band."

Strangely enough, that was exactly what the church people said in that day: "Ye build the tombs of the prophets," said the Carpenter to them, "and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous; and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets. Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers."

The church to-day has adopted the cross as her symbol — the cross, that once badge of criminality, upon which a working-class Agitator was put to malefactor's death. She has dignified it into her central altar-piece; has carved it into her woodwork; has moulded it in her bronze and iron work. She has wrought it into her masonry. It is in fresco on her walls. Even the pipes of the high-built organ do fashion it.

And so, with this recognition of God Incognito of two millenniums ago — recognition just a bit tardy — she proceeds to crucify the folk upheaval, God Incognito to-day.

CHAPTER XIX

FAST GATHERING STORM

THE words of Jesus throb with expectation. There is in them the feel of a great change impending over the world. In a stage-setting of clouds and thunder and a thickening dark, the drama enacted itself. Take the narrative out of this storm-milieu, it is devoid of intelligibility. His was not a commonplace career, because those were not commonplace times. It was in every way an extraordinary era, culminating, climacteric. Things were gathering to a head. Great doings were on the anvil. An event was maturing. The womb of time was big, and daily getting bigger. A happening more than ordinarily momentous was at the birth. Let the dense dull sleepers awake, was the cry of the Carpenter; because a new time-creature is in gestation, and will decree a mutation for all succeeding ages, when this teeming era shall at last have brought forth.

That "Parable of Pregnancy" was exactly the one Jesus employed to impress upon the people the dramatic and history-making quality of that epoch: "A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because

her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world." To hammer it deeplier still, he used the "Parable of the Fig Tree" (Jesus could not speak without using figures. To think in pictures is always the sign of a vigorous mind): "Behold the fig tree, and all the trees. When they shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that summer is now nigh at hand. So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand."

Indeed, this intuition of an astonishing and fateful event not far off, is so insistent in his thought that some students account him to have been naught but a rapt and weird visionist, expectant of a cataclysm from on High to overwhelm society and usher in a new ordering of things. But this fails to allow for the Oriental imagery in the mind both of Jesus and of those who transmitted and recorded his utterances. "There shall be signs in the sun and in the moon and in the stars; for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." The Western brain with its literalist bent, wanders widely from the truth if it omits to read into a pronouncement such as that, the poetic turn of phrasing in the speaker; to take with exactness the tropical imaginative sayings of the East, is to violate all canons of literary interpretation. Furthermore, along with this strain of melodramatic sharp dénoue-

ment, is found another line of teaching, that of the quietly growing seed, slow noiseless development as a tree matures from its root, or as grain sprouts in the field. Which of the two teachings is to be taken as authentic?

Both. Equally, evolution and revolution are in nature's repertory. The former in its imperceptible advance prepares for the latter. And the outburst of the latter starts a new period of patient deep developings. The hatching of a chick is the classic likeness to which this thing is compared. Throughout thrice seven days the egg is brooded, and no change is visible. All silently within, however, the fibres of the chick-to-be are shooting through the yolk and the white, transfiguring the mass into organs and tissues. Of a sudden, comes a day of climax. Evolution has wrought its work. And therefore has matured a time of revolution. In the one-and-twentieth day, the burst arrives. With violence of break-up, with rending of the shell all in one hour, a new creature steps into daylight. Thereupon, the revolution accomplished, evolution once more begins; but now on a higher plane. The bursting of the integument that cased him in, has opened before the chick space for a growth impossible in his former cramped and imprisoned posture.

Jesus in his day visioned a like explosion in human affairs, an explosion not many years off. People

asked him for some miraculous sign to attest the authenticity of his teachings. He answered, "The signs of the times." "Those," said he, "who are of wisdom to read the political sky, will know that my words are truthtelling. A day of revolution is upon us. Do you not feel under foot the quivering of the crust, as the earthquake billows its way nigh and ever nigher? 'Tis a distempered time. A weather-breeder. The huge black clouds that are glooming over us tell of a storm that is heaping up its wrath, in readiness to let loose mighty thunders that shall overwhelm society. Oh, the purblind folk that perceive not the things that are so astonishingly preparing! Eyes have they, but they see not. Ears have they, but they hear not. When ye see a cloud rise out of the west, ye say, 'there cometh a shower'; and so it is. Ye can discern the face of the sky and of the earth; but how is it that ye do not discern this time?"

And the reason why Jesus was thus certified of a world-clash imminent and unavoidable, was because the insurgency of the people against the invasive dominion of the dollar had heaven for its grand underlying guarantee. Possessed of an infernal quality of aggression was the moneyed empire whose central seat was the Tiber. In the face of Rome's terrifying advance, the toilers in their own strength would have been as sheep before a pack of wolves. But the

toilers were not left to their own strength. The Most High was their animater, their chieftain. Led by that mighty One, the labouring poor would be of equal might with the world-lords. And the onset of such a battle would be as the gathering of storm-winds, when tempests from the east and from the west meet; a bridal embrace of the elements, and whose engenderings bring forth cyclonic offspring.

So clairvoyantly did Jesus foresee this clash, and the consequent break-up of the old forms of society, that he set himself to the task of new-modelling the thoughts and institutions of the world, when the former should have been blown from their place by the swirl of the explosion. His two parables, the Wine Skin and the Patched Garment, had for their purpose to sink home into the minds of the people the irrepressible revolution that was upon the world, and the need of new thought-moulds. Said he: 'Tis imputed unto me as a fault, that I depart so widely from the traditions of men; that I am an introducer of new thoughts and new institutions. I deny not the charge. I am an innovator. A fresh-born day is upon us. And new times demand new notions. No man puts young wine into old bottles; else the young wine will burst the bottles and be spilled. No man puts a piece of a new garment upon an old, for it agrees not with the old. Fresh bottles for the fresh wine; new cloth for new garments.

Above all others, an age of revolution requires the affirmative intellect. Otherwise the old structure, tumbling, will not be replaced by another, and débris will strew a desolated earth. Always revolution means the downfall of the old — demolition of the building wherein hitherto the soul has had habitation. But nothing is demolished perfectly, until it has been supplanted. A revolution that should merely destroy without also replacing, would be but a half revolution; and even that half would have briefest duration. The mind of man craves a habitat. Tumble down about its head the old tenement, and erect no new roof above it — the mind will be malcontent with that arrangement. Rather than continue thus shelterless, it would put together again the same house. And thereafter would resist all innovation; yes, would be tenfold more reactionary than before.

This danger of tearing down without also and in equal measure building up, was vividly recognized by the Carpenter. Nature abhors a vacancy, and most of all, a vacancy in things mental. Too often the aftermath of revolution is reaction. The revolutionary upheaval breaks down the old creeds, sweeps the dust and cobwebs from the mind; and then leaves the soul morally swept and garnished; provides no new outfit of mental furniture. Therefore the old rubbish is rehabilitated — better a set of outworn furniture

than no furniture at all. And the popular mind goes hostile to any hint of change thereafter.

Jesus, with that poetic energy of imagination which vivified and dramatized everything it touched, likened the reactionary principle — any bad principle, for that matter — to a devil; a live contriving unclean spirit, covetous of human domicile. Revolution casts it out of the mind; but if no new occupant comes to inhabit the soul, that devil will come back, more devilish than before: "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest. And finding none, he saith, I will return unto my house whence I came out. And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first." It can be formulated somewhat in this fashion: A false belief refuses to be expulsed, but is willing to be supplanted.

Well, the revolution which Jesus prognosticated, came. In less than twoscore years, the foreseen event arrived. Palestine, because animated by the Power not ourselves who makes for freedom, was too high-spirited to brook the slaveries that Rome's property-empire imposed. The land burst into rebellious flame. In a copious flow of blood, Titus and his legionaries quenched it. And Israel's

glorious career as a nation terminated. But not until the new lineage of freedom inaugurated by the Carpenter, had got itself organized and begun to percolate the nations. For, along with its demolishing wrath against the predatory ones, his was an affirmative mind, exhibiting its constructive bent even when, on the cross, his jaws clung together from the pain. That spirited lineage, though ofttimes seduced betrayed persecuted, faintly none the less has abided through all fortunes, the one star in a surly night.

Once again an era of revolution is maturing. Students of history are calling attention to the likeness between this our time and the era of christianity's inaugural. Now, as then, we behold a falling church. The old faiths which succoured the soul hitherto, are decrepit. Thick strewn is the ground with exploded formulas. Moral ideas are sapped. It is a dissolvent time. Migratory movements of the population have torn up, in many ten thousand hearts, the roots of nationality; adding to the number of the *déracinées*. As was the scene upon which Jesus as a young man looked out, so now again, we behold a world in ruins. The old order declines. The former certitudes are crumbling. 'Tis a vexed and drifting age. We are confronted with the ghastly spectacle of dissolution.

In the colossal aggregations of wealth which characterize modernity, the parallelism still further

continues. Yes, in this respect the twentieth century exceeds all others. The opening of continents and the control of machinery in the hands of a few, are heaping up treasuries for the rich wherewith the money princes of the first century were poor in comparison. Now, as in that day, a monstrous division of the social earnings has distributed mankind into opposing camps — brutal wealth and the sordid poor. Life an elysium for the well-to-do; for the toiler, an unending circulation of indignities and affronts. Wherefore, conflict is implacable.

And a conflict, moreover, on a world scale. Here again the likeness to that former day carries. The fermenting restive time of the Carpenter was due in no small part to the magnitude of the theatre on which the upheaving drama was staged. A cosmopolitanism was dissolving the nations. The Interests cohered into an international combine. And thereby provoked in the oppressed a coalition over an equal amplitude of territory. So that the clash, when it came, was big; was not a provincial thing, but had dimensions wide as the terrestrial sweep and compass.

That same enlargement of area is reappearing to-day. The money power is solidifying its empire in world proportions. As international highways were the material agencies for internationalizing the people of the first century, cables and steamship lines and the wireless are the agencies to-day. This confeder-

ating move on the part of the masters, is being met with a confederacy of equal scope on the part of the toilers. They, too, are growing an international mind. So that the storm, when it breaks, will be on a world scale. And correspondingly cataclysmic. For with storms, the extent of area affected is the measure of the vehemence of the burst when once the break occurs. The Reformation in the sixteenth century occupied a limited theatre; outside of Germany its billowings were as echoes, a thing borrowed and second-hand. The French Revolution also was a parish affair — a thing boundaried within the mind of France. But the Revolution that now is ripening knows never a wall of encompassment. Go where you will, the barometers declare bodeful things. A storm wide as the globe is brewing.

Further still. As if to mould this our day into the very shape and lineaments of that former age, and reorganize the world again as did that epoch-marking era, the labour movement to-day is taking on a religious cast like the proletary upheaval in the Palestine we are studying. A notion has got currency that the "red mob" is infidel and godless. A gross misconception. They are indeed heretic from a theology that teaches peace and quietness as the cardinal virtues, "dumb sheep driven to the slaughter." But this is because they are discovering that orthodoxy to be a carefully devised fiction. The

results of the Higher Criticism now are reaching the masses; they are perceiving that the "lamb" picture is a fabulous portrait of the Carpenter. And are turning with joy to the bible as reinterpreted by modern scholarship; a bible which declares God to be Labour's pal and side-partner; and that heaven is auxiliary to the workers in their strivings after freedom.

Some of the chief labourist leaders are foremost in this advocacy of an alliance with the spiritual force in the universe. Wrote Engle in the "Socialistichen Akadëmiker," October, 1895, in modification of the theory of the materialistic interpretation of history, as he and Marx had framed it in its earlier form: "The political legal philosophical religious literary artistic evolution rests on the economic evolution; but they all react on one another and on the economic basis." And he went on to explain that the doctrine of economic determinism in its original naked form had been written in an hour when "there was not always time, place and opportunity to do justice to the other considerations concerned in and affected by it." The need of ethical integrity within has been stressed by every labour leader who achieved any permanency of results. The Carpenter, in his "Story of the Day Labourers," pressed home the importance of good faith, respect for engagements, regard for one's pledged word. In that story the

eleventh-hour men receive at nightfall the same pay, a penny, as those who had borne the heat and burden of the day. The latter grumble. Whereupon they are rounded up with the sharp, "Didst thou not agree with me for a penny?" Democracy demands a type of man that repudiates never a contract; one that "sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not."

Not only among the ruling classes are found anti-social propensities. In many a worker breast are found hard ungraceful egotisms which strain the bonds of union. Some people attempt to explain this selfishness as a blemish caused by the present competitive system, and which would disappear of itself as soon as the establishment of a coöperative régime lifted the pressure from men and permitted them to be their natural — that is, their unselfish — selves. But science is conclusive against this view. Science shows nature to be one vast theatre of strifes and tramplings and cannibalism. "Nature, red in tooth and claw." Darwin, with his survival of the brutallest, confirms the doctrine of total depravity and the need that we become non-natural men in order to works of fellowship and the grace of the life out of self. In the natural man will not be found self-surrender to the civic good. Civilization is all so much ground won from nature. "Blessed are the strong, for they shall prey upon the weak," is the law of the jungle, and the law of the natural heart before

it has been touched into a regard for the common weal — Rousseau to the contrary notwithstanding. "The great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em. The little fleas have littler fleas; and so, ad infinitum." To the decomposition of the social fabric. Every man requires a rebirth out of the natural state into the supernatural. A rebirth, furthermore, that is always with pangs and travail. No soul ever subordinated itself to the community without experiencing a wrench; the death anguish of self-will, that Old Adam in each of us. An automatic morality never shall be.

Therefore the proletary leaders who are driving deep spiritual foundations for the movement, are wise in their day and generation. To alter the enormous mass of ill-will, and the still more enormous mass of no-will, into good-will, is a task; and makes vast requisition on the energy that is interior and celestial. Only under leaders of this type shall there arise a race of workers mutually unoppressive, whose avarice shall be for civic aggrandizement instead of for themselves. That breed of man is needed, and quickly, to recast a world that will have been shattered by the strife of classes.

Because this deeper note is being sounded, the proletary upheaval of our day promises to be an upheaval indeed. Religion makes for red revolution. This, as we have seen, was the secret of Moses, the

agitator. And in preëminent degree of Jesus. The Carpenter invoked upon the mammonism of his day the bolts and blasts of the Almighty. He aligned not only himself with the insurgent toilers, but wheeled up all the ordnance of heaven to thunder on their side. In so doing, he raised up a worthy band, in whom was constancy of mind and a heart perseveringly fervent. They fronted the despotic Dollar with an invariable defiance. Prosperity could not elate nor reverses downcast them. They went forth with an ardency of spirit impossible to be quenched. And shook the citadel of the power of money so that the reverberations even yet can be felt, from out that ancient splendid valorous day.

The storm which in similar fashion is collecting its might in this our time, will not be overpast until equilibrium has wrought its sweetening work. Since that former age, never was a day so distracted, so undone. Civil society is disordered and strained at every seam by the inequalities that prevail. Money is become the sovereign of the world. So terribly has Mammon the prepondering weight that it has made alliance with the church. Whereby has come to pass this dogma: the strong shall crush the weak by the grace of God. The priesthood authorizing in this our epoch the same coalition that drove the Golgotha spikes.

"I commit my soul into the hands of my Saviour,

in full confidence that having redeemed it and washed it with His most precious blood He will present it faultless before the throne of my Heavenly Father" — into His hands, who said that God and Mammon are fatal each to the other; that there is an irrepressible oppugnancy between them; so much so, that to accept the one you must disclaim the other! Into the hands of the Carpenter, who was adverse to Lucre as far as the rising is from the setting sun; and who, when liberty was declining to its death, constituted himself the source and headspring of high rebellious energies.

And, "the blessed doctrine of the complete atonement for sin through the blood of Jesus Christ once offered." Thanks to biblical scholarship, the populace is making rather shrewd inquisition into that Golgotha business; a day to blot the sun out of heaven. The church in an attempt to conceal the assassination's horror, has dubbed it "Good Friday." But the obscurantism is futile. That "blood of Jesus" shall prove the costliest blood ever spilt. No pains need be taken to prove his resurrection. The folk upheaval to-day is evidence that the Carpenter is not dead, but indubitably and most vitally alive; a bloody portent overhanging this present world of shams and cant and duperie.

Even the masters are awaking to the fact that a time of alteration is upon us. Vaguely they are

becoming aware that civilization is undergoing a profound change. More and more puzzled is the condition of affairs. A day of moral storm and confusion; private fortunes mounting toward the uppermost figures of the arithmetic, fortunes that are a leprous gangrene upon the body social; this dollar-madness, whereby hell is enlarging herself and is opening her mouth without measure; yes, a hastening degeneracy — as the shadows lengthen at an accelerating pace in the sun's decline. Among the toiler-folk a wrath is kindling, an anger both durable and vehement. They set a stern face against property's massive preponderance; are arraying themselves to dispute its claim to ownership of the earth. Already there are earthquakes in divers places: men's hearts failing them for fear.

The lords of privilege and plenty, now that they come to be reckoned with and the doom is upon them, are profuse in benevolences. They seek by means of charity to mitigate the malignancy of the system under which we live. Charity does but augment the inflammation. Show of kindliness by the pillagers, will not assuage the misery of the pillaged. The rather it perpetuates ill blood between the two. The sharpest incommodities that beset the poor in a world of riches, are not physical, but mental; their enforced subordination to idlers — idlers, in position of great lucre, who hold no title to existence, and who

loiter out their span of days by means of revenues plundered from the toiler. Therefore charity does but aggravate the violence of the storm, when finally the lightnings shall have awakened.

For the ill comes at last to its consummation. Violated justice ascends to the habitations Above, storms highest heaven with its plea, presents its mangled form before the throne of awful God in majestic fiery supplication. And the Most High is responding to the piteous appeal. He is loosing the winds out of their chambers. Is making bare his arm for combat. Civilization's augmenting distress is putting all the machinery of the skies into motion; heaven, that conservatory of freedom, aggregate of all bold idealisms since the world began, and which instils a vigour into the soft souls of men.

Hatched under that powerful incubation, a confederacy of strong, high spirits is collecting. They are toilers, taught of heaven to assert their natural place in the world. Of durable hardy stuff are they made. At sight of them a great terror falls upon the moneyed mighty. They take to themselves all the nethermost dark gods, to preserve their emoluments, beat back the popular tide, keep dominion over the earth.

Adverse parties, the two. And as with clash of trumpets and drum, are drawing on. Ominous, unavertible collision. There can be no compromise. The rich, immersed in the money struggle, and tena-

cious of their lucre and privileges, have no imagination for social things; never have been known to abdicate — and never can, so disordered of necessity are the affections of whosoever takes gold to be his god. And opposing them, a band of proletary militants with heaven's mandate upon them terribly to expulse into limbo an idle class sucking the substance of the poor. Shall there be blood?

CHAPTER XX

THE MEEK, PREPARING TO INHERIT THE EARTH

Let us hear the conclusion of the matter. Jesus, who is at the centre of this world's history, taught the immorality of being rich. Exploded is the notion that he was the passive type, a psalm-singing non-resister. He did a masculine work. Was of statesmanly intelligence in detecting the political set and drift of his time. The economic forces at work invaded every corner of his understanding. No man can escape from his own day. The greater the man, the more greatly his age uses him as its agent and mouthpiece. To be a grand personage means to be porous to all the currents of the day, wide doors of entrance into him for the voices that are speaking and the events that are transpiring; a quick sensitivity to any the slightest touch of the Time-spirit on his sensory apparatus. To suppose that Jesus was dull to the vital pulses throbbing through that most momentous era in history, is a sacrilege, a calumny on his name which cannot be too quickly erased. Expunge the economic passages, and you leave his life

sterile of interest and intelligible meaning. Those who wish to make him a great god, must first make him a great man. Deity consists not in being less than other men. Deity consists in being more than other men — man at his climax and apogee.

My objectors will say that in this my portrayal of the Carpenter as one who was greatly concerned with industrial conditions, I have strained. The reader is now capable of judging whether I have strained. His repugnance to riches was not a transient affair, a whimsy of the passing moment. Experience did not dim, nor did time qualify this sentiment. With him it was a prime truth. He laid it down as his foundation. It was his root idea; a theorem central to all of his philosophy. So far was he from outgrowing it with the process of the years, time did but deepen his animosity against the impicus thing. The abolition of the rich! Steadfastly that was his tenet. He enforced it with a straitness and a rigour that augmented with the augmenting of his faculties. No other teaching of his, that was expressed with such amplitude and iteration.

I have shown in these sheets things they will not readily answer. The evidence makes in but one way. Distinctness of affirmation was a mark of Jesus. And on this subject of riches he opened his mind at large. My embarrassment has not been to find material. My embarrassment has been the redun-

dancy, the profusion of my material. We saw how, from quite early times, an attempt was made to depreciate and deaden these inconvenient utterances of his by pouring over them the fumes of mysticism. But scholarship is unmasking the device. Now that those documents are being subjected to scientific examination, the economic are emerging as the undoubted passages. The pietisms as lumped in the Fourth Gospel, are of later date and by another hand. Greatly otherwise than trodden worms, were this Workingman and his accomplices. Hardiness of spirit was congenital with him. As I showed in the "Call of the Carpenter," valorous was the womb that bore him, and the paps which he did suck. I doubt that in all the rolls of time, another such assertor of the rights of man can be found. Many ten millions to-day profess an Imitatio Christi. How will they refuse such a body of evidence?

I recognize with what a strange accent these words will fall upon modern ears. Property has massively seated itself in power. Long usage has mellowed extortion into legality. So that one who declares an opposite doctrine is like to be taken for a fanatic mind, or even for one of the alienated. But this latter would seem to authenticate my claim to discipleship, and my purity of doctrine. For not only was the Carpenter also under that calumny, but he predicted ill fame also for whosoever should adopt

and echo his teachings: "If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?"

When private aggrandizement becomes in a man the master principle, many devils enter into him. His moneys — the ill-natured thing — weave round about him an inaccessibility to new ideas. He goes bigoted in his career of extortion. Is corroded to the heart and marrow of him. And must be dealt with as one pathologically affected.

Defenders of the malformation which we call modern society, seek to soften the hard sayings of Jesus against the rich, by distinguishing rich people and rich people: Ill-gotten wealth of course is wicked; and that is the species Jesus had in mind. But, as we saw, this is to read into his words a qualification which he did not see fit to insert. He refused to discriminate. In one parable the rich man is handed over to a violent populace goaded to deathly deeds by the inequality between their estate and his; in another, he is committed into the hands of the confiscator, who proceeds to a levelling work; in still another, he is consigned to Inferno fires. And in not one of these parables did the rich man come within the statute of frauds. We must face facts. The people have the bible to-day and are reading it for themselves.

This Workingman was too profoundly a healer of

society's sore malady to be diverted by the clumsy distinctions of the statute book. Money is a coercive and mandatory principle. It gives a man power to domineer his fellowmen. Therefore, in the maldevelopment it had gone off into in his day, and into which it has gone off once again in our day, it is a departure from fellowship. And this, how clear soever of lawbreaking its heaping-together may have been. My conscience will not permit me to be rich. My pride will not permit me to see other people rich. For if I am rich, I am of power to submit other people to my wishes against their will. And in the contrary case, other people are of power to submit me to their wishes against my will. Jesus was so complexionally democratic, he would not suffer that one man should thus be licensed to invade another man. He asserts it dogmatically: A rich man righteous? Easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." If he ever revoked that utterance, it has escaped me.

The immorality of being rich! It was to a certainty his idea. Was enforced with all the vigour of his being. And will always need to be religion's grand and sweeping undertow. Mammon is the commanding devil of all the forces that war against God. They are enemy each to the other. For each aspires to the throne of the world. The money lust is radical in our natures, and will forever need all the powers of God-

head to make stand against it. A wind that sets constant in one direction demands, for the equipoise of the yacht, that the crew throw their weight steadily in the opposite direction. Jesus was the founder of the perfect religion, because of his war against God's perfect foe. The love of money is the root evil — the law stands unrepealed, the dictum is unretracted. And to time's end will need a loftiest Sinai to thunder it, so massive in our natures is the bias.

Admitting every possible extenuation, we are warranted to assert that gold is the debaucher of more thousands of people than all other vices and crimes put together. It is a dire thing to murder a man. But economic oppression murders whole platoons of men; yes, and after it has killed their body, has power, by the servile enervation it infuses into them, to kill their soul and cast them into hell. Look abroad in the deranged day in which we live. Was money's tyrannic and awful omnipotence ever more certainly displayed? So fast is freedom declining to its death, even the desire for freedom is perishing out of the heart. To augment and embellish their spirit, was once the aspiration of men. But to fatten the body and live sleekly, is now the vogue. And increasing. The times carry an ever more slavish, ever more unfavourable aspect.

And riches is the root of the accursed thing. Exclusive wealth is a reptile whose poisonous jaws emit

a blight and a burning. The rich, swelled up by patrimonial moneys and estates, set a standard of well-being to which only the few can measure up. Whereby a prodigious sum of irritability is gathering in the souls of men. Little do the lords of yachts and villas reck of the carnage they inflict. They have fevered our life into a hectic thing, an age of haggling and peddlers; crimes and frauds and adulterations; ten thousands of thousands making haste to be rich.

Let those who would censure Jesus for his fierceness against the money power, delve deep as he did into the mind of man, and behold the ravages caused by it in the tender areas of the soul. The Midas myth was a parable worthy of the Carpenter himself. The gods, so runs the story, gave Midas power to transform all that he touched into gold. Joyously he converted his house and furniture and carriage into the yellow coveted metal: But his child whom he embraced, was also turned into the yellow stuff. The water his lips touched hardened into gold. And the food he tried to eat. Thus gold became his master. And destroyed him. Metallic indeed is the fate of him who would be rich. His brain becomes metal. His heart crystallizes into metal. His ideals and affections go metallic. A hardening of all the inward parts of him takes place. Until there supervenes at last a spiritual senility, an arterio-sclerosis of the soul.

The malady to-day has reached a point that obliges to straight talk. The competitive principle into which civilization has slumped, has inflamed greed to so monstrous activity that it has become an epidemic distemper. Ferments a pestilential taint in the very air we breathe. Jesus did interdict the thing with every faculty of his nature, because it deserves to be interdicted. It is an eruptive disease on the body of society, and whose poison pus is carrying the malady now into areas which once were sound and uninfected.

Reformations will not avail. Attempts to tinker up the present system do but thicken the confusion. Nothing less than a fundamental reconstitution of our thinking will suffice. There must be a change of intellectual climate. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. Our present civilization is based on the immorality of being poor. Successful extortion is celebrated, and toilers are in contempt. "My son, get money; honestly, if you can; but get money."

Naught else than revolution can save us. The trouble is not at this point or at that. The fault is basic, structural, intrinsic. Idlers atop the producers! It is a world wrong side up. And to maintain that artificial ordering, every other phase of our life is in an unreal, an inverted posture. Religion, literature, morals, art, jurisprudence, education have

been wrested into servitors of the privileged set, and made to garnish and adorn the leisure side of life. With the result — sterility in them all, an amateurishness and a falsity. A world that is upside down must be overturned. Must be placed right side up, let the cost be what it will.

We must compel the thinking of the world back into the Galilean groove. The working-class — the producers — are God's elect, his chosen people; and non-producers have no part in Him. The fundamental reform for which the times call, is a reconsideration of the will and purpose of God. It is a great degeneracy in the labour movement to-day that it is so blind to the importance of the theological. "Americans care for only two things, politics and religion," is a statement which, despite its exaggeration, declares a truth. The need of fervid belief and emotional expansion are organized into the human psychology; yes, are the most controlling part of us. Of this higher part, God is the flowering, the name the world has given to the aggregate of this fervid positive believing Stuff within us.

So long as the Most High is permitted to remain a captive in the camp of Privilege, the uprising of labour will continue to be naught but a protest movement; a transient vanishing thing; an accidental happening; casual, having no part at the core and soul of things. Once let it be made known,

however, that the mind and heart of God are passionately an ally of the worker-class and passionately a foe of the exploiter-class, instanter a revolution sets in, and one that is a revolution indeed. Labour thereby becomes central, with the leisurists forced off into an eccentric and circumferential post. It changes all the face of things. The labourists are thereupon in possession of the citadel, and fight on inside lines. Whilst the hosts of capitalism are thrust outside, unsheltered incommodious apologetic.

That shift, as we have seen, is what Jesus brought to pass. And it made him the most powerful chieftain the populace ever has known. He made connection between heaven and the working-class. Taught that the heart of a toiler is God's only habitation.

Thereby he made them potent and irreconcilable — God transfusing his strong blood into their veins. This alliance with Deity wrought in them an enhanced self-estimation; self-respect, the most ennobling of all the principles that have habitat in the human breast. By thus consecrating the seditiousness of the toilers, he both made it durable and wrought it into a beneficent force. Christianity, as that proletary upheaval is known, became heaven's oracle to the stricken haunts of earth. By means of it, new lamps were kindled. Upon the death-struck planet a benediction of glad fresh life descended.

And the world was saved. (High-spirited workingmen are always the saviours of the world.)

"The meek shall inherit the earth," was the beatitude spoken by Jesus. Meekness, as I have shown elsewhere, means "capacity for team-work"; the willingness to subordinate one's self to a Cause. The words were uttered by the Carpenter to a working-class auditory, with intent to quell their discordance and win them to make a common front against the foe; and succeeded. Solidarity, the soul of the labour movement, was the distinction of pristine christianity; and extended the propaganda from River Tigris to the Straits of Hercules, from Britannia to the sources of the Nile.

A new assault upon the despotic confederated rich is maturing. The meek are preparing to inherit the earth. Red Democracy, that host of erect, liberal and daring spirits, is mobilizing its cohorts to enter at last into its heritage. In these sheets I have never tired of reiterating the likeness between the labour movement to-day and the labour movement that was inaugurated by the Galilean nineteen centuries ago. Apparently the parallelism is striking; because another mind has detected it also, Gustave LeBon, the illustrious philosopher and economist of France. His words, in the "Psychology of Socialism" recently from his pen, are all the more significant because he is a defender of capitalism, and

writes this present work to call the attention of the world to the new and alarming phase which the folk upheaval is threatening to assume. He says: "The religious form to which the Socialism of the present day is subject, will doubtless constitute its most considerable element of success. The convictions of the masses always tend to assume a religious form. As religious beliefs the concepts of Socialism possess incontestable elements of success. They cohere readily with the beliefs which preceded them, and are consequently able to replace them without difficulty. The sentiment of religion, that is to say, the need of submitting one's self to a faith of some kind, is one of our most imperious instincts." And he continues:

"The new doctrine fits to perfection the desires and hopes of the present hour. It increases every day, and its power becomes more and more imperious. The ancient faiths have lost their might, the altars of the old gods are deserted, the family becomes disunited, institutions crumble, hierarchies disappear; only the mirage of Socialism hovers over the heaped-up ruins. It spreads without encountering very serious detractors. While its disciples are ardent apostles, persuaded, as were the disciples of Jesus, that they are the possessors of a new ideal destined to regenerate the world, the timid defenders of the old state of things are but slightly persuaded of the

worth of the cause they uphold. In a notice of a meeting of the Academy, M. Léon Say called attention to the astonishing mediocrity of the works put forth to oppose Socialism. Not even the defenders of paganism showed themselves more powerless when a new god came out of the plains of Galilee, struck the last blows at the old tottering divinities, and gathered their heritage. There is one quality that beliefs possess: the power absolutely to enslave the soul, to seduce the heart, and finally to transform civilizations and empires. Beliefs are not slaves of logic; they are the queens of history."

On Gustave LeBon's own presentment, a propaganda that promises to give to the world a new flame to light the cold dead heart of man, could not be altogether disastrous. As economic idealism is always the feeder of religion pure and undefiled, so the alliance between the church and the Interests has brought to pass spiritual eclipse. The altars suffer waste and dilapidation at their hand — twilight blackening into night. The churchmen hammer along with the idea that the present estrangement is but temporary, and can be mollified by makeshift reforms. Therefore they persist to keep religion a mimic thing, a pageant to impress the eye, balsam to soothe the class that is victimized by the brigandage that is abroad in the land. But they delude themselves. Imposture must come to a per-

petual end. Only a dangerous cult can be of power to magnetize the souls of men. A nerveless God in a tropical sultry heaven is no longer interesting. Let religion paint accusingly the sorrows ordained upon the poor by economic iniquity, and then men will justify God. The brickmakers in Goshen were an irreligious set, until Moses brought them this announcement from the Most High: "The cry of the children of Israel is come before me, and I have seen the oppression wherewith the Egyptians oppress them." Whereupon we read: "When the people heard that the Lord had looked upon their affliction, then they bowed their heads and worshipped."

Fear of "mob-dominion" rides some people to-day like an incubus. They behold the uprising among the multitudes, as a muddy proletary surge sweeping over the world. And great terror is got hold upon them.

But never was fear more groundless. The workers will not be dangerous to this present civilization until they have learned to hang together. And when they have learned to hang together, they will have reached a loftiness of mentality that will make them not a destroying force but rather a contribution to civil society. Visitors to a lunatic asylum are frequently impressed by the small number of guards. And ask: "Is it not dangerous? because the in-

mates suddenly combining, could easily overpower the keeper." But lunatics cannot combine. In deepest sense, the inability to combine is the distinguishing mark of lunacy. The moment they became civilized enough to pull together, they would be sane, and would not need a keeper. So long as the multitude is incapable of government, there is no danger that they will obtain the government — in that unadult stage they are too busy sharpening knives against each other.

The masses are the most conservative class in all the social aggregate. They are the least original, the most unfriendly to innovation. Anything that stirs them into mental activity, is distinctly a gain to civilization. It begets a people of fine excitability about public affairs; to the quickening of social energy. Until the mind of the populace, always so heavy with sleep, has been awakened, all efforts at civic revival will go abortive. Heroic attempts are in process to make the political dry bones live. Foredoomed to futility. The loggish masses, owned by the ward-heeler, will frustrate all reform endeavours. Not until, by the shock and propulsion of a great folk movement, the masses have been kindled into an intellectual life, will the ballot be safe in their hands.

That is why an occasional period of revolution, despite the wreckage incidental to it, is salubrious.

It breaks up the inertness of the human heart, heats the mind of the populace to the ignition point. And is a civilizing agency of untold efficacy. Fire? It is the sovereigntest blessing that is ever bestowed on these our dull and frosty natures. In the bible, the favourite symbol for the presence of the Divine in mortal affairs, is the flame. In every age the cold heart of man, sensing its need of a kindling work, has cried, "The god that answers by fire, let him be God." Never a peril that the people will move too fast. The peril is that they will not move at all.

They who know the labour movement otherwise than by hearsay, understand well that red prognostics of danger are baseless. Unless the folk upheaval to-day be of God, it will not prevail — it will exhaust itself in jars and internal dissensions; seeing that religion is the ligament that unites people permanently. But if it be of God, it will be a benefit to the world and not a malediction. True, the divine presence will be as a flame heating it to a revolutionary pitch. Instead of the corrupted leaders of Labour who now sell out their followers, it will raise up a type whom magistracy shall not overawe, nor dignities be able to dazzle. And then will be revolution indeed.

But a revolution which makes out for itself an ancient and illustrious pedigree deriving from Galilee, will be a revolution upward and not downward. To this orphaned age, an age wherein the old stars in the

sky have gone out, it will bring a replacing faith. In its flourishing eras, religion has always had to do with the strength that is in the world, and not with its weakness; has been prophylactic against the world's chronic tendency to decrepitude. The bible is what it is, because it was a charter of rights, a declaration of popular sovereignties, the opener of doors to humankind. To tell of God the vivifier, enemy of languors, will bring a spiritual renaissance. The labour movement, with its fine militancy against the oppressor, is the Carpenter's apostolate to-day, the christliest thing in all the un-christly centuries. A spirited worker race will be the grandeur of the world.

Jesus has made himself for all time the saviour of men, because he withstood the aristocratic mass to their face, sought to bring them to naught. He was of penetrative discernment to perceive that the Dollar must be brought under. Its devotees were of a species revolting unto him. Those far-shining parables pilloried them in words which, for severeness and implacability, have never been exceeded. In them all, this was the truth that was taught: To be rich is to invade the public tranquillity. No other criminal so atrocious, none that should more certainly suffer the extremity of the law. The austerities of Jesus against this idolatry of the dollar are salient from every part of the narrative; mercy suspending

her own rules, that her larger self might operate. Collected was his mind relative to this thing. He said it upon deliberation: The extortioners that infest the world are deserving of fetters and flagellation. They must be met with bill of attainder, excommunication from the pathways of living men. By right they are an outlaw of the human race. And must vanish from the earth.

It is a judgment without appeal. For it was uttered by one whose name has stood the wear and tear of eighteen centuries, and whose longevity shall endure till Labour's long Golgotha is no more. Despite the wrappages of ritual that seek to muffle him, the Carpenter has at last been rediscovered. And we behold him in fine strengths of manhood. He was the express image of the toiler-class, their incarnation and protagonist. By more than one amicable overture the privileged orders courted an alliance with him. But he refused to be flattered from the austere stand he had taken. He let it be known that within his veins proletary blood did circulate, and that he would be with the working-class as long as the world endures.

Evil is of one make in every age. Through all its transmigrations, industrial liberty has been the one human problem. The labour ferment of our time is of sound antiquity, seeing that Jesus was of one blood with the violated toilers, made himself the

organ of their protests and aspirations. The dolorous path they tread to-day, is the path he also trod. The bloody sweat of him is the red sweat of the innumerable company of the enthralled. The groans of to-day swell into a huger note, because incorporated into the groanings of One who also trod that Via Dolorosa. And Mammon's oppressive régime takes on a new horror, because of its cousinship with that which, not quite two millenniums ago, mangled the laborious hands of a Carpenter, disabled hands. (He had made use of a hammer in useful tasks of the world; and nails in structural work. Mammon knows nothing of productive pursuits; could think of no other employ for hammer and nails than to fasten a Workingman through his hands and feet to a cross.)

Because Jesus made himself chieftain of the toiling poor, the money lords marched forces against him. In him as their federal head, all the insurgencies of the oppressed in all time were embodied. Striking at the head, therefore, they struck the entire body. The lash that welted his back is the same that is scourging the multitudes to-day. It was a death-conflict. With the money interest he would conclude no concordat. He exposed himself to its onslaught. And was slain by its malignity.

"What manner of man is this!" exclaim the orthodox, astounded that I present to them a masculine

Jesus. But what came ye out for to see? A reed shaken with the wind? But what came ye for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they which wear soft raiment are in kings' houses. I say unto you, among them which are born of women, hath not arisen a greater than the God-man of Galilee. And the immorality of being rich, was his dominating dogma. The love of money? — the most deflowering vice ever vomited by hell into the souls of the children of men.

THE END

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DANIEL DREW

A Study in the Psychology of Wall Street

A FASCINATING STORY OF THE MENTAL EVASIONS AND FEATS OF ETHICAL JUGGLING OF ONE HOPELESSLY CAUGHT IN THE SYSTEM

THE BOOK OF DANIEL DREW

By BOUCK WHITE

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